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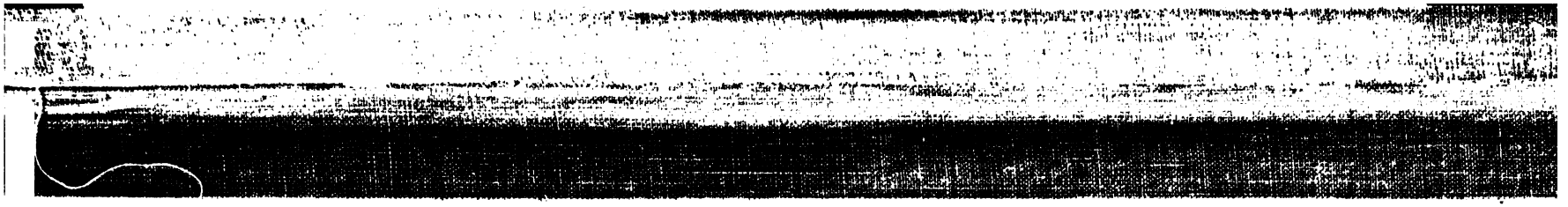

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CONTENTS.

PAGE.

A distinguished MacKinnon, - - - 190
A Hospitable Highland Chief, by A. Stewart, 183
A Song of the Sheiling, by A. Stewart, - 237

Bonnie Prince Charlie (illustrated), by J. Hamilton Mitchell, - - 195, 201, 234
Burns' Songs in Gaelic, by "Fionn," - - 19

CLAN SOCIETIES:—
Clan Campbell, - - - - - - 162
Clan Chattan, - - - - - - 80
Clan Colquhoun, - - - - 96, 125
Clan Ferguson, - - - - - - 130
Clan Fraser, - - - - - - 170
Clan Gregor, - - - - 30, 120, 210
Clan MacDonald, - - 50, 80, 85, 106, 151
Clan Mackay, - - 8, 30, 50, 80, 98, 110, 125
Clan MacKinnon, - - - - 18, 125
Clan MacLean, - - - 50, 148, 162, 230
Clan MacMillan, - - - - 80, 120
Clan MacPherson, - - - - 162, 199
Clan Menzies, - - - - - - 35
Clan Sinclair, - - - - - 30, 93
Clan MacFarlane's Gathering, by Ceòl Mór, 108
Clan Organization (illustrated), by Major M. Martin, - - - - - 85, 104
Clan Gathering at Cluny Castle, - - - 199

Death of a distinguished Tireeman, - - 170
Descendants of Allan Cameron, - - - 6
Dunaverty and its Traditions, (illustrated), by J. Hamilton Mitchell, - - - 16, 25

Ensigns in the Clans of 1745, - - - 6, 40

FAMOUS HIGHLAND BARDS:—
III.—Duncan Bàn MacIntyre (illustrated), 22
IV.—Alexander MacDonald, - - - - 75
V.—John Roy Stuart, - - - - - 114
Gabhaidh sinn an ràthad mòr—C. M. P., - 158
Gaelic Christmas Cards, - - - - 70
Gaelic Pronunciation, by Duncan MacIsaac, - 138
Gaelic Vocalists to the front, - - - 96
Gille Calum MacLean, by Mrs. MacLean, - 7
Grant, John, of Glenmoriston (illustrated), by W. Mackay, - - - - - 135

HIGHLAND ASSOCIATIONS, CLUBS, &c.:—
Airdrie District Highland Association, 100, 120
An Comunn Gàidhealach, - - - - 8
Clydebank Highland Association, - - 42, 80
Falkirk Highland Association, - - 108, 125
Gaelic Society of London, - - - 50, 80
Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association, - 35, 125
Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club, 35, 130, 170, 197
Glasgow Gaelic Society, - - - - 150
Glasgow Sutherlandshire Association, - 50, 150
Govan Highland Association, - - 80, 120
Jura Association, - - - - - - 80

PAGE.

London Inverness-shire Association, - - 182
London Gaelic Classes, - - - - 35
Paisley Highland Association, - - - 80

Highland Hospitality (illustrated), by "Fionn," 206
Highland Notes and Queries. - - - 126
Honour to a Reay Countryman, - - - 150
How Kinlochbervie got its Name (illustrated), by George Morrison, - - - - - 178

MacCrimmon Traditions (illustrated), by K. MacLeod, - - - - - - 186
MacDonald, T. D., London, - - - - 35
MacIlliduy, - - - - - - - - 213

News of the Month, - - - - 35, 80

Our Canadian Letter, - - - 100, 168, 200
Outline Clan Figures, - - - - - 180

Proscription of the Highland Dress, - - 214

Reviews, - - 40, 59, 120, 140, 170, 190, 213

Sheriff Campbell on the *Celtic Monthly*, - 110
Shinty, - - - - - 87, 148, 170, 197
Stories of Highland Ministers of last Century (illustrated), by the Editor, - - 51, 73
Strathnaver Law two Centuries ago (illus.), by T. Sinclair, M.A., - - - - 197
Sutherland and the Reay Country, - 10, 30, 57

The Black Chanter of Clan Chattan (illus.), by A. MacPherson, - - - - - 152
The Blackie Memorial, - - - - - 190
The Chiefship of the Clan MacKinnon, - - 18
The Clan Historian (Alexander MacKenzie), - 80
The Graves of the Cameron Clan, - - - 15
The Highland Brigade at Waterloo (illus.), by John Mackay, Hereford, 11, 36, 55, 63, 82, 111, 123, 144, 163, 191, 215, 224
The Folk-lore of Urquhart and Glenmoriston (illustrated), by W. Mackay, - - 43
The Jacobite Minstrelsy of Burns, by John Muir, F.S.A., - - - - - 77, 99
The Lady's Rock (illustrated), by M. Ferguson, 71
The Last Macdonalds of Isla (illustrated), by C. Fraser-Mackintosh, - 3, 10, 31, 49, 130
The Loch of the Sword (illustrated), by John Cameron, - - - - - - - 46
The Lords of Lochaber (illustrated), by T. D. Macdonald, - 131, 155, 171, 185, 218, 231
The MacCodrum Memorial (illustrated), - 40
The MacFarlane Gathering, by Ceòl Mór, - 108
The Macintyre's March, by C. M. P., - - 139
The Mód at Oban, - - - - - - 10
The Rock of Death (illustrated), by E. E. Henderson, - - - - - - - 176

PAGE.

The Ruined Castles of Kintyre (illustrated), by J. Hamilton Mitchell, - - - 95, 118
The Spanish Princess (illustrated), by M. Ferguson, - - - - - - - - 93
The True Origin of Lord Clyde, - - - 228
Three Notable Highlanders, - - - - 110

POETRY.

A Highland Loch, by Lizzie Ross, - - 106
A' Ghàilig ann am plathadh, by Surgeon-Major J. MacGregor, - - 98, 136, 157
A New Year's Greeting (illustrated), by J. E. B. MacPherson, - - - - - - 70
Am bruadar Innseanach, by Surgeon-Major J. MacGregor, - - - - - 14, 55
Archie MacLean, by Duncan MacLean, - 14
Cadal, by N. MacLeod, - - - - - 108
Do 'n Phiobaire bhàn 's d'a leannan, by John Cameron, - - - - - - - 194
Easter Sunday on Schehallion, by D. R., - 210
John Stuart Blackie (Gaelic), by N. MacLeod, 149
John Stuart Blackie, by A. Mackay Robson, 167
Kilduich Visited (illustrated), by R. Mackenzie Couper, - - - - - - - 97
Lochaber's Sons (illustrated), by Alice C. MacDonell, - - - - - - - 174
Mo run geal og, by Angus Mackintosh, - 240
New Year Greetings, by P. MacPherson, - 90
New Year Verses, by John Campbell, Ledaig, 90
Oran an t-saighdeir, - - - - - - 28
Oran Gaoil, by E. M., - - - - - - 240
Oran do Chloinn Domhnuil, by MacDhomhnuil, 205
The Dying Pilot, by William Allan, M.P., - 100
The Frost King, by P. MacPherson, New York, 128
The Land ayont Ben Ledi, by Alex. Stewart, 206
The Month of May, by Lizzie Ross, - - 149
The Passage of the Gare, by Alice C. MacDonell, 126
The Rush on Coomassie, by Alice C. MacDonell, 222
"The Thin Red Line" (illustrated), by Alice C. MacDonell, - - - - - - 66
The Weaving of the Tartan (illustrated), by Alice C. MacDonell, - - - - - 59
To the River Garry, by Amice MacDonell, 214
Where has Scotland found her fame? by P. MacPherson, - - - - - - 42

PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHIES.

James E. Baillie, of Dochfour, and the Hon. Mrs. Baillie (with plates), by C. Fraser Mackintosh, - - - - - - - - 41
Thomas Bantock, J.P. (with plate), by John Mackay, - - - - - - - 15, 230
John Stuart Blackie (with portrait), - 130, 149
Cowal Shinty Club, - - - - - - - 2
A. C. Cameron, LL.D., Fettercairn (with plate), 87
James Cameron, Hamilton (with plate), - 180
John Cameron, J.P., Kirkintilloch (with plate), by the Editor, - - - - - - 68
Ex-Provost Cameron, Pollokshaws (with plate), by the Editor, - - - - - - - 214
Robert Cameron, Camusericht (with plate), by John Cameron, - - - - - - - 148
Sheriff Campbell & Mrs. Campbell, Stornoway (with plate), by John Whyte, - - 127
Captain Ruari Chisholm (with plate), - - 167
Govan Police Tug-of-War Team, - - - 160

PAGE.

Major Richard Agnew Fraser (with plate), by Alexander Fraser, - - - - - 107, 150
William Grant, Manchester (with plate), by "Fionn," - - - - - - - - 134
Colin Hay, J.P., Islay (with plate), by A. Sinclair, - - - - - - - - 35
D. J. K. MacDonald, Sanda (with plate), by Rev. Donald J. MacDonald, - - - - - 221
J. Ronald MacDonald, of Largie (with plate), by D. J. MacDonald, - - - - - 49
Kenneth MacDonald and Mrs. MacDonald, Inverness (with plates), by A. MacBain, - 162
Robert Mackenzie Couper (with portrait), by A. Renwick, - - - - - - - 166
Neil MacEachran, Bothwell (with plate), - 74
Captain A. Ronald MacGregor, Glasgow (with plate), by the Editor, - - - - - 81
James MacGregor and Mrs. MacGregor, Newcastle-on-Tyne, (with plate), by A. E. MacDonald, - - - - - - - 114
Alexander Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, Trowbridge (with plate), by the Editor, - - 1
Alexander Mackay, Thurso (with plate), by the Editor, - - - - - - - - 61
Colin James Mackay, India (with portrait), by J. Mackay (Ben Reay), - - - - 28
William Mackay and Mrs. Mackay, Inverness (with plate), by Alexander MacBain, - 53
E. C. Mackay, Amsterdam (with portrait), by John Mackay (Ben Reay), - - - - 69
William Dalziel Mackenzie & Mrs. Mackenzie, Farr (with plate), by William Mackay, - 121
John Mackenzie, Arran (with plate), by A. Mackenzie, - - - - - - - 143
W. C. Mackenzie, London (with portrait), by John M. MacLeod, - - - - - 117
Alexander Mackintosh (with plate), by C. Fraser-Mackintosh, - - - - - 34
Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Mrs. Mackintosh, and Angus Alexander Mackintosh of Mackintosh (with plates), by C. Fraser-Mackintosh, - - - - - - - 201
Allan MacLean, of Dochgarroch (with plate), by C. Fraser-Mackintosh, - - - - 153
Donald MacLeod, Tain (with portrait), by Peter MacLeod, - - - - - - - 29
James P. MacMillan, Paisley (with plate), by A. MacFarlane, - - - - - - - 194
Captain Hector MacNeal, of Ugadale (with plate), by J. Hamilton Mitchell, - 207
Cluny MacPherson (with plate), by A. MacPherson, - - - - - - - 141
Provost MacPherson, Kingussie (with plate), 181
Ex-Provost MacPherson, Grangemouth (with plate), - - - - - - - - - 227
Rev. Alexander Macrae, B.A., London (with plate), by the Editor, - - - - - 187
John Matheson, Paisley (with portrait), by A. C. Mackenzie, - - - - - - - 58
Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan Menzies, J.P. (with plate), by Rev. R. L. Ritchie, - 6
Donald Munro, Manchester (with plate) by the Editor, - - - - - - - - 94
Rev. Henry Ross, D.D., LL.D. (with portrait), by "Fionn," - - - - - - 129
Commissioner Sharrocks, Govan (with portrait), by the Editor, - - - - - - 168

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
Late Colonel Skinner, Canada, (with portrait), by John Munro,	146
Colonel John Lorne Stewart, of Coll (with plate), by Editor,	21
Dr. John Stewart, R.N., Perth (with portrait), by D. Menzies,	88
The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland (with plates), by D W. Kemp,	101
C. H. Sutherland, Montreal (with plate), by the Editor,	234

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

Gaelic Songs with Music and Translations.

A mhnathan a' Ghlinne so—Wives of wild Cona-glen, by "Fionn,"	169
Banarach dhonn a' chruidh—Bonnie brown dairymaid, by Mac Mhaighstir Alastair,	156
Briogais Mhic Ruaraidh—MacRory's breeks, by C. M. P.,	89
Cumha Mhic Criomain—MacCrimmon's Lament,	60
Cumha Mhic-an-tòisich—Mackintosh's Lament, by C. M. P.,	137
Crodh Chailein—Colin's Cattle, by "Fionn,"	237
Oigh mo rùin—The maid of my heart, by C. MacPharlain,	109
Piobaireachd Dhomhnuil Duibh—Pibroch of Donald Dubh, by "Fionn,"	9
Piobaireachd Chloinn Pharlain—Clan Farlane's Pibroch, by C. M. P.,	39
Songs of the Sheiling (illustrated), by "Fionn,"	159
Suaicheantas na h-Alba—The Badge of Scotland, by Evan MacColl,	209
The Piper's Warning to his Master—Colla, mo rùn, by "Fionn,"	188

DEDICATED,

with the grateful acknowledgments of the Editor,

to

CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, Esq.,

of Drummond,

A Highland gentleman who, for the long period of twenty years, represented the Highland people in Parliament, advocating their cause and promoting their best interests. He has also rendered unique service in elucidating the life-history of his countrymen, and in conserving their language, manners, and customs.

JOHN MACKAY.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

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ALEXANDER MACKAY, TROWBRIDGE.

MR. ALEXANDER MACKAY of Holt Manor, Wiltshire, is President of the Clan Mackay Society for the present year. He is the second son of the late Mr. Donald Mackay of Braemore, Caithness, where he was born on the 4th February, 1838. Leaving home at an early age, he spent some time in Edinburgh, after which he went to Trowbridge, where he joined a firm of woollen manufacturers, the largest in the West of England, employing upwards of 700 hands. Here his ability and talents as a man of business soon recommended themselves, and he was admitted a partner after a very few years. A long course of prosperity, leading to the retirement of the senior members, followed, and the business passed entirely into the hands of Mr. Mackay, who now carries it on with considerable success.

MRS. ALEXANDER MACKAY.

In public affairs connected with the town of Trowbridge, Mr. Mackay has always taken a conspicuous interest, having been for twenty-one years elected Churchwarden of the Parish Church of St. James'. He has been a generous contributor to all the local charities and institutions. Like many of the old whig school, he is an ardent supporter of the Union, the Established Church of England, and of constitutional principles generally. In the year 1887 he was placed on the Commission of the Peace for the County of Wilts, by the Earl of Radnor. He is a distinguished member of the Archæological Society of Wiltshire, possessing one of the most valuable and interesting collections of books relating to the county. He is also a member of the "Henry Bradshaw" Society, and a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries since 1876.

It is in his domestic life that Mr. Mackay's amiability and kindness of heart are seen to the greatest advantage. Surrounded by his family by whom he is beloved, his home at the charming old Manor House of Holt, a village about three miles from Trowbridge, is a model of comfort and hospitality. He is the kind friend and ready helper of his poorer village neighbours, a liberal subscriber to all their charities, and is revered and respected by them all.

Mr. Mackay has since its inauguration taken a deep interest in the welfare of the Clan Mackay, and has contributed liberally to its funds. He married in 1864, Lucy, second daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Tucker of Trowbridge, and has a family of three sons and three daughters.

EDITOR

GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB.

THE following are portraits of the team which defeated the Kingussie Shinty Club, at Ruthven Park, Kingussie, on 3rd April, 1893.

John Sinclair. Duncan Martin. William Robinson. Peter Campbell (1).
Hugh MacCorquodale. Peter Campbell (2). Daniel Turner. Thomas Scott. Cameron Henderson.
John Mackay (Editor, *Celtic Monthly*), President. Donald MacCorquodale, Umpire.
Duncan Morrison. Dr. Archibald Campbell. Archibald Campbell.
John MacCorquodale.

William Robinson (goal), native of Melfort, and learned to play shinty at Furnace, Lochfyne.

Dr. Archibald Campbell (captain), born at Brencholie, Furnace.

John Sinclair, born at Furnace.

Duncan Morrison, born at Colintraive, Cowal.

Daniel Turner, born at Colintraive, Cowal.

Duncan Martin, born at Furnace.

Thomas Scott, born at Ardlui, Loch Lomond, and learned shinty at St. Catherine's, Cowal.

Archibald Campbell, born at Glasgow.

Cameron Henderson, born at Oban.

Peter Campbell (1), born at Glasgow, learned shinty at Furnace,

Peter Campbell (2), born at Furnace.

John MacCorquodale, born at Melfort.

Hugh MacCorquodale, born at Melfort.

John Mackay, born at Glasgow, learned shinty with Cowal Club.

Donald MacCorquodale, born at Melfort, learned shinty at Furnace.

John MacInnes was also in the team, but his portrait is, unfortunately, not included in the above group.

PART XI.—RENTAL OF ISLA IN 1542; THE MACIAINS OF ARDNAMURCHAN; AND DONALD CAMPBELL OF BARBRECK.

(*Continued from page* 237).

THE following Abstract of the Rental of the Isla family in 1542, is not without interest. There is a significant note attached in a later hand, and as it refers to James Macdonald's son, probably Archibald, as dead, it would have been written after 1570. It is in these words:—

"Nota.—The lands were let in assedation at sundry times, to umquhile James M'Connal, and to umquhile his son, for payment of £186 6s. 8d., which was never paid since James V. time."

James V. died in 1542. The rates of conversion of the rents other than monies, is instructive. Two merks or less than half-a-crown for a winter "mairt" was very moderate even three hundred and fifty years ago.

RENTAL OF ISLA IN 1542:—

"NORTH KINTYRE—Money, £125 10s. 3d.; Oatmeal, 308¾ stones; Malt, 4 chalders, 10 bolls; Marts, 6, and 1 cow; Muttons, 41.

"SOUTH KINTYRE.—Money, £162 8s. 4d.; Meal, 588 stones, 2 firlots; Malt, 25 chalders, 14 bolls, 2 firlots; Marts, 48; Muttons, 53; Cheese, 342¾ stones.

"ISLA AND RINNS.—Money, £45 0s. 11d.; Meal, 2593 stones; Marts, 301; Muttons, 301; Cheese, 2161 stones, 2 pecks; Geese, 301; Poultry, 301."

Meal was converted at 2/- per stone; Cheese at 2/-; Malt at 5/- per chalder; Marts at 2 merks; Sheep at 2/-; Geese at 4d.; and Poultry 2d.; all Scots money.

James of Isla's treatment of guests, and general disposition, is well illustrated by the following letter from Sir James Melville in 1549, taken from his memoirs. In that year Melville was sent as a Page of Honour to Queen Mary, in company with the Bishop of Valence. The Bishop first went to Ireland by request of the French King, to stir up the Irish Chiefs to cast off the English yoke.

"From O'Doherty's house we went to the dwelling place of the Bishop of Roy Rathlin, not far from the narrow Firth that runs from Loch Seul to the Sea. There rested three weeks tarrying upon ane longsaid, or Highland barque which James MacConnell should have sent from Kintyre with his brother Angus to carry us back to Dumbarton, which being come for us we departed to a castle which the said M'Conal had in Ireland, and from that we embarked, and rested a night in the Isle of Jura, and the next night in the Isle of Bute. But by the way we tint our rudder, and was in great peril of drowning; but Angus after he had taken down the sail, said that we were safe, but had drowned were it not that deed of his. When we came to Kintyre, James M'Connal treated us honourably, and said that the Bishop was welcomer for my sake, because he was friendly intreated of my father, when he was warded in the Castle of Dunbar, during the time that my father was

Captain thereof; of whom he made an honourable report to the Bishop; occasion that I was aye the longer, the better treated; for the Bishop said he believed to have been rather welcome for that he was recommended by the Queen Dowager as Ambassador to the King of France. Always M'Connal would have me sit at the head of the board. After he had caused us land at Dumbarton by his said brother Angus, we rode to Stirling."

Before closing these papers we purpose making some reference to the MacIains of Ardnamurchan; to the descendants of Coll, second brother of James Macdonald; and to the Antrim family.

I.—The MacIains of Ardnamurchan are descended from John, younger son of Angus Mor of Isla. Notwithstanding John MacIain's betrayal of Sir John Cathanach, the subsequent intermarriage appears to have firmly bound the two families. The following pedigree is merely tentative, as I have no particulars to verify a complete table. 1.—John, younger son of Angus Mor of Isla; 2.—his son Angus, 1342;

ARCHIBALD, 3RD EARL OF ANTRIM.

3.———; 4 ———; 5.—Alexander, 1448-78; 6.—his son John, 1494, 1505-6, 1519; 7.—Alexander, 1530, 1545; 8.—John, 1588; 9.—John Oig, 1596: 10.—John vic Allister, 1602-11; 11 —Allister, 1622-29.

The above names are found, but the descent was not always by father and son.

In the year 1612 Donald Campbell styled of Barbreck, bastard son of Sir John Campbell of Calder, who had married the widow of Angus Mackintosh, apparent of Mackintosh, to the intense annoyance of that family, who at great costs, had ultimately succeeded in expelling him from their territories and the north, comes prominently into the Ardnamurchan history. He had been destined for the Church becoming Dean of Lismore, and had he continued, would have heartily consorted as a sworn brother with that cleric zealot, who, in the midst of executions, slaughters, fines, imprisonments, and forfeitures,

exclaimed, "the wark gangs bonniely on." In the above year Donald Campbell gets a commission to receive the Castle of Mingarry and put keepers there. He was also made Tenant of the Lands. In 1616 he made himself so hateful and obnoxious that a friend warns him to refrain from pressure and to cultivate peace. In 1622 he makes a false charge against Allister MacIain that he was congregating his men with a view to rebellion. Before 1629 he becomes Proprietor of Ardnamurchan and created a Baronet. His oppressions were now greater than ever, so that the poor MacIains, driven from the land, became Sea Rovers, and were called Pirates, and never afterwards secured a footing in their old Duchus. In 1645 he was taken prisoner at Inverlochy, and how not despatched, seeing how many ruined and dispossessed by him were in the victorious army, says much for the Highlanders. He must have been then an old man, but his blood-thirsty instincts were unquenchable. In 1647 old Coll Ciotach was inveigled by General Leslie into surrender, and with his two sons Archibald and Angus, executed by George Campbell of Airds, Captain of Dunstaffnage, nephew of Sir Donald. The accomplished Editor of the History of the Macdonells of Antrim says of Sir Donald and his nephew:—

"Both uncle and nephew were infamous for the cruelty and rapacity with which they rooted out and destroyed the old family and clan of the Macdonalds, known as the MacIains of Ardnamurchan."

And in another place, of Sir Donald:—

"This cruel, craftv, and prosperous old knight was originally a preacher."

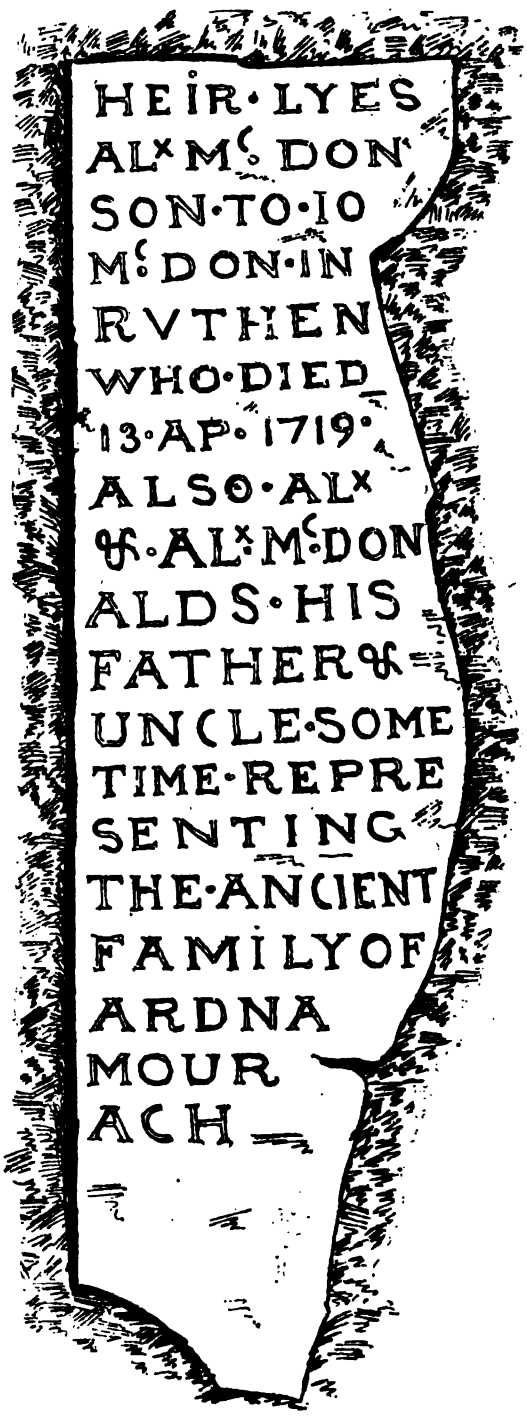
Sir James Turner refers to him thus:—

"Here I cannot forget one, Sir Donald Campbell, a very old man, fleshed in blood from his very infancy, who with all imaginable violence, pressed that all the whole Clan of MacIain should be put to the edge of the sword; nor would he be commanded to forbear his bloody suit by the Lieut.-General, and the General Majors; and with some difficulty was he commanded silence by his chief, the Marquis of Argyle."

He appears to have died in November, 1651, and his corpse had "a waking" according to the Book of the Thanes of Cawdor, at which, perhaps essential, an unusual quantity of tobacco was used. I find in his whole known career, one kindly opinion and request which in fairness is now given. Writing to his relative, Colin Campbell of Ardersier on 2nd March, 1637, Sir Donald says with reference to William Mackintosh of Mackintosh, whose grandmother he had married—Mackintosh at the time having attained majority not long previous and engaged in extricating his affairs seriously involved by his guardian the Laird of Grant—says:—

"I beseech you to be careful of Mackintosh and commend me to him, for I would be glad to hear a course laid for his standing, and likewise would be glad to know of it.'

See Special Note, Page 10.



TOMBSTONE OF THE LAST MACIAINS OF ARDNAMURCHAN, IN OLD CHURCHYARD, KINGUSSIE.

LIEUT.-COLONEL DUNCAN MENZIES.

THE subject of the following sketch was born in Perthshire, in which county, as well as in Argyllshire, his father was an extensive farmer of excellent repute. Early in youth Colonel Menzies manifested a liking for the profession of farming, and engaged for several years in the practical work of this important avocation, in company with his father, on the farm of Auch, at the foot of the classic Ben Doran. Desirous of exploring wider and more distant fields the Colonel went to New Zealand, where he remained for a considerable time, and acquired an enlarged experience of farming during his stay in the colony. Returning to the old country he rented the farm of Braemore in Loch Broom, and subsequently became tenant of Kilchoan in Knoydart, and Blarich in Sutherland, which last mentioned farm he yet holds and conducts with marked ability and success.

Colonel Menzies has always evinced a deep practical interest in all matters relating to the parish of Rogart, and his valuable services in the Parochial and School Boards for many years past have been deservedly and gratefully acknowledged. Inspired by a keen sense of duty, the Colonel never fails to do thoroughly and well any work he may take in hand.

But perhaps the trait of character which we admire most in the subject of our sketch is his intense love for the Highlands, its people, and indeed everything that is considered best in connection with it. He dispenses hospitality with truly Highland warmth at his home at Blarich, he is deeply interested in Celtic literature, and passionately fond of Gaelic music and the inspiring notes of the *piob-mhor*, and every movement intended to preserve the best traditions of our race has his sympathy and generous support. Indeed, in every respect the Colonel may be looked upon as a *typical* Highlander. He is an office bearer of the Clan Menzies Society, and takes a lively interest in everything relating to his clan.

Descended from a martial family it seems quite natural that Colonel Menzies should take an enthusiastic interest in military matters. The 1st Sutherland Rifle Volunteers, which the Colonel has the honour to command, is acknowledged to be one of the finest bodies of men in Her Majesty's Service. To it belongs Sergeant Robert Mackay, a Queen's Prizeman, and it has produced many notable marksmen. It need hardly be said that the subject of our sketch is extremely popular among the men of the regiment, and if any proof were desired perhaps no better evidence could be given than the following extract from an address of esteem which was presented to him in July, 1890, by the officers and men of the Rogart Company of Volunteers, congratulating him on his promotion to the rank of Major in the Battalion :—

"When you assumed command of the Rogart company, you entered on a position of exceptional difficulty, in as much as your immediate predecessor in the Captaincy, The Honourable The Master of Blantyre enjoyed a popularity very rarely attained in any walk of life; it soon became manifest, however, that in respect to patriotic zeal and faithful attention to your duty as officer commanding, the company found in you a worthy successor to the nobleman just named. From time to time it was made abundantly clear that you felt a warm interest in the welfare of the company, and with truly devoted diligence you always did your utmost, and with marked success, towards promoting its efficiency and furthering its progress.

"We recall with the heartiest satisfaction the cordial relations that invariably subsisted between you and us, and we shall always remember with special gratification, the courtesy and the kindly consideration you at all times extended to us as a company, and individually, in your capacity as officer commanding.

"It is our earnest hope that you may long be spared to enjoy in health and happiness your well earned promotion, and we feel confident that the high sense of duty, and the conscientious zeal which invariably characterised you as our Captain, will always be a prominent feature in your manner of discharging the duties of the higher rank to which you have just been promoted."

Creich. (Rev.) R. L. RITCHIE.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ENSIGNS IN THE CLANS OF 1745.

SIR,—Can any of your correspondents, conversant with the Military organism of the Highland Regiments under Prince Charlie, inform me what number of Ensigns were attached to each Regiment? Ensigns of the present day are nearly as numerous as Captains, and are just petty officers, but apparently in the Clan Regiments they were different. The term I think was usually applied to the standard bearer. Is that so, and were there more than one?

ALASTER.

DESCENDANTS OF ALLAN CAMERON.

SIR,—The information kindly given in the September number by W. D. N. is generally well known. My query has reference to Allan Cameron who in 1666 married Jean, sister of James MacGregor of MacGregor. Is it not singular that Allan, being the only brother of the famous Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, should marry in the lifetime of his brother, Sir Ewen, yet disappear from this world without any record of his death, of his wife, or family! I believe there were children of the marriage.

Do you or any reader know of any charter chests that might throw light on the subject?

D. C.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

LIEUT.-COLONEL DUNCAN MENZIES, J.P.

Commanding 1st Sutherland Highland Rifle Volunteers.

GILLE CALUM MACLEAN.

Though many a breach did Malcolm fill,
And many a brave one round him fall,
He never once was wounded.

THE following remarkable incidents verify the old saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction," and may prove all the more interesting to some readers on account of their connection with a name of such historical interest as that of MacLean. Those we write of belong to the Duart branch of that clan.

John MacLean lived in the neighbourhood of Inveraray about the time of the Jacobite Rebellion. He had thirteen of a family. As the first six of his children died soon after baptism, the more superstitious of his friends advised him to have the seventh child named by the first person the christening party met on their way to church, in order, as they believed, to turn the tide of misfortune. When the christening day came the first person the parents happened to meet was a stranger, to whom they told their sad family story, and who named the child Gille Calum (Malcolm). As this word means Son of a Dove, and the Dove is emblematical of purity, the name implies a good life, and no doubt expressed the stranger's kind wishes for the child's future. It is noticeable that, although the six of the children who were born before Malcolm died soon after baptism, the six who came after him grew up to manhood, and that these were sons, all of whom Malcolm survived.

When the Peninsular War broke out Malcolm, who was then in early manhood, was among the first pressed into service. One day while he worked in his father's field, he was taken away by what was then called the "Press-gang." Some years later his younger brother James was also "pressed": he however deserted; but, on being again taken up by another body of soldiers, gave his name as Maclarty, in case of being known and punished for desertion.

It is a remarkable fact that for eight years the two brothers actually fought side by side without the one knowing who the other was. How they came to recognise each other was in the following strange manner. One day they, along with the other Marines, were bathing in the Mediterranean, when Malcolm's attention was arrested by a curious mark on Maclarty's bare shoulder. It occurred to him that his brother James had a similar birth-mark. "If I were at home," thought Malcolm, "I would certainly say that was my brother James." Presently going up to Maclarty he cautiously asked him what part of the Highlands he belonged to. "To the neighbourhood of Inveraray," Maclarty replied. "Did you know a John MacLean there?" Malcolm asked. "I did," said Maclarty, "I have a suit of clothes in my kit, the cloth of which was woven by him." As Malcolm had had no news of his parents since leaving home, he was eagerly desirous of knowing all he could regarding their welfare, etc. Maclarty told him they were well when he last saw them. "John MacLean is my father," Malcolm said: "And mine also," whispered Maclarty. The brothers clasped hands, but kept the relationship a secret from their fellow soldiers, in case of getting into difficulties on account of the adopted name.

As a Marine, Malcolm saw twenty years of active service during the time of the Peninsular War. Although he often filled the breach caused by the fall of a comrade, and saw others lie mortally wounded at his side, he never once was touched by cutlass, ball, or bayonet. The only battle-scar he bore was caused by a blow from a falling pulley, struck from the topmast of the Man-of-War in which he fought, by a cannon shot from the enemy's fort.

Notwithstanding his long and honourable military career he, with many others, was encouraged to retire before the completion of the twenty-one year's service, in order, it is said, to avoid the necessity of being pensioned, owing to the impoverished state of our National Exchequer, whose resources were well-nigh drained by the expenses of the long continued and memorable war.

During his absence from home Malcolm's parents died; an uncle of his abroad died also, leaving a fortune to which Malcolm tried to establish a claim, being, as he thought, the nearest heir-at-law. He failed to do so, however, on account of some necessary papers having been lost. This money is still in Chancery.

On his retirement Malcolm settled in Kintyre where he was popularly known as "Calum-Saighdear." Some of his war experiences still form the topic of many a ceilidh.

He married and had three of a family—two sons and one daughter. Although it is outside of our sketch we cannot refrain from mentioning here a very pathetic incident in connection with Malcolm's eldest son James. A man in the neighbourhood died of "Black-fever": to touch the body was almost certain death; his own relations would not go near him: no one would coffin him. What was to be done! There was consternation all round, till Malcolm's brave son came forward, and, fearlessly entering the chamber of death, coffined the body and saw to the burial. This heroic deed cost him his life; although, no doubt, it was the saving of many others. He was a young man of much promise, and, as may be supposed, his early death cast a gloom over his father's declining years.

Malcolm died in Greenock about thirty years ago at an advanced age, and was buried in Kilchamaig Churchyard, Kintyre. His second son, a retired Customs' Officer, still survives him, and is the father of one of our Parish Ministers in the West Highlands.

Strontian, Loch Sunart. MRS. D. MACLEAN.

AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH.

THE MOD AT OBAN.

THE third annual Mòd or festival of the Comunn Gaidhealach was held in the Volunteer Hall at Oban, on Tuesday, 11th September. The Comunn Gaidhealach, or Highland Association, was formed three years ago to promote the cultivation of Gaelic literature and music and home industries in the Highlands, and to encourage the teaching of Gaelic in Highland schools. Colonel J. Wingfield Malcolm, C.B., presided, and among those present were—Rev. Dr. Blair, Edinburgh; Rev. Dr. Stewart, Nether Lochaber; Mr. W. Birkmyre, M.P.; Messrs. Henry Whyte (Fionn), Malcolm MacFarlane, Archibald Sinclair, A. Mackenzie Mackay, London, Captain and Mrs. Campbell of Dunstaffnage, Col. J. Lorne Stewart of Coll, Neil MacLeod, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Dr. MacNicol, Dalmally, Provost MacIsaac, Councillor J. M. Campbell; Messrs. John Campbell and Donald Mackay, Ledaig; Rev. R. L. Ritchie, Creich, Rev. Mr. Tolmie, Campbeltown; Messrs. Duncan MacIsaac, Peter MacLeod, Glasgow, Donald Mackay, Oban, John Campbell, Hon. Secretary, and John Mackintosh, Acting Secretary. The hall was well filled. The proceedings, which commenced at 11 A.M., were, with the exception of the chairman's opening remarks, conducted in Gaelic, and consisted of recitations, readings, and choral and solo competitions, for all of which there were numerous entrants from all parts of the Highlands.

Colonel MALCOLM, in opening the proceedings, said that he had been called upon to preside in the unavoidable absence of Lord Archibald Campbell. Lord Archibald had taken the warmest possible interest in the movement. The considerable increase in the number of entrants for the various competitions showed that the society was a growing and active body. The following were the judges:—Literary Competitions—Rev. Dr. Blair, Rev. John MacRury, Skye, and Mr. Neil MacLeod. Recitation and Reading—Rev. Dr. Stewart, Nether Lochaber, Dr. MacNicol, Dalmally, and Mr. John Munro, J.P. Music—Mr. Roddie, Inverness, Mr. Moonie, Edinburgh, and Mr. John Whyte, Edinburgh. Sgeulachd—Mr. Duncan MacIsaac, Oban, and Rev. D. M'Innes, Oban. The awards for the written compositions were as follows:—*Gaelic Poetry*—1st. ("Eadunn")—John MacFadyen, Glasgow; 2nd. ("Innis an Dunain")—Alastair MacDonald, Inverness. *Translation from Gaelic*—1st. ("Loinn Mac Leibhidh")—Malcolm MacLucas, Duror; 2nd. ("Fraoch Bheann")—Alex. Stewart, Polmont. *Gaelic Prose*—1st. ("Port na Camaich")—Neil Ross, Glendale; 2nd. ("Seanachaidh")—William Gillies, Highbury, London. *Gaelic Recitation*—1st.—Archibald Munn, Oban; 2nd.—John MacFadyen, Glasgow; 3rd.—Miss M. MacArthur, Campbeltown; 4th.—Alex. MacDonald, Glasgow. *Gaelic Reading*—1st.—Miss M. MacArthur, Campbeltown; 2nd.—Archibald Munn, Oban; 3rd.—Alexander Stewart, Glenlyon.

Choral Competition for Juniors.—1st.—Balligarve School, Lismore. *Solo Singing.*—1st.—Miss Johana Lawrie, Oban. *Oban Boys' Brigade Pipe Band Competition.* (The Judges were Dr. Stewart, Campbell of Dunstaffnage, and Dr. Campbell.) 1st.—Donald Hunter; 2nd.—Donald MacCalman.

Choral Competition for Seniors.—Six choirs entered, and it was evident that considerable progress had been made in this branch since last Mòd, the quality of the tone and the attention to expression being much in advance of former competitions. There were two choirs from Oban, two from Glasgow, and one each from Campbeltown and Glencoe. The judges' awards were as follows:—1st.—St Columba Gaelic Choir (Mr. A. Ferguson, Conductor); Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association (Mr. N. MacDonald), and Oban Gaelic Musical Association (Mr. Clements)—equal. There were eight entrants for the ladies' solo competition, the majority being from Glasgow, and the audience were treated to a charming selection of Celtic airs, many of them being admirably rendered. The prizes went to:—1st.—Miss Margaret Macdonald, Glasgow; 2nd. Miss Tina Carmichael, Glasgow. For the third prize Miss I. Munro, Glasgow, and Miss M. MacArthur, Campbeltown, were equal. The competition for male voices resulted as follows:—1st.—R. MacLeod, Inverness; 2nd.—P. MacDonald, Glasgow; 3rd.—W. Campbell, Glasgow.

The prizes were distributed by Mr. Birkmyre, M.P.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting of the society was held after the Mòd, there being a good attendance of the Executive Council. Dr. Blair, Edinburgh, presided. Lord Archibald Campbell, president, and Marquis of Breadalbane, K.G., were elected patrons of the Comunn; and Mr. John Mackay, J.P., Hereford, was elected president for the ensuing year. The office-bearers were re-elected, Rev. Mr. MacDougall, Duror; Mr. John Whyte, Edinburgh; and Mr. Robert Ferguson, Stirling, being added to the Executive Council. The treasurer submitted a statement of the finances of the association, which were in a very satisfactory condition. It was agreed to hold the next Mòd at Glasgow on a date to be fixed, in October, 1895.

The usual Gaelic Concert was held at night in the Volunteer Hall, Maclaine of Lochbuie in the chair, and was taken part in by all the successful musical competitors at the Mòd, and the town being very full of visitors on account of the Argyllshire gathering, there was a large and fashionable assemblage.

DEATH OF THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THE CLAN MACKAY.—"Died, at Melvich, Sutherlandshire, 31st August, Miss Robina Mackay, aged 103 years. She died in possession of all her faculties, and was able to move about a few days before her death."

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

ONE of the oldest and most celebrated tunes is *Piobaireachd Dhòmhnuill duibh.* It is said to have been played at the Battle of Inverlochy in the year 1431. It is also known as Lochiel's March—the Chief of the Clan Cameron bearing the patronymic "*Mac Dhomhnuill duibh,*" or son of Black Donald—and is the March of the 79th or Cameron Highlanders. The English words were written by Sir Walter Scott, and first appeared with music in "Albyn's Anthology" in 1816.

FIONN.

PIOBAIREACHD DHOMHNUILL DUIBH—PIBROCH O' DONALD DUBH.

Gaelic Words Old. *English Words by* SIR WALTER SCOTT.

KEY F. *With spirit, beating twice in the measure.*

s :-.m : m | l :-.t : d' | s :-.m: m | m : — : d | s :-.m: m | l :-.t : d' | s : m : d | r : - : d
Piobaireachd Dhò'uill duibh, piobaireachd Dhònuill, Piobaireachd Dhò'uill duibh, piobaireachd Dhònuill;
Pibroch o' Donald dubh, pibroch o' Donald, Wake thy wild voice anew, summon clan Chonuil;

s :-.m : m | l :-.t : d' | s :-.m: m | m : r : d | r : r : m | f :-.s : l | s : m : d | r : - : d ‖
Piobaireachd Dhò'uill dubh, piobaireachd Dhònuill, Piob agus bratach air faich' Ionar - lòchaidh.
Pibroch o' Donald dubh, pibroch o' Donald. Wake thy wild voice anew, summon clan Chonuil.

CHORUS.

d' :-.s : s | d' :-.l : l | d' :-.s : s | m : — : d | d' :-.s : s | d' :-.l : l | s : m : d | r : - : d
Piobaireachd, piobaireachd, piobaireachd Dhònuill, Piobaireachd, piobaireachd piobaireachd, Dhònuill,
Come away, come away; hark to the summons, Come in your war array, gentles and commons!

d' :-.s : s | d' :-.l : l | d' :-.s : s | m : r : d | r : r : m | f :-.s : l | s : m : d | r : - : d ‖
Piobaireachd, piobaireachd, piobaireachd Dhònuill Piob agus brathach air faich' Ionar - lòchaidh.
Come away, come away, hark to the summons! Come in your war array, gentles and commons!

Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirnne,
Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirnne,
Chaidh an diugh, chaidh an diugh,
Chaidh an diugh òirnne,
O, chaidh an diugh
'S chaidh an dé le Clann-dònuill.

Theich gu 'n do theich iad,
O, theich Clann-an-Tòisich,
Theich gu 'n do theich iad,
O, theich Clann-an-Tòisich,
Theich gu 'n do theich iad,
O, theich Clann-an-Tòisich,
Dh' fhalbh Clann Mhuirich,
'S gu 'n d' fhuirich Clann-dònuill.

Théid 'us gu 'n téid sinn,
O, théid sinn Shrath-Lòchaidh
Théid 'us gu 'n téid sinn,
O, théid sinn Shrath-Lòchaidh
Théid 'us gu 'n téid sinn,
O, théid sinn Shrath-Lòchaidh
Choinneamh Mhic Dhò'uill duibh,
Choinneamh Mhic Dhònuill.

Come from deep glen
And from mountain so rocky:
Th' war pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy;
Come, every hill plaid,
And true heart that wears one;
Come, every steel blade,
And strong hand that bears one!

Leave untended the herd,
And the flock without shelter,
Th' corpse uninterred,
And the bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,
Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes!

Come as the winds come,
When forests are rended;
Come as the waves come,
When navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster;
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY

OCTOBER, 1894.

CONTENTS.

ALEXANDER MACKAY, TROWBRIDGE, J.P. (with plate), - - 1
GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB (with portraits), - - - 2
THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA, Part II (illustrated), - - 3
LIEUT.-COLONEL DUNCAN MENZIES, J.P. (with plate), - - 6
DESCENDANTS OF ALLAN CAMERON, - - - - - - 6
ENSIGNS IN THE CLANS OF 1745, - - - - - - - 6
GILLE CALUM MACLEAN - - - - - - - - - 7
AN COMUNN GAIDHEALACH—THE MOD AT OBAN, - - - 8
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—PIOBAIREACHD DHOMHNUILL DUIBH—PIBROCH O' DONALD DUBH, - - - - - - - 9
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - 10
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part II. (illustrated), 11
ARCHIE MACLEAN (poem), - - - - - - - - 14
AM BRUADAR INNSEANACH (poem), - - - - - - 14
THOMAS BANTOCK, J.P. (with plate), - - - - - - 15
THE GRAVES OF THE CAMERON CLAN, - - - - - - 15
DUNAVERTY AND ITS TRADITIONS, Part III. (illustrated), - 16
CHIEFTAINSHIP OF THE CLAN MACKINNON, - - - - - 18
BURNS' SONGS IN GAELIC, - - - - - - - - 19
THE BAGPIPES IN CANADA, - - - - - - - - - 20

THE MOD AT OBAN.

THE third annual Gathering of the Comunn Gaidhealach (Highland Association), which was held recently in Oban, proved even a greater success than those of former years. The attendance both at the competitions and at the evening concert was much larger than before, while the talent displayed by the competitors in the various departments was a distinct improvement. This was especially noticeable in the musical competitions. The Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association and the Campbeltown Choir certainly deserve praise for the excellent appearance they made, this being their first public performance. The St. Columba Choir deserved first honours, their rendering of *Caismeachd Chloinn Chamrain* being worthy of the best traditions of the choir. Two lady members of this choir succeeded in securing first and second place in the solo competition. Sutherlandshire, in the person of Mr. R. Macleod, was represented this year for the first time among the competitors, and we were pleased indeed when our countryman carried off first prize for male soloists. We trust that his success may induce other Sutherlanders to enter the lists next year, and shew that the country of Rob Donn has lost none of its ancient musical reputation. Highlanders ought to be well satisfied with the success which attended this year's Mòd, and with such an enthusiastic Gael as Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, in the chair, the gathering next October in Glasgow should prove a notable one in the annals of the Comunn Gaidhealach.

"SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY."

THE county of Sutherland, while not destitute of a literature, has long suffered from the want of a really good book, dealing in a concise manner with its history, antiquities, etc. Volumes have been published dealing with special topics, and Mr. Hew Morrison of the Edinburgh Library produced an excellent little hand book to the county, long since out of print, but at the present time visitors to Sutherlandshire have to travel without a guide book of any kind. The district is rich in historic lore, and there is ample material at hand to provide one of the most interesting books of the season. This long-felt want is now about to be supplied, and we beg to submit to our readers the prospectus of a work which we hope will receive a hearty welcome from all lovers of Highland literature. It will, we believe, be the most exhaustive work which has yet been published in connection with any Highland county, and the moderate price places it within the reach of all. It is a book which is worthy of a place on every Highlander's bookshelf. As a list of subscribers is to be given at the end of the volume we trust that our readers will be well represented. The prices are:—cloth boards, gilt, cr. 8vo, 5s.; Edition De Luxe, large paper, elegant binding, cr. 4to, 12s. 6d. With this number we issue a prospectus and order form which subscribers should fill up and return to the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.—We will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Colonel John Lorne Stewart of Coll, Mr. Alexander Mackintosh, Forfar, and Mr. Colin J. Mackay, India, a representative of the old and respected Bighouse branch of the clan; with short biographical sketches. A portrait will also appear of Mr. Donald Macleod, Tain. In addition to these we intend publishing several very interesting illustrated articles by well-known writers, and also one or two very clever Gaelic contributions.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUMES I. AND II.—We have now only a few copies of these handsome volumes left, which can be had from the Editor at the following prices:—Vol. I., bound in strong leather, gilt lettering, 6s. 6d.; cloth, gilt, 5s.; Volume II., leather, 8s.; cloth 6s. 6d., post free.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—We would feel greatly indebted if those of our readers who have not yet forwarded their annual subscriptions would do so at once, as we are anxious to get our list for Vol. III. completed at soon as possible. Subscribers would greatly favour us by attending to this matter immediately.

WE are indebted to the kindness of Mr. William Graham of North Erines, and Mr. John Cameron, Kirkintilloch, for two of the illustrations which appear in this issue.

WE have also to thank Mr. Mackenzie, Surveyor's Office, Kingussie, and Mr. John Campbell, Inspector of Poor, for the sketch of the MacIain stone, of which we give a reproduction in this issue.

NOTE.—THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA.—In last number I stated I was not certain where Knockransay was situated. Professor Gregory Smith of the Edinburgh University has pointed out that it is situated a little to the north of Dunyvaig. It will interest Islay-men to hear that Mr. Gregory Smith is passing through the press "The Book of Islay," a work of care and erudition, containing much original matter.—CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

PART II.—(*Continued from page* 230).

IN the meantime the other regiments of the division were hotly engaged. The Royals, 28th, 42nd, and 44th, and indeed every battalion of the division was repeatedly charged by the French lancers and cuirassiers, who were invariably repelled. The whole weight of the superior French masses, in several instances bore down upon single regiments acting separately and independently for its own immediate defence.

Nothing could exceed the daring intrepidity of the French infantry and cavalry. The success with which they drove the Prussians back at Fleurus on the 15th, their confidence in their leader, "the bravest of the brave," added to their own natural courage, made them advance and attack with almost a certainty of victory.

These attacks and repulses continued from two till six o'clock. The French columns at length began to suffer severely from the well directed fire of some field pieces which had now come up, and which greatly retarded the enemy's further advance. Picton's fighting division had to bear the brunt of the French attacks for upwards of two hours, when the 1st division comprising the Guards came upon the scene. About the same time came the 3rd division, and both immediately engaged the enemy. He was soon driven back, and forced to retire to the position he had occupied the night before, where he had some difficulty in maintaining himself till darkness put an end to the combat. The last shot was fired at nine o'clock. The 79th with the other regiments of the division bivouaced for the night on the field, on a space of ground in advance of their first position, within the angle formed by the Namur road crossing that leading from Brussels to Charleroi. The Cameron Highlanders lost heavily at Quatre Bras—306 officers and men killed and wounded.

A Belgian peasant, who inhabited a corner house at Quatre Bras ate his dinner in peace at twelve o'clock on the 16th June, and was driven out by the balls flying about his ears at four. The man described with great animation that part of the action which he had seen. He was particularly impressed by the rage,—the absolute fury which the French displayed; they cursed the British while they were fighting, and cursed the precision with which the grape shot was fired, which, said the man, was neither too high nor too low, but struck right in the middle.

The Belgian peasant was right. The French, especially the cavalry, in attacking the squares fought with incredible fury, their first object of attack being the commanding officers. The 69th were attacked before they could form square, and severely handled. The Colonel was closely pursued by two lancers towards the Hanoverian guns, the only artillery then present; by a sudden jerk of his horse he let the lancers pass him. At that moment some grape shot from the Hanoverian guns laid his pursuers on the ground, and the gallant officer escaped unhurt.

It is worthy of note that many Frenchmen regarded the Highlanders as semi-savage. Here is an effusion of one of their poets:—

Peuple, qu 'une récente ivresse
Egara jusqu' a l' Océan
For Honevons l' antigue sagesse
Dans les descendant d' Ossian
A sa vertu persévérante
Prés de cette roche sanglante
Rendous notre hommage à genonx
Qu' on y lise, "Enfant d' une flage
"Que nous crûmes demi-sauvage
"Helas! tu valais mienx que nous."

This was, however, in contradistinction to their country's popular opinion of the Highlanders, in return for the experience of their real character, which was truly exemplary, not only for their good manners, their bravery, and prodigality of their blood on the 16th June, but for their humanity towards the enemy who had but lately wished only to destroy them. The "Mercury of France" in recording homage to the virtues of the Highlanders, endeavours to find an attributable cause for the prevalence of these estimable qualities among them, and determines that it is formed in the elementary principles of their education, which it strongly recommends to the consideration of those whose province it is to improve the morals of the State.

It was not in France only that experience of Highland soldiers soon acquired for them the appreciation of the people amongst whom they were quartered. In Flanders and throughout Belgium, the remembrance of the "Soldats Ecossais," is still alive. "Lambs in the house, lions in the battle," was the epithet frequently applied to them in that country. It was true.

LOCHIEL UNVEILING THE MONUMENT TO THE 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS AT INVERNESS.

PART III.—THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.
PENINSULA AND WATERLOO.

This distinguished regiment was the youngest of the British army that took part in the glorious campaign of 1815. Its career has been, like all its sister regiments of older date, alike in bravery in the field, and excellent conduct in quarters, reflecting the greatest credit and the highest honour upon their native country. On the 10th February, 1794, the Marquis of Huntly, who was then a Captain in the Guards, received the King's authority to raise a regiment from amongst his father's tenantry in Aberdeen, Banff, and Inverness. He was materially assisted by his father, and especially by his mother, "the beautiful Duchess of Gordon." So anxious was she for her son to distinguish himself, and get the command of a regiment, that she left London, and the gay society in which she was a heroine, immediately upon the King's authority being obtained.

Arriving at Huntly, the Duchess arrayed herself in a regimental jacket and bonnet, mounted her horse, and went amongst the tenantry to induce their sons to enlist, attended fairs, markets, and dances, offering for recruits the potent and irrisistible bounty of a kiss and a guinea. By such persuasive inducements from so charming and beautiful a woman, it was no wonder that the required number of men was soon forthcoming. In the short space of four months the requisite number was enlisted, Lochaber furnishing the greater number. On the 24th June the regiment was inspected by General Sir Hector Munro, of Buxar fame, and embodied under the denomination of "The Gordon

Highlanders," or the 100th Regiment, afterwards changed to the 92nd.

It is deserving of notice here that John Cameron of Fassiefern, then 22 years of age, was its 2nd Captain. He raised a company of Lochaber men for the regiment. Clan sentiment was then strong, and showed the influence of that feeling under which Highlanders then enlisted and "went to the wars." When Huntly called upon old Fassiefern to induce him to use his authority with his tenantry's sons to enlist, he offered his son a Captain's commission. The old gentleman declined the gratifying offer, on the ground that the number of men requisite to entitle his son to such a rank could not be raised, but Huntly told him he would be glad to have John as a Captain though he would not bring a single recruit. When it became known that young Cameron had a Captain's commission offered him, the necessary number of young men and more rallied round him.

COLONEL JOHN CAMERON OF FASSIEFERN.

It was then proposed to draft the Lochaber men into the separate companies of grenadiers and light troops, but they resolutely declared they would neither be separated from each other, nor serve under any other Captain than John Cameron of Fassiefern. It required all Cameron's knowledge of Gaelic and powers of persuasion to induce them to submit to the rules of the service, promising them that he himself would watch over them all and attend to their interests in whatever company they might be. They believed him, and quietly submitted. In the sequel we shall see that the noble and gallant Cameron eminently fulfilled that promise, and became the idol of his men,—born to command, and to be implicitly obeyed.

This regiment though styled the "Gordon Highlanders," was chiefly raised in Lochaber, and in the Highland districts of the Gordon Estates, the names abounding in it were MacDonalds, MacPhersons, and Camerons. It has always been the most Highland of the Scottish regiments in officers and men. It was the favourite corps of Sir John Moore, who, when knighted in 1804, chose two soldiers of the 92nd as "supporters for his coat-of-arms," "in gratitude and commemoration of two soldiers of that regiment, who, in the action of the 2nd October, 1799, raised me from the ground when I was lying on my face wounded and stunned, and helped me out of the field. As my senses were returning, I heard one of them saying, 'Here is the General, let us take him away.' I never could discover who they were." The gallant Moore offered £20 to find these men.

(To be continued).

ARCHIE MACLEAN.

Whaur bonnie Lochfyne kisses sweet Cowal's shore,
Whaur clansmen in plenty oft mustered of yore;
Whaur Beauty has bigged a blithe nest by the sea,
An' whaups an' wild plovers scream loud in their glee.
There leevt lang syne, in a wee theekit cot,
Far awa frae the ken o' nobility's lot,
A cantie auld carle, wi' an auld farrant brain,
An' ilka ane honoured douce Archie MacLean.

His heart was as pure as a wreath o' white snaw,
While his locks were as black as the wing o' the craw,
His een were as blue as a clear simmer sky,
An' his voice had a soun' like the rivulet's cry;
His arm was as strong as a big batt'rin' ram,
Yet his temper was mild as a sportive wee lamb,
Altho' when ye roused him, like wild spates o' rain,
Ilk ane felt the anger o' Archie MacLean.

A fisherman bauld, he wad aye be afloat,
On the ocean's wild breast, in his trim little boat,
When the gowder sun gleamed on the ocean's gay flowers,
Or the hurricane leaped frae its caves and its bowers,
An' the waves like wild steeds toss'd their foam crests on high,
An' the lightning so lurid flashed a thwart the dark sky,
Like a child in its cot, or a flower in the lane,
Regardless o' danger smiled Archie MacLean.

We aft were dumbfoundered, an' ettled to ken,
What charm made auld Archie the blithest o' men,
He seemed like a sunbeam, sae cheerie an' warm,
An' ae day we spiered him, the source o' his charm;
He smiled sic a smile, an' then gathered a' roun',
While he tauld us in language, like warblers in June,
The secret o' pleasure,—the bricht gowden stane,
Whaur rested the glory o' Archie MacLean.

"My bairnies ye ken there's a Faither o' a',
Wha's a bield to my heart, when the hurricanes blaw,
An' oft when afloat in my boat on the sea,
When the mutinous waves are careerin' wi' glee,
When the seabird screams loud, as it views the white foam,
That's tossed by the winds frae the breist o' it's hame,
Oh, my heart is content on the wild ragin' main,
For the Faither o' a' guarded Archie MacLean.

"I ken ilka spot in the hale o' Lochfyne,
When a laddie sae wee, wi' my faither lang syne,
I've fished caller herrin' 'mid sunshine an' shower,
An' hope sae to dae till my life's hinmaist hour,
My hame is the sea, an' my wants are but sma',
I've Faith in the Faither, wha's Ruler o' a',
An' bairnies that's why, mid the tempest and rain,
There's peace in the bosom o' Archie MacLean."

Oh, it's lang, lang since then, yet on memory's wing,
Frae the grave o' the past, sunny visions we bring,—
Sunny visions that twine roun' oor heart-strings wi' glee,
That min's us o' Archie, wha dwelt by the sea;
An' the stories o' worth that he tauld to us then,
Can ne'er be unfaulded or writ' doon by pen,
Yet oor hearts love to linger again an' again,
Whaur as bairns we foregathered wi' Archie MacLean.

The wee cot that stood on the shores o' Lochfyne,
The wee boat that flew owre the wild stormy brine,
An' the fisher wha lauched, wi' his blithe sunny smile,
Nae langer will cheer, or oor speerits beguile;
For the cot is noo doon, an' the boat has been sauld,
An' Archie sae kin's in the Kirkyard fu' cauld,
But the lessons he taught, behind him remain,
While a crown o' bricht glory decks Archie MacLean.

Manchester — DUNCAN MACLEAN.

AM BRUADAR INNSEANACH.

BY SURGEON-MAJOR J. MACGREGOR, INDIA.

Air fonn—"*Air feasyar luain is mi air chuairt.*"

AIR dhomhsa tuiteam trom an suain,
Gu 'n bhruadar mi mu Thir an Fhraoich,
Ge fada bhuam thu air a' chuain,
An cearnaibh tuath bha tir nan laoch;
'S gu 'm facas leam 'nam aisling bàrd,
Ro aosd air fàs le ciabhaig liath,
'S air leam gu 'n thog e ghuth gu h-àrd,
Ri gul gun tàmh 's ri caoidh nan triath.

'Na aonar leig e 'throm air bàt,
'S gu cianail chrom e sios e-fein,
Ri gabhail soraidh leis gach àit'
A b' aillidh leis na àit' fodh 'n ghrein;
Gu 'n chuimhnich e na laithean cian
A thriall a null, 's nach till a chaoidh,
'S gu 'n cuala mi am bàrd fodh phian
Mar so ri deanamh bròn no caoidh:—

(Caoidh a' Bhaird).

O, thir mo ghraidh, 'Thir ard nam Beann,
'S tu 'n tir a b' annsa leam bho thùs,
'S an tric a thriall mi cnoc no gleann,
Ma 's d' fhàs mo cheum cho mall gun lùs;
'Se lion mo chridhe lan de bhron
Bhi faicinn fearann còir mo ghaoil,
'Na fasach lom le feidh 's le eoin,
'S an sluagh 'nam fograich bhochd fodh sgaoil.

Tha 'n sliochd nach striochdadh riamh do namh
A nis air falbh do chearnaibh cein,
'S tha cearcan-fraoich an aite-tamh
Nan Albannach bha calma treun;
Na glinn bu roghainn leam thar càch
Gu tur dol fas fodh choill gun bhrigh,
'S och, och, nach faidh mi chaoidh gu bràth
An dream a dh-fhàg fodh leon mo chrìdh'.

Cha b' armailt bhorb a nall thar sàl
'Thug buaidh am blar no sharuich sinn,
Oir riamh cha d' fhuaireadh siol no àl
'Bu chalm' air blar bho linn gu linn;
Cha b' e,—ach sionnaich mosach breun,
A bhrath a' Ghaidhealtachd do Ghoill,
'S a mhill 's a mheall na Gaidheil threun,
Le laghan eucorach luchd-foill.

B' e uachdarain gun iochd gun truas
A sgap an sluagh bho chuairt nam beann,
'S na slaighteirean 'bha lan de chruas
'G am fuadach as gach cluain 'us gleann;

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

THOMAS BANTOCK, J.P.

ARCHIVED
NIH

Mar Iudas lubach lan de cheilg,
Gu 'n ghlac iad còir air roinn 'us raoin,
G' an reic le foill do lamh luchd-seilg,
Chum faighinn seilbh air moran maoin.

Mor mhallachd bhuan gu robh ri tamh
Bho cheann gu sàil nam meairleach breun,
'G an leantuinn dluth gach taobh 'us lamh
'S an dàn dhoibh tamh no triall fodh 'n ghrein;
Mar bhuin iad fos ri bochdan truagh,
'S ri dilleachdain gun truas, gun bhaigh,
Mar sin gu 'n tuiteadh sios an snuadh,
'S an cridhe cruaidh le bron no craidh.

Air leam gu 'n cluinn mi 'ghaoth ri seinn
Gu cianail binn tre ghlinn mo chridh',
'S gach sruth gun tamh ri caoidh na suinn
A dh' fhalbh thar tuinn, 's nach till a chaoidh;
Tha 'n uiseag bheag do 'n ciùine ceol,
'S an smeorach bhochd, gu tiursach fann,
Ri gul 's a' caoidh na suinn a sheol.
'S nach till ri 'm beo gu Tir nam Beann.

(To be concluded).

THOMAS BANTOCK, J.P.

MR. THOMAS BANTOCK was born at Dunrobin, Sutherland, on 4th October, 1823, and was educated at the parish school of Golspie. At a competition in 1838 he proved himself the best scholar in the school, winning a first and second prize. A bonnie fair-haired laddie, attired in Highland costume of Munro tartan (his mother being a Munro), he was the observed of all observers. Next day he was sent for to the castle, and was presented by the late Dowager Duchess of Sutherland to the ladies and gentlemen sojourning at the castle, receiving a book present from Lord Belgrave, afterwards Duke of Westminster.

In the following year he entered the service of the Trustees of the Bridgewater estates, where by diligent attention to his duties he was rapidly promoted to various important offices. In 1849 he was selected to go to Wolverhampton to protect the interests of the Bridgewater Trustees, then seriously menaced by severe competition. This position he held till 1857 when the Great Western Railway Company induced him to become contracting agent for their boating and carting department in the same district, which position he still holds in conjunction with two of his sons. Since 1862 he has been connected with the coal and iron trades of South Staffordshire, and was elected a member of the Iron and Steel Institute in 1867. In November 1860 he was returned as member of the Town Council of Wolverhampton; in 1868 he became an Alderman; and in the following year was chosen its Mayor, a position which he filled with great distinction. He was chairman of the Watch Committee for thirty-three years. Failing health, however, compelled him to resign these official positions, much to the regret of the Council. He was presented with an address, engrossed on vellum, by the members of Council, expressive of their regret at his resignation, and extolling the many and valuable public services rendered by the recipient. Last November the Mayor and Town Council presented Mr. Bantock with his portrait, which now occupies a prominent place in the Council Chamber.

Mr. Bantock was for six years a member of the School Board; and is a Governor of the Congregational Grammar School. In 1862, along with other nonconformist friends, he helped to establish the Tettenhall College, which has several times sent out the first boy in all England in the Cambridge local examination competitions.

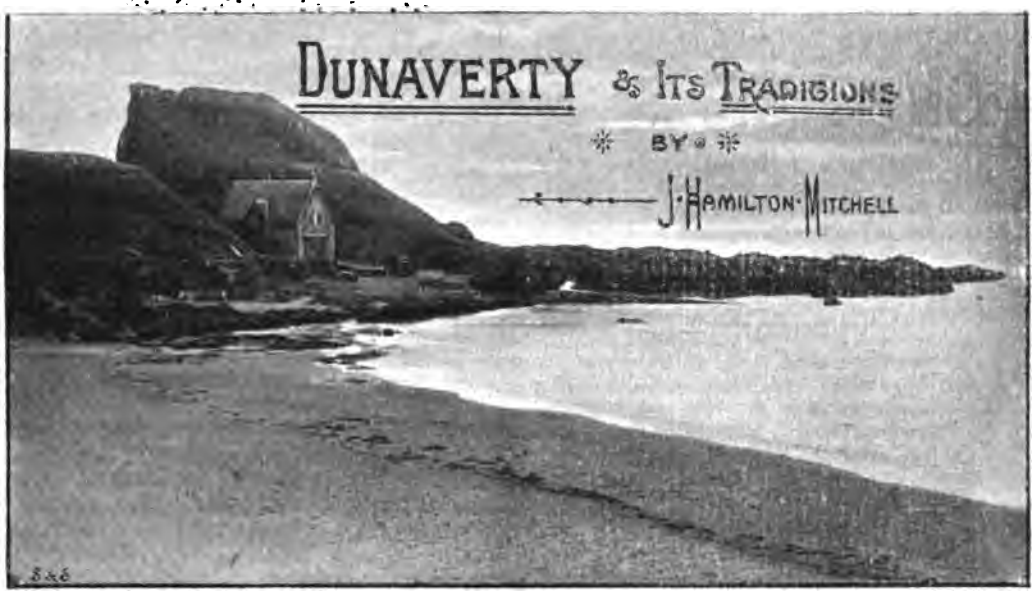
In politics Mr. Bantock has always been an advanced Liberal, and in religion a Congregationalist. In 1873, and again in 1887, he was selected by the Town Council to be placed upon the Commission of the Peace for the Borough, but his politics seemed to be a bar to civic honours and his name was passed over. This partizan injustice aroused such a storm of indignation in Wolverhampton that Mr. Bantock was made a J.P. shortly afterwards. The subject of our sketch has always taken a deep interest in his native county, and is a life member of the Edinburgh and London Sutherland Associations and has subscribed generously to their educational and other schemes.

Hereford. JOHN MACKAY.

THE GRAVES OF THE CAMERON CLAN.

SIR.—It is a source of much regret to me that many of the Highland burying grounds are so sadly neglected. Sometime ago I was at Kilmallie Cemetery, on the shores of Loch Eil, the resting place of many of the bravest and best of the Clan Cameron, including the famous Sir Ewen. I was struck with its disgraceful condition. A thick growth of rank grass over-runs everything, and it was quite impossible to read the inscriptions on many of the quite modern gravestones. Poor Mary Mackellar, the bardess of the Clan Cameron, and also of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, at whose funeral I was present, appears to have been quite forgotten, and no stone marks the spot where she was laid. In these days of Clan societies and Celtic revivals, such neglect is all the more noticeable, and it is to be hoped that something may soon be done to remedy this state of things.

W. DRUMMOND-NORIE.



PART III.

THE MASSACRE OF 1647.

FROM the reign of James IV. down to the time of the great Civil War nothing stirring appears to have taken place in the history of Dunaverty, but in 1647 the echoes of war were again heard around its battered walls, when three hundred Royalists for sometime made a gallant resistance against a large Covenanting force under General David Leslie and the Marquis of Argyle. When King Charles had been delivered over to the English on January the twenty-seventh of that year the Scottish army returned to Scotland, where by order of Parliament it was remodelled and reduced to six thousand foot and twelve hundred horse, a force considered sufficient to reduce the Marquis of Huntly and Sir Alexander Macdonald, a son of the famous Colla Ciotach, who were still in arms for the king. The dispersion therefore of the forces under both these commanders became the immediate object of Parliament. After an unsuccessful attempt by a division under Major Bickerton to defeat Huntly in January, General Leslie led a Covenanting force against the Marquis in the April following, upon the approach of which he with a few followers fled for shelter to the mountains of Lochaber. Leslie thereupon reduced his castles and sent a number of his adherents as prisoners to Edinburgh.

Having got possession of these strongholds, Leslie next marched into Badenoch, and at Ruthven Castle succeeded in taking prisoner the fugitive Marquis. Proceeding then into Lochaber he took the fortress of Inverlochy and marched south with part of his forces and took up his headquarters at Dunblane. Here he remained till the middle of May, when he was joined by the Marquis of Argyle, and ordered to advance into that nobleman's country to drive out Sir Alexander Macdonald, who at that time was in Kintyre with a force of fourteen hundred foot and two troops of horse. This force would in itself have been more than sufficient to have checked Leslie had precaution been taken to guard the passes leading into the peninsula, but this unfortunately for the Royal cause was not done, and Leslie was allowed to continue his march.

After throwing three hundred men into the fortress of Dunaverty, and leaving them there under the command of his brother, Archibald Oig Macdonald of Sanda, Sir Alexander (known also as "Alister MacColla") sailed for Ireland with the remainder of his force with the intention of raising an army there, and with their aid return and relieve the garrison. He, however, never returned, having been killed in battle with the Earl of Carlingford soon after his arrival in Ireland.

LESLIE BESIEGES THE CASTLE.

On the 17th May, Leslie began his march and reached Inveraray on the 21st, and about the 25th of the same month with a force of three thousand men he laid siege to Dunaverty Castle. During the month of June several desperate assaults were made upon the fortress, but were repelled with great loss to the assailants. The place indeed was impregnable, and the Royalists

with plenty of provisions might have stood out for a year against any force, but unfortunately for them about the middle of July, it was discovered by the besiegers that water was supplied to the garrison by means of pipes connected with a spring without the walls. These were at once destroyed and the position of the Macdonalds day after day became less hopeful. Sir James Turner, who after the Restoration, became a Royalist, but who was then acting as Adjutant-General of Argyle's army has left a record of the siege. He says: "From Inveraray we marched to Kintyre, which is a peninsula. Both before and at the entry to it, there were such advantages of ground, that our foot, for mountains and marshes, could never have drawn up one hundred in a body nor our horse above three in a breast, which if Sir Alister had prepossessed with those thousand or twelve hundred brave foot that he had with him, I think he might have ruined us, at least we should not have entered Kintyre (but by a miracle); but he was ordained for destruction, for, by a speedy march, we made ourselves masters of these passes, and got into a plain country, where no sooner he saw our horse advance, but with little or no fighting he retired; and if the Lieutenant-General had been with him, and had given him a salvo or two, which would have disordered them, I believe none had escaped from our horse. Alister, like a fool, for he was no soldier, though stout enough, put three hundred of his men into a house on the top of a hill called Dunaverty, environed with a stone wall on the one side, and the sea on the other, where there was not one drop of water but what fell from the clouds . . . . . We besieged Dunaverty, which kept out well enough till we stormed a trench they had at the foot of the hill, whereby they commanded two stripes of water. This we took, and in the assault, forty of them were put to the edge of the sword."

Intense thirst now raged amongt the besieged garrison, and the heat of the July sun made existence more intolerable. The Macdonalds however, with undaunted courage held out to the last extremity, and in the end Sir James Turner was sent to negotiate terms. Alexander Oig Macdonald proposed sundry stipulations, but these were all refused. At length the garrison was induced to "surrender at discretion or to the mercy of the kingdom." The men delivered up their arms and were marched out on the top of the rock, but not allowed to pass the walls at the foot of the fortification. For five days they were detained prisoners till Leslie presumably under the belief that he had kept his word by distinguishing between the discretion of the estates (which was the expression used in the treaty) and his own discretion, yielded to the counsel of the Covenanting chaplain that the Royalists be given no quarter. This heartless ruffian, by name John Nave, never ceased to tempt his following to bloodshed. Borrowing the words of Samuel, "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears and the lowing of the oxen which I hear," in a long and fiery harangue he exorted the conquerors to finish their work, and threatened their captain with the curse of Saul who spared the Amalekites. "Then the prisoners" says Sir James Turner, "were put to the sword, every mother's son, except one young man, MacKoull, whose life I begged, to be sent to France, with one hundred country fellows whom we had smoked out of a cave, as they do foxes, and were given to Captain Campbell, the Cancellor's brother."

MULL OF KINTYRE.

Cruelties of the Covenanters.

As on many other occasions when they were victorious the Covenanters exercised great cruelty in their methods of putting the Royalists to death. They threw some of the unfortunate Macdonalds over the precipice, where they were dashed upon the ragged rocks beneath, or had to quench their thirst with a draught of sea water; while those who escaped this penalty were butchered in cold blood—in all three huundred. At the same time Leslie and Argyle burned the castle to the ground and it has never been reconstructed.

Such was the massacre of Dunaverty a work of blood and horror which must ever leave an indelible stain on the memory of the Covenanters. It has been the custom of some Presbyterian writers, carried away by a silly enthusiasm, to extol the deeds and magnify the virtues of this sect, but even the most zealous champion of the Covenant

will find it difficult to say anything in justification of their conduct on this occasion. The excuse universally put forward in justification of the cowardly and atrocious murder of Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrews—that it was the action of men goaded into madness by years of persecution—will not serve here, for long before that period the Scottish fanatic had proved himself a match in ferocity for the bloodiest "malignant" of them all. The cruelties inflicted on the vanquished at Philliphaugh and Dunaverty fully bear out this, and it is by no means difficult to perceive that when stripped of the veil of religious enthusiasm which they knew so well how to assume, many of those who swelled the Covenanting ranks "were in truth no other than those brawling and selfish demagogues whom times of stir and revolution always have brought, and always will bring to the front. There need in those days, be no difficulty in understanding the character of men who drest Murder in the cloak of Religion, and call it Liberty."

(To be concluded.)

CAMPBELTOWN CROSS.

THE CHIEFTAINSHIP OF THE CLAN MACKINNON.

SIR.—I must confess to have followed this correspondence with some degree of interest. Though I do not wish to unduly strain the impression created in my mind, I must say it has been that Mr. Duncan MacKinnon has treated Mr. A. K. MacKinnon's communication with too great flippancy when one considers the great interest attached to the fact that the latter is apparently the undoubted representative of the old Chiefs. It would be useless to deny in face of Clan *Law* that, unless the Clan choose to recognise him as such, Mr. A. K. MacKinnon cannot have any *claim* to the Chiefship by prescriptive right, but he is surely as truly the representative of the last Chiefs through an heiress of line as he could be

through an heir-male. I really tremble to think what might have become of Mr. William Alexander MacKinnon's "de facto" Chiefship had he and your correspondent, Mr. A. K. MacKinnon lived in the sixteenth instead of the nineteenth century. The mere fact of the heiress of the head line having married a clansman would undoubtedly have been a strong ground for the Clan to have regarded her family as more really their head than that of a distant branch of male descent. This consideration brings me to a further point. It is well known that during the early years of the present century the affairs of the Lyon Office were somewhat loosely administered, and it would be interesting to know even now if it was clearly and absolutely ascertained that all senior male descendants of Lachlan Mor were extinct. Unless this was satisfactorily ascertained the general prolificness of Highland or indeed of most Scottish families seems to negative its probability.

Were I a Clansman of MacKinnon I have no hesitation in affirming that my interest would be more freely given to the direct descendants of the old stock than to another branch however good their descent, and other Clansmen might possibly agree with me. This being the case I think Mr. A. K. MacKinnon's claim, if such it be, should be treated with the very greatest interest and courtesy possible.

London. JOHN PARKES-BUCHANAN.

SIR—I leave for Uruguay on the 20th inst. for a stay of at least six months, so will be unable to reply to any further communications that Mr. Duncan MacKinnon may make in regard to my last letter, till my return.

I am, etc.,

London. ALEX. K. MACKINNON.

BURNS' SONGS IN GAELIC.

BY "FIONN."

THE Celtic sympathies of our National Bard are well known, and in no way are they more clearly demonstrated than by his partiality for Gaelic airs and measures. It is not astonishing therefore to find that many of his songs have lent themselves to Gaelic translation. It has occurred to me that it would interest your readers were a collection of these translations made. I have beside me in various collections, scrap books, etc., about a score of such translations and I am sure many of your readers have some which I do not possess. In order that the collection may be as complete as possible may I ask such of your readers as have Gaelic renderings of any of the poet's songs to favour me with copies of the same, giving the translator's name, and stating where the translation first appeared. In this way it may be possible to select the best renderings, or to give more than one when that is deemed desirable. A few biographical notes regarding the translators will doubtless give additional interest to the page.

The following translations are by Mr. Angus MacKechnie, a native of Jura, who over the *nom-de-plume* of "A. M. K." and "*Aonghas Og*" has written several Gaelic songs, some of which are to be found in Sinclair's "*Oranaiche*." He has also rendered into Gaelic a number of English Hymns and Songs.

ORAN OIL.

(O WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT.)

Chuir Uilleam briuthas beag air dòigh
'S chaidh tòir air Ailein 's Rob gun dàil,
Cha robh ri fhaotuinn 'san Roinn-Eòrp',
Triùir cho ceòlmhor ris na sàir.

Cha 'n 'eil na'r ceann de fhear mo ghràidh.
Na chuireadh nàir' air duine beò,
'S ged ghoireas coileach 's 'bhristeas là,
Bidh sinn a ghnàth a' traoghadh stòp!

Tha sinn a' so a nis na'r triùir—
An triùir is sunndaiche 'san tìr,
'S ged 's tric bha sinn an caidreamh dlùth,
Cho tric tha sùil againn 'bhi rìs.

O! chì mi 'n ré le h-adhairc liath
Gu sèimh a' triall air feadh a' cheò;
Ar tàladh dhachaidh 's e a miann
Ach éirigh grian mu 'n sgaoil na seòid!

A cheud fhear 'chuireas cùl ri 'chuaich,
Bidh esan suarach leinn ri 'bheò;
Am fear is luaithe 'bhios gun tuar,
Is esan uaill na tha mu 'n bhòrd!

MAIRI AM PARRAS.

(MARY IN HEAVEN.)

O! thusa reul le d' dhealradh ciùin,
Le 'n rùn bhi fàilteachadh nan tràth;
Tha thus' a ris a' luaidh ás ùr,
An sgeul a dh' fhàg mi tùirseach cràit';
O! Mhàiri, 'm faileas gràidh chaidh 'dhith!
C' ait' a nis bheil t' ionad taimh?
Am faic thu 'n tràth 's t' fhear-gràidh gun chlìth?
An cluinn thu osna chridhe sgainnt'?

Am fàg an uair ud m' aigne 'chaoidh,
A chòmhlaich sinn 's an doire chiùin?
A mhealtuinn aon là 'n gaol nach pill,
Aig taobh sruth binn nan ioma lùb;
Aon ni cha sgar gu bràth o'm chrìdh',
Na sòlais fhìor bha 'n là ud saor;
O! t' iomhaigh gràidh le d' laimh dhomh sinnt'
Cha dìch'nich mi gu crìch mo shaogh'l.

Le bhorbhan binn an sruth dol seach',
'Sa ghorm-choill dhosrach cùr' ar sgàil,
Am beithe àrd 'san droighionn glas,
Ag iadh gu pailt mu 'n t-sealladh àigh;
Na fiùrain mhaoth a' fàs gach taobh—
Am bàrr gach craoibh na h-eòin air ghleus,
Gus,—tuillidh 's tràth,—na ciar-neòil dh'aom,
'San latha aobhach thriall air sgéith.

Ach m' aigne dùisgidh suas gach tràth
Na seallaidh aghmhor fhuair ar sùil,
'Us mar tha m' aois a' teachd gach là,
Is ann is làidir' dhoibh mo rùn;
Mo Mhàiri, 'm faileas gràidh chaidh dhìth,
C' àit' a nis bheil t' ionad tàimh?
Am faic thu 'n trath 's t' fhear-gràidh gun chlìth?
An cluinn thu osna chridhe sgàinnt'?

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

The Bagpipes in Canada.

"Bu toigh leo ceòl 'us dannsadh."

Here in Canada the line in the popular Islay song is as true as it was and is of the "green, grassy, isle of the sea." The music of the Highlands and its dances are in great demand, and probably never before have the successes of this season been surpassed on Canadian soil. And what is most cheering is, the product is becoming more and more native. On this aspect a word or two.

It is not long ago since the best pipers and dancers performing at the Caledonian gatherings were from the old country, where they had had their training. Of those who thus won laurels were William MacLennan—*primus interpares*, in music and dance—Piper Angus MacRae, who is likely to make his home in Montreal; Pipe-Major John Macdonald, who captured first honours in the Crimea, as piper in the 72nd regiment, and in Canada, as piper to the Marquis of Lorne. These names have only to be mentioned to show that Canadian students of terpischore and the piob-mhor have seen and heard some of the best performers of Scotland: and the lessons have not been lost. To-day Canada has her own Highland dancers and pipers, reared on the soil, but formed on the home model, the best of them able to hold their own in the keenest competition. While it might be too much to say that we can equal the best pipers at best gatherings in the Old Land, it is a moderate estimate that the best pipers at our best competitions surpass the best pipers at the average Home gathering. And this is no mean boast, for here the piper labours under difficulties unknown to a Highlander on his native heath; a mixed population, and wide, sparsely settled areas between the rallying points, contributing not a little to these difficulties. It is therefore the more creditable to those who have attained to undoubted proficiency in the three great classes of Bagpipe music, that they have done so despite many adverse circumstances.

It has been said that this season's work has been singularly successful. Taking the annual gathering at Dutton as an instance, this will be clearly seen. With Lucknow, Dutton divides the honour of having the best Highland gathering in Canada. At the latter place, this year, there were twelve pipers on the field. Six of these would do credit to the instrument in any gathering of pipers in the world. Four of the six belong to this side of the Atlantic; one has been so long in Canada that he might almost be claimed as of indigenous growth, and the remaining one, a youth, who though he imbibed a love for the pipes and attained to the rank of an expert player at the paternal fireside in Ayr, has made substantial progress in his art during his residence in Toronto. Their names are, Pipe-Major Robert Ireland, Farquhar Beaton, James Sutherland, Pipe-Major John Matheson, and William Thain. These are the leading pipers here to-day. Angus MacRae is not included, not having yet returned from Scotland for permanent residence in Montreal. Probably the first place would be given to Pipe-Major Robert Ireland by the majority of those capable of judging, although men of thoroughly competent opinion stand by Mr. Beaton as a better player. The latter certainly is a master of his art. His Strathspey playing recently at Glencoe, Ontario, would place him first easily even at the Northern meeting; seldom have the bagpipes been manipulated with better effect. Yet he did not get first place at the gathering referred to, as the Reel, which he coupled with the Strathspey was badly played. Usually he excells in piobaireachd and in a march, but occasionally a bad selection, a tired finger, or a lapse of care, supply the feet of clay to the image whose head is of gold. In this he shows an inferiority to Mr. Ireland, who, while he may lack some of the beautiful features of Beaton's play, seldom blows the pipes, but to prove the brilliance of his performance. Both are clever, well educated men whose pens and voices have done much for the bagpipes on this continent; especially is this true of Mr. Ireland. At Dutton a stand of bagpipes is presented to the piper winning the first prize for piobaireachd for three consecutive years. This year the prize fell for the third time to Pipe-Major John Matheson who consequently carried off the coveted trophy. Mr. Matheson is a Ross-shire man. He drew his earlier inspiration from the veteran pipers of Dingwall and Brahan. The peculiar charm of those noted players his style has never lost. There may be better pipers among those whose names occur above, but no sweeter nor more pleasing performer. His pipes are always kept in the best of order, and his Gaelic soul comes through the fingering of the piobaireachd. More brilliant and accurate players of detail here there be, but none more musical nor of grander execution. He is Pipe-Major of the Royal Scots Regiment of Canadian Militia, Montreal. He usually gets first prize for Highland costume of which he wears an excellent specimen. William Thain is a young lad whose downy cheeks are as yet innocent of the razor's touch. But he has been Grand Piper for the Sons of Scotland Organization, is a member of the Pipe Band of the 48th Highlanders, and his prizes for merit place him in the front rank. More will be heard of him as an exponent of the bagpipes. A successful player and a very popular one is Mr. Charles Munro, some years ago a frequent prize winner at Braemar, a Queen's prizeman, and a pupil of the famous Macdonald of Glentruim. He is piper to the Gaelic Society of Toronto.

As Pipe-Major of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto, Mr. Ireland is accorded the premier place among his confreres. Last winter he composed a very fine "March" in honour of Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson, commandant of the gallant 48th. It is a real contribution to Bagpipe music, taking its place, easily, among the best marches of the books. It is named "Colonel Davidson's March" and the regiment is very proud of it. It is a difficult piece of work, some of the combinations and passages affording scope for difficult and delicate fingering. It is marked by originality of treatment; and has a sweet, plaintive ring about it which suggests the predominance of the minor which characterizes it. Yet it is a good marching tune, not wanting in inspiriting strain, nor in the important elements of cadence and rhythm.

Toronto. Sgian Dubh.

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COLONEL JOHN LORNE STEWART.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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COLONEL JOHN LORNE STEWART, OF COLL.

REGARDING the subject of our sketch this month we take the following from Burke's "Landed Gentry."

John Lorne Stewart, Esq., of Coll, Breacacha Castle, Isle of Coll, N.B., J.P. and D.L., born 22nd May, 1837, served in the Scots Greys and 18th Hussars, Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army, retired.

Lineage.—The Stewarts of Glenbuckie were descended from John, second son of William Stewart of Baldorran, grandson of Lord James Stewart, who was son of Murdoch, second Duke of Albany. John Glas Stewart of Benmore was, with his two nephews, killed at Culloden, and Alexander his uncle, at Killiecrankie.

The Glenbuckies were of the Ardsheal or Appin Stewarts, that is to say, when the male line of the Barons of Appin failed, in the person of Duncan, the sixth Baron, the Chieftainship of the Clan fell to the Ardsheal family. Duncan Stewart, son of Alexander, who was killed at Killiecrankie, married a daughter of M'Lean of Coll. Glenbuckie was sold in 1847, and Coll acquired ten years later.

The Ardsheal family suffered heavily at Culloden, eight being killed, and three wounded. Stewart of Ardsheal was attainted of High Treason in 1746, but escaped and died in France; to his son who had gone to America and took the loyalist side in the American War, were restored the paternal Estates.

Duncan Stewart, Esq., of Glenbuckie, married Margaret, second daughter of Duncan Stewart, Esq., of Ardsheal, by whom he had, with other issue, John Lorne Stewart, Esq., of Knockrioch and Isle of Coll, J.P. and D.L., born 1800, married 1831, Mary, daughter of Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Ardmore, and by her (who died 1840) had issue. 1st—Duncan Stewart, of Knockrioch, Co. Argyll, J P., Commander R.N., born 1834, married 1858, Ferooza Margaret, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John M'Neill, G.C.B.; 2nd—John Lorne Stewart, now of Isle of Coll; 3rd—Archibald, died, unmarried; 1st—Mary, married to D. Fox Tarratt, Esq., of Ellary; 2nd—Helen, married to W. A. Campbell, Esq., of Oronsay.

Colonel Stewart on retiring from the Army and succeeding to Coll upon his father's death in 1878, continued to carry on the improvements of the Estate, which his father had prosecuted vigorously during his proprietorship. Large tracts of land which, when the Estate was acquired, consisted of bleak moorland and bog are now through an expenditure which must have far exceeded the whole returns from the property, made fertile and rich for cropping or pasture. High class farming was carried on for many years until the present depression rendered cultivation to profit impossible.

From necessity attention had to be turned to dairying and grazing, which has been so thoroughly carried out that the herds of Ayrshire cattle are second to none in the country. Cheesemaking is now the staple industry, and the cheese usually commands about the best price of its class in the market. Blackfaced sheep and Highland cattle are grazed on the hill lands, and both are noted for their high quality. The most modern agricultural implements and machinery are in use, and without a doubt this little rocky Island of Coll shews an example of persevering energy and skilful utilization of opportunities far beyond many more favourably situated localites.

Colonel Stewart resides during the greater part of the year at Breacacha Castle in the Island of Coll, going out and in among his people, taking a kindly interest in their affairs, and is ever ready to lend a helping hand to the industrious and those willing to improve their position.

The Colonel is not a vigorous supporter of any political party, but devotes his energies principally towards the solution of the problem of what is best for the development of Highland districts. He spends his time and his money freely, endeavouring to make headway in the

prosecution of farming in face of the apparently insuperable difficulties which are at present surrounding and crushing it out to the serious detriment and loss of the labouring poor. He was born at Limecraigs, near Campbeltown, and his early years were spent in Glenbuckie in Perthshire, and in the district of Kintyre. At the first School Board Election for the District of Kintyre, he headed the poll; and at the same time joined the Coll Board, of which he has ever since been chairman.

EDITOR.

FAMOUS HIGHLAND BARDS.

No. III.—DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE.

BY W. DRUMMOND-NORIE.

THE truth of the old Latin adage "*Poeta nascitur non fit*" has never been more strikingly exemplified than in the person of Duncan Macintyre, the famous bard of Glenorchy. Born in the most humble circumstances, knowing no language but his mother tongue, and unable to write down the poetical thoughts which crowded his fertile brain; he was nevertheless able, in spite of all these adverse conditions, to raise himself by the sheer force of his genius to the highest position amongst the modern bards of Caledonia. Like his primitive Celtic ancestors he was a nature-worshipper of the purest type; his school, the blue firmament of heaven; his book, the open page of God's beautiful creation. To him there was something real, something almost human, in the natural features of the country in which he was reared. The great mountains of his native glen; the dark pine forests in which he loved to hunt the nimble-footed deer; the sapphire waters of Loch Awe studded with its isles of emerald; were all invested by the bard with a familiar personality, and even such common-place objects as a favorite musket, or a useless sword, were to him living realities.

It was this spirit of affinity with Nature that inspired the old pagan poets with their most beautiful ideas, and gave such a delightful charm to their verses, and when we find it as one of the most striking characteristics of an eighteenth century bard, we are at once interested and refreshed. Untrammelled by the conventionalities of the Georgian poets (due probably to his ignorance of English), Duncan Bàn gave full flight to his genius, and soared whithersoever his fancy led him, thereby gaining an honoured name for himself and enriching his fellow-countrymen with some of the finest poetry in the Gaelic language.

The bard was born on March 20th, 1724, at Druimliaghart in the Marquis of Breadalbane's deer forest of Corrachaba, a wild spot situated amid "Glenorchy's proud mountains," the ancient heritage of the proscribed Clan Gregor. The whole district teemed with legends and traditions of that fierce and lawless clan who had for centuries past been the scourge and terror of the neighbourhood; but at the time of Macintyre's birth, Siol Alpin had given place to Siol Dermaid, and Mac Cailean Mòr reigned in the land over which the proud possessors of the motto "*'S rioghail mo dhream*" once held undis-

MONUMENT TO DUNCAN BAN IN GREYFRIARS CHURCHYARD, EDINBURGH.

puted sway. Their celebrated leader, Rob Roy,* now an old man, still resided in the Braes of Balquhidder, but a few miles away; a living memorial of those stormy days of feud and bloodshed with which his name had been so closely associated.

Amid such romantic surroundings and with his mind filled with these stirring stories of

* Rob Roy is said by some authorities to have died in 1738, others fix the date as December 28th, 1734.

clan warfare, which were then the current talk of the Highlands in the long nights of winter, the bard grew to manhood; and although he is said to have shown very early evidence of his skill as a composer of verses, it was not until he had attained his twenty-second year that he produced anything of sufficient merit to be recorded. His youthful days were probably occupied in the congenial pursuits of fishing the burns near his father's dwelling, and snaring the hares and other wild game that abounded on the hill sides. Thus he became acquainted with nature in her various mood, and acquired that minute knowledge of the habits of the animal creation, which breathes through every line of his poetry. Of education, in the ordinary sense of the word, he had none; the nearest school was too remote for him to attend, and he was thus debarred from acquiring even such necessary accomplishments as reading and writing. Fortunately he possessed a retentive memory, and the whole of his many poems were engraved on the tablets of his mind as soon as composed, to be used when the opportunity of making them public occurred. When we consider that several of his compositions contain six or seven hundred lines, the difficulty of such a task is apparent, and we are lost in wonder at the remarkable power of will which must have been exerted by the bard, to overcome such natural disadvantages.

KILCHURN CASTLE, LOCH AWE.

When the Jacobite rising of 1745 took place and Prince Charles Edward had marched from Glenfinnan at the head of his loyal Highlanders to oust the Hanoverian usurper from the throne of his ancestors; Duncan Bàn, then a full grown lad of twenty-one, was, much against his will, pressed into the military service of the Elector as a substitute for Mr. Fletcher of Glenorchy. The bait offered for this uncongenial duty was the sum of 309 marks, which was to be paid upon his return, and as an additional inducement to acquit himself well in the field, the bard was presented with the ancestral sword of the Fletchers, its owner preferring to remain at home in the security of Glenorchy rather than face the wild Highland clans that the Prince had attached to his side. With this weapon in his hand Duncan took his place in the ranks of the Hanoverian troops at Falkirk, but his sympathies being entirely with the Jacobite party, he coolly threw it away and retired from the conflict. His first known poem entitled, "*Oran do Bhlàr na h-Eaglaise Brice*," commemorates this incident in his career, and the "*Claidheamh Ceannard Chloinn-an-Leisdeir*" ("The sword of Clan Fletcher") was immortalized, though not in the way its donor had anticipated. Mr. Fletcher was in fact, much annoyed, and refused to pay the sum he had promised, with the result that the bard com-

plained to the Earl of Breadalbane, who interfered on his behalf, and caused the money to be at once handed over. Much unpleasantness ensued, and when shortly afterwards Mr. Fletcher met Duncan at the market, he so far forgot himself as to strike the bard with a stick, remarking at the same time, that he "had better go and compose a song about that," an invitation which Duncan thought it more prudent to refuse, as he did not wish to continue the quarrel. The poem referred to, attracted general attention, and the poetic talent of the young Highlander was at once admitted by all who heard it recited. He describes the incidents of the battle with all the fervour of a Stuart sympathiser, and speaks in scornful terms of the Government soldiers, comparing them to a flock of sheep driven by dogs.

"'S mur deanamaid feum le 'r casan
Cha tug sinne srad le 'r musgan."

The Earl of Breadalbane after having taken the bard's part against Mr. Fletcher, continued to befriend him, and learning that he was a good sportsman, appointed him forester in Coire-Cheathaich and Beinn Dòrain, and it was whilst following this occupation amid the magnificent scenery of these picturesque situations that his highest efforts as a poet were produced. Such poetry as he has given to the world in "*Coire-Cheathaich*" and "*Moladh Beinn-Dòrain*," is worthy of a place side by side with the greatest masterpieces of the art, and had it been written in any other language than Gaelic it would doubtless have gained for the bard one of the highest niches in the temple of fame. But Gaelic in Macintyre's time was regarded by the Sassenach race, headed by the self-opinionated and egotistical Dr. Johnson, as "the rude speech of a barbarous people, who had few thoughts to express, and were content, as they conceived grossly, to be grossly understood.†" Could that worthy but mistaken man have read and understood the beautifully descriptive allusion to the honey bees murmuring among the flowers,

"Aig seillein riabhach, breaca, srianach,
Le 'n crònan cianail is fiata srann;"

or the exquisite verses in which with true knowledge and love of his subject, the bard depicts for us the lordly salmon rising from the sparkling waters after some passing insect, and exposing to view all the silvery sheen of its gleaming scales;

"Tha bradan tarra-gheal 'sa choire gharbhlaich,
Tha tig 'n o'n fhairge bu ghailbheach tonn."

he would, unless he had been the most unfair of critics, have admitted that something good might come out of the Highlands after all.

During the years 1793-1799 Duncan Bàn served in the Earl of Breadalbane's Fencible regiment, and when it was disbanded he became a member of the Edinburgh City Guard, a position he retained until 1806. Here he met his dearly beloved "*Màiri bhàn òg*," the wife whose sweet companionship cheered his declining years, and in praise of whom he composed one of his most popular and characteristic poems. Of his other compositions it is difficult to say which are best. The ode to his favourite gun which he facetiously calls "*Nic Còiseam*" ("*Oran do 'n Ghunna ga 'n ainm Nic Còiseam*") is quaint and humorous; in "*Cead Deireannach*" he fortells the effect of large farms and praises the foxes for killing the superabundant sheep; and in the "*Oran do 'n Eideadh Ghalach*" we find an accurate description of the Highland dress and the bard's sentiments respecting it.

Several editions of his poems were published, the first of which was subscribed for during his lifetime and is dated Edinburgh, 1768. Dr.

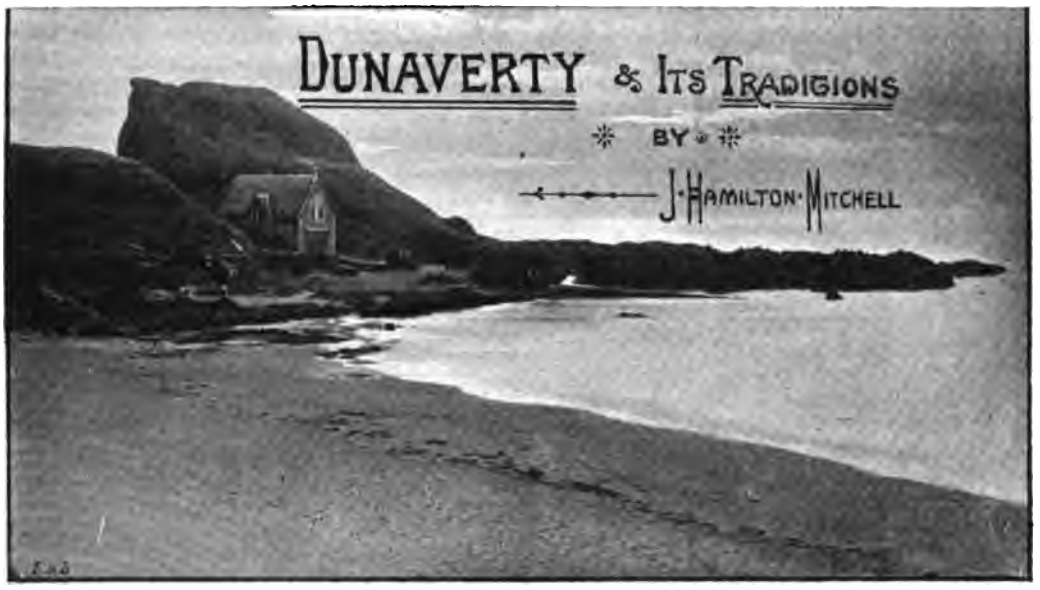
MONUMENT TO DUNCAN BAN AT DALMALLY.

Stewart of Luss is said to have written them from the bard's dictation. Duncan Macintyre (generally known as "Donnacha Bàn nan Oran") lived to the age of 88 years and died at Edinburgh on October 6th, 1812. He was buried in the old Greyfriars Churchyard, and a small obelisk has been erected by his admirers.‡

† Dr. Johnson's "Journey to the Western Isles, &c."

‡ Since writing the above article I have paid a brief visit to the Greyfriars Kirkyard when I found a worthy Highlander, by name W. MacDonald, in charge. A friendly salutation in Gaelic at once attached him to my side, and he willingly conducted me to the last resting place of Duncan Bàn, whose poems he apparently knew by heart. The monument is in a good state of preservation, and appears to have been well cared for. Having pencil and paper with me I made the rough sketch which accompanies this article, thinking it might be of interest to some of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*. W. D. N.

In 1859 a movement was set on foot to perpetuate the memory of Duncan Bàn in a manner more worthy of his genius. Money flowed in from all quarters, and on September 2nd, 1859, a large and distinguished company of Highlanders and others journeyed to Dalmally and proceeded to Beacon Hill, a small elevation near the eastern shore of Loch Awe overlooking the historic ruins of Kilchurn Castle, and there amid the bard's native mountains, with Ben Cruachan looking down upon them from the clouds and the lovely loch stretching away for miles in the dim distance; the first stone was laid of the handsome monument which has since been built as a lasting memorial of the greatest of Gaelic bards since Ossian.



PART IV.

TRADITIONS.

FROM authentic history we now pass to tradition, which like the ivy that clings to their ruined walls, loves to hang round many of our ancient fortresses; and as might be expected a castle of such antiquity as Dunaverty is not wanting in this respect. For these traditional stories the writer is indebted to "Glencreggan" already referred to, and Mackintosh's "History of Kintyre," in the pages of which volumes are preserved many curious and characteristic tales and legends relating to our historic "Land's End of Scotland." One about the massacre of Dunaverty is to the effect that the young man MacKoull was not the only person saved on that memorable occasion. It is said that in the castle there was a woman by name Flora MacCambridge, who was nurse to the infant son of Archibald Macdonald, and when the massacre commenced she fled along the beach carrying the naked child in her arms. She was met in her flight by Captain Campbell of Craignish who laid hands on her and demanded whose was the child she was carrying. She answered that it was her own, the son of a countryman. "It has the eye of a Macdonald," said Campbell, "but no matter it wants clothing," and so saying he cut off the tail of his belted plaid and gave it to her for a covering for the child. She fled with it for safety and concealed herself in a cave near the Mull of Kintyre till the Covenanters had taken their departure from the neighbourhood. The child thus saved was Ronald Macdonald, who in after years became the husband of Anne Stewart, the sister of the first Earl of Bute.

AN UNFORTUNATE PIPER.

There is another tradition associated with the massacre, which says that Alexander MacColla Macdonald was approaching the castle with a force to assist his clansmen when the Dunaverty piper observing him, struck up the air of "Cholla mo rùn, seachuinn an Dùn" as a warning to his master to keep at a distance. Macdonald understood the warning and retired, but the faithful piper was rewarded for his trouble by having his fingers cut off by the savage conquerors.

"THE WHELPS AND THE OLD FOX."

There is also a tradition that about this time Hector Macallister of Glenlussa, who had

married the Earl of Argyle's sister, was asked by that nobleman to espouse his cause, but refused to do so as the Macdonalds and he had always lived on friendly terms. Argyle was angry and threatened Macallister's destruction, so the latter along with his three sons fled towards Dunaverty, but was captured at Campbeltown. When his wife heard of this she hastened to rescue her husband and sons, but Argyle aware of her approach brought out the captives on the Whinny Hill and ordered his men to hang them all. He was asked which to hang first and his answer was: "The whelps and afterwards the old fox." The distracted lady reached the hill only in time to find the lifeless bodies of her husband and three sons swinging in the air. She fell upon her knees and uttered in Gaelic—

"Mo sheachd mallachd air mo chinneach,
Gun iad a dhol aon la an sinnead;
No gun oighre air an fhionn-ogha."

Lord Teignmouth alludes to another tradition with reference to the massacre of Dunaverty. He says: "A fine young Highlander sprang from the rock to reach a boat which contained some of the fugitives, when Argyle, compassionating him, interceded with Leslie on his behalf. His name was Stuart; he proved grateful to his protector, and became his first factor; for, by this conquest, Argyle became possessor of Cantyre, and divided it among the Campbells.

ISLE DAVAAR, CAMPBELTOWN LO H.

A Persistent Lover.

There is an ancient legend of Dunaverty—this time a story of love and adventure—which also demands a place here. Says the author of "Glencreggan":—"In times long ago, when there was a great stronghold on this "Rock of Blood," the Macdonalds were the lords of Dunaverty. One of them was asked over to Ireland, to partake of a feast given by the great King of Ireland, at which all the lesser kings were to be present with their wives and daughters. The daughter of the King of Carrickfergus was to be there, with whom O'Connor, the King of Innisheon, had fallen in love; but she did not return his love, and her father would not permit him to marry her. This caused O'Connor to use a stratagem to obtain her. He placed his armed followers in ambush at a certain part of the road, where the King of Carrickfergus and his daughter would have to pass in going to the feast; and when they came, attended only by a few followers, pounced upon them, and after a struggle, in which the king was wounded, made them prisoners. But O'Connor only wanted the king's daughter; so he told his followers to release the king and his men after a short space, until he had time to get away. Then he set the damsel upon his horse, and galloped off with her as fast as he could. It so happened that Macdonald of Dunaverty was coming along the road in order that he might be at the feast;

and when he saw O'Connor galloping towards him, with a young girl screaming behind him, he placed himself at a narrow part of the road, and opposed O'Connor's progress, with his drawn sword, commanding him to set the damsel at liberty. O'Connor leaped from his horse, and fell upon Macdonald, and they fought desperately, until the King of Innisheon was slain by the Lord of Dunaverty. Macdonald then mounted O'Connor's horse, set the young lady behind him, and restored her safely to her father. The king was rejoiced to get his daughter back again; and kept Macdonald at his house for some weeks, entertaining him with great kindness. At last, Macdonald was obliged to return. The king thanked him for his services, and promised to grant any favour that he would ask. Macdonald had only one favour to ask; and that was, that the king should give him his daughter in marriage. The king had never thought that Macdonald would have the boldness to ask for his daughter; and instead of granting the favour, and keeping his word, he fell into a violent passion with Macdonald, and threw him into a dungeon. The king's castle was by the sea, on Belfast Lough; and Macdonald's dungeon was near to the shore. The king's daughter had fallen in love with him; and she now found means to requite him for releasing her from the King of Innesheon. She contrived to get him out of his dungeon, and had a swift boat and stout men ready for him at the shore; and in a few hours Macdonald was safe at his home at Dunaverty. But he could not forget the Irish princess; and at length, when he could no longer endure to be separated from her, he sailed across to the Irish coast, and made good his landing at Carrickfergus, at dead of night. Now the king had discovered that his daughter had supplied Macdonald with the means of escape; and to prevent her from following him, he shut her up in a room that was over the precipice. Macdonald contrived to learn where she was imprisoned, and climbed up the precipice to her window. He gave her a signal, which she understood; she lowered herself into her lover's arms, and he bore her in safety down the rock, and into his vessel, which was soon sailing swiftly back to Dunaverty. Next morning, when the king found that his daughter was gone, he fell into a mighty rage; and guessing whither she had betaken herself, he raised an army, and sailed to Dunaverty, with the intent to destroy every Macdonald. But his daughter interfered, and so soothed his mind, that he became reconciled to his son-in-law, and brought him back to Carrickfergus, where he lived long and happily, and where his offspring became kings."

The Piper of Keill.

Along the coast in the neighbourhood of Dunaverty are many caves of considerable dimensions, the largest one being at Keill. Associated with this cave is the following story with which, no doubt, most of my Kintyre readers are already familiar. The cave was said to be haunted and whoever dared to penetrate it beyond a certain distance was certain never to return again. A piper, however, resolved to explore the inmost recesses of the cave; and accompanied by his little terrier dog set out in his expedition to the interior, while his friends waited and listened at the mouth of the cavern. The piper marched in boldly and the cave re-echoed with his music. Gradually the sound of the pipes became fainter and seemed to die away in the distance, when all at once, as if he had at that moment passed the fatal boundary, his pipes gave an unearthly and tremendous skirl, while a yeldritch laugh resounded through the cave. The little terrier dog presently came running out of the cave but without its skin, and though it afterwards obtained a new one it was never heard to bark again. As for the piper what his fate was no one knows, but he is supposed to have stumbled on a subterranean passage which is said to have extended six miles from the mouth of this cave to the Hill of Killellan, for about five miles from the cavern there is a farm house, and underneath its hearthstone the piper was often heard playing his favourite tune and stopping occasionally to ejaculate:—

"I doubt, I doubt,
I'll ne'er win out!"

With this story ends our sketch of Dunaverty and its traditions, and there is a little now to add. By the Jurisdiction Act of 1748 the power of life and death held by the chiefs over their followers was taken from them, and the clan system destroyed. The last Macdonald of Dunaverty who possessed these powers was invited on one occasion to an entertainment given by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and chancing to come in late he took a seat at the table next to the door. The Lord Lieutenant observing him there requested him to come and sit beside him at the head of the table. "What does the Carle say?" asked Macdonald in Gaelic. It was explained to him that the Lord Lieutenant wanted him to take a seat at the head of the table. His reply was characteristic: "Tell the Carle" he said, "that where Macdonald sits *that* is the head of the table."

[The End].

COLIN JAMES MACKAY, INDIA.

MANY representatives of Highland families go to India and to the Colonies, and earn name and fame for themselves. Of my own clan I may refer to three brothers who went from Kildonan to Canada and amassed great wealth, and did much good with their money,—the late Joseph and Edward Mackay of Montreal, and Donald Mackay of Toronto. Another clansman, Sir James Mackay, returned only a few months ago from Calcutta, where for a number of years he had been actively engaged in business, and attained to the highest honours which can come within the reach of a commercial man.

Mr. Colin James Mackay, whose portrait accompanies this short sketch, is the second surviving son of Surgeon-General George Mackay (an ex-President of the Clan Mackay Society), and bids fair to add another name to the roll of successful Scoto-Indians. He is a thorough Highlander on both sides of the house, for his mother is the daughter of the late Mr. Robertson of Inshes. [The Robertsons of Inshes are the senior Cadets of the Clan Robertson.] Mr. Mackay was born at Madras in 1863, and received his education, first, at a private school in Croydon, Surrey, and afterwards at the Northern Counties College, Inverness. He got a few years mercantile training in the British Linen Company Bank in Inverness and went to India in 1883, since which time he has been engaged as an Indigo Planter in Behar, the great Indigo growing Province of Bengal.

Mr. Mackay is of the Sandwood-Bighouse family. His great grandfather, George Mackay of Bighouse, was Colonel of the Reay Fencibles; his grandfather, Donald Mackay, was Major of the 70th Regiment; while his father served with distinction in India and Burmah for upwards of thirty years, and retired on a well earned pension some twenty years ago. So it is not surprising that the military instinct is strong in my clansman, and that he takes an active part in the Volunteer movement in India. He is a member of the Behar Light Horse, the premier Volunteer Cavalry Corps in India.

Mr. Mackay is still a young man, and I have no doubt will make his mark among the many successful ones who have risen to prominent positions in the East. As a Planter, he is associated in partnership with other three Highlanders, one of whom, Mr. Lachlan Macdonald of Skeabost, is well known to the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*.

Southampton. JOHN MACKAY (*Ben Reay*).

ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEIR.

THIS song, of which Mr. M. MacIsaac gives fragments in your September issue, was composed by the Glenmoriston bard, Alexander Grant, better known as *Alasdair Mac Iain Bhain*, who was born about 1772, and serving as a soldier in Denmark, Portugal, Spain, France, and the West Indies, died in Glen Urquhart about the end of last century. In 1884 I printed his songs, and a sketch of his life, in the *Transactions* of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. I append three verses of the "Soldier's Song."

Inverness. WILLIAM MACKAY.

Fhir a shiubhlas mu thuath,
Thoir an t-soiridh so bhuam,
Far nach d' fhag mi fear fuath
Na m' dheigh ann
Masa math leat bhi buan,
'N uair a chluinneas tu'n duan
Thoir an aire—cum cluais—
A's eisd rium :
Gur h-e lughad mo dhuais,
'S an *t-sentry* bhi fuar
Chuir m' inntinn cho luath
Troimhe-cheile ;
Thug e 'n dreach dhe mo shnuadh,
'S dh' fhag e tana mo ghruaidh,
'S chaill mi trian de na fhuair
Mi 'leursainn.

'N uair a shuidh sinn ag ol,
'Sa laimhsich mi 'n t-or
Bha moran mu'n bhord
Gar n-eisdeachd ;
Bha danns' ann—bha ceol—
'Cur na bainnse air doigh,
'S e mo chall-sa bha mor
'Na dheigh sin.
Fhuair mi bann agus coir,
Le gealltannas mor,
Air nighean Righ Deors'
Mar cheile ;
'S na 'n creidinn an gloir
Cha b' eagal ri m' bheò
Dhomh an airgead, no 'n or,
No 'n eideadh!

'S iomadh glaic agus gleann
Eadar 'Ghearmailt 'san Fhraing,
Sasuinn—Alba gu gintan—
Agus Eirinn,
Far 'n do leig mi mo cheann,
Sgath ghlac agus ghleann,
Far nach freagradh dhomh mall
Bhi 'g eiridh ;
Fuaim feadan thri bann—
Fear ga spreigeadh 'sa' champ,
Ged a's beag a bha shannt
Orm eisdeachd ;
B' fhearr leam geum aig mart seang
'Dol gu eadradh 'sa' ghleann
'S bean ga leigeadh am fang
'S a' Cheitein.

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COLIN JAMES MACKAY.

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DONALD MACLEOD, TAIN.

MR. DONALD MACLEOD, whose portrait is here given, is descended from the famous Raasay branch of the clan, and inherits in a marked degree the musical instincts of that celebrated family. Mr. MacLeod is a native of Rossshire, where his people have been settled for three generations. Like most Highlanders who have had to carve out their own fortunes, he had his early struggles, but by indomitable perseverance and careful thrift he finally purchased his master's business, and now occupies a respected position in the busy little town of Tain.

Mr. MacLeod is a many-sided man and is master of many accomplishments, but those whoknow him most intimately declare that of these the one by which he is best known to his countrymen is his intense love for Gaelic music, and the thrilling notes of the *piob mhor*. The Raasay MacLeods were excelled by none in the Highlands as performers on the bagpipes, but to this family reputation our clansman has added an additional lustre, for he can not only play on the pipes well, but can also *make* them! Nothing gives him greater delight when his daily duties are over than to retire to his private workshop, and there devote himself to the manufacture of the national instrument, the products of his skill having acquired a reputation which has travelled far beyond the boundaries of the county. Mr. MacLeod has also made violins which have been highly complimented by such well-known authorities as Dr. K. N. MacDonald, of Edinbane, Skye, Mr. Scott Skinner and others. Although the subject of this sketch has devoted himself specially to the study of Highland music, he has also found leisure to train himself in other respects, and has frequently taken prizes at the local sports for running, throwing the hammer, Highland dancing, etc. He now acts as Hon. Secretary for the Highland Games, and the recent Tain Annual Gathering which proved so successful was largely managed by him. Mr. MacLeod has acted for several years as Secretary to the St. Duthus Lodge of Oddfellows, and is presently an office-bearer in the St. Duthus Lodge of Freemasons. He naturally has a special interest in the Clan MacLeod Society, which he joined as soon as made aware of its existence through the *Celtic Monthly*. Mr. MacLeod married in 1890, Jessie Ann, third daughter of Mr. J. A. Polson, Merchant, Bonar Bridge

Glasgow. PETER MACLEOD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY

NOVEMBER, 1894.

CONTENTS.

COLONEL JOHN LORNE STEWART, OF COLL (with plate), - - 21
FAMOUS HIGHLAND BARDS,—No. III. "DUNCAN BAN MACINTYRE," - - - - - - - - - 22
DUNAVERTY AND ITS TRADITIONS, Part IV. (illustrated), - 25
COLIN JAMES MACKAY, INDIA (with plate), - - - - - 28
ORAN AN T-SAIGHDEIR (poem), - - - - - - - 28
DONALD MACLEOD, TAIN (with portrait), - - - - - - 29
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - 30
THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA. Part 12 (illustrated), - - 31
ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH, FORFAR (with plate), - - - 34
NEWS OF THE MONTH, - - - - - - - - - 35
COLIN HAY, J.P., ARDEBG, ISLAY (with plate), - - - 35
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part III. (illustrated), 36
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—PIOBAIREACHD CHLOINN PHARLAIN.—CLAN FARLANE'S PIBROCH, - - - - - - - 39
REVIEWS, - - - - - - - - - - - - 40
ENSIGNS IN THE CLANS OF 1745, - - - - - - - 40

"SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY."

OUR readers will, no doubt, be glad to learn that the forthcoming work on Sutherland promises to be one of the most successful books published of late years in connection with the Highlands. The Subscribers' List already includes a large proportion of the best known names connected with the county, while Highlanders resident in all parts of the kingdom have become subscribers. We are also pleased to be able to intimate that Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland has kindly promised to contribute a chapter for the work on the "Industries of Sutherland," a subject upon which Her Grace is well qualified to speak with authority. The other chapters are from the pens of able writers, and the illustrations, which will form so attractive a feature of the work, are beautiful examples of the engraver's art. A full list of subscribers will be published with the volume, and those desirous of adding their names to the list should communicate at once with the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow, or Rev. Adam Gunn, M.A., Durness, Sutherland—Joint-Editors. The prices are :—Cloth Boards, gilt, crown 8vo., 5/-; Edition De Luxe, large paper, elegant binding, crown 4to., 12/6—post free.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.—We will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Mr. and Mrs. James E. B. Baillie of Dochfour, Inverness (as a double plate). Mr. Baillie is Vice-President of the London Inverness-shire Association; Mr. William Mackay, F.S.A., Scot., Chieftain, Gaelic Society of Inverness; and Mr. J. Ronald M. MacDonald, of Largie Castle, Kintyre, the representative of one of the principal Cadet families of the ancient Clan Donald; with short biographical sketches. A portrait will also appear of Mr. John Mathieson, President, Paisley Highland Association. In addition to these a valuable paper by Mr. John Muir, F.S.A., Scot., on the Highland ancestry of Robert Burns, the poet, will also appear, as well as a variety of interesting English and Gaelic contributions, in prose and verse, with numerous illustrations.

CLAN MACKAY BURSARIES.—This Society deserves credit for the practical manner in which it gives effect to its educational objects. By its means three young clansmen have just been enabled to enter St. Andrews' University and a High School, each with a bursary of £20. The education of young members of the clan ought to be the chief aim of all kindred societies.

CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The usual quarterly meeting of this society was held in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh—Mr. Atholl MacGregor, Dunkeld, in the chair. The usual business was transacted, and a sum of £65 was allotted in bursaries to students belonging to the clan, under the educational scheme of the society, besides allowance from the benevolent scheme to parties requiring assistance.

With this issue we give the last instalments of the articles on "The Last MacDonalds of Isla" and "Dunaverty," both valuable contributions to our Highland literature. We are pleased to be able to state that Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh and Mr. J. Hamilton Mitchell have promised to favour us with other contributions shortly.

We are again indebted to the kindness of Mr. William Graham of North Erines for one of the illustrations which appear in this issue, and also to Mr. Malcolm Ferguson, Callander, and Mr. Adam Millar (of Messrs. William Cross & Co., 45 Montrose Street, Glasgow) for the use of interesting engravings and plates.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUMES I. AND II.—We have now only a few copies of these handsome volumes left, which can be had from the Editor at the following prices :—Vol. I., bound in strong leather, gilt lettering, 6s. 6d.; cloth, gilt, 5s.; Volume II., leather, 8s.; cloth, 6s. 6d., post free.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—*We would feel greatly indebted if those of our readers who have not yet forwarded their annual subscriptions would do so at once, as we are anxious to get our list for Vol. III. completed as soon as possible. Subscribers would greatly favour us by attending to this matter immediately.*

CLAN SINCLAIR.—We have received a long and interesting letter from Mr. James Sinclair, Fresno, California, strongly advocating the formation of a Clan Sinclair Society. He considers that the Sinclairs are strong and influential enough to form a society equal to any, his own native Caithness alone providing excellent recruiting ground for the clan. Mr. Sinclair invites expression of opinion from clansmen, and we shall be glad to publish communications from our many readers of the Clan Sinclair.

PART XII.—COLL KEITACH; THE MONTROSE-ANTRIM AGREEMENT, AND THE MAC-DONELLS OF ANTRIM.

(*Continued from page* 5).

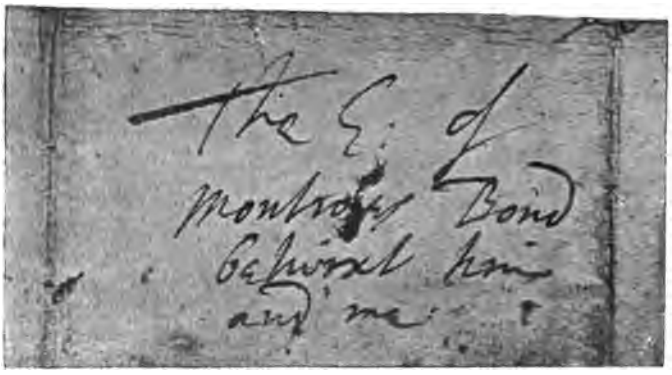
IT was at Mingarry that Alexander Macdonald and his men landed from Ireland to assist Montrose, and as a strong garrison was kept there up to Montrose's overthrow, it may be taken for granted that such of the MacIains as remained, rallied to their kinsman's standard. Through Lochaber, Badenoch, and Athole constant communication was kept up, and it would seem that two of the MacIains remained in Ruthven in poverty and obscurity. Through the exertions of Mr. Alexander Macpherson, Banker in Kingussie, the old churchyard of that parish was some years ago restored and beautified. A grave stone with inscription was brought to light, of the rudest material, lettering, and language, as may be seen by the fac-simile given in last number page 5, prepared for these papers by the kindness of Mr. Mackenzie, Surveyor's Office, Kingussie, and Mr. John Campbell, Inspector of Poor there.

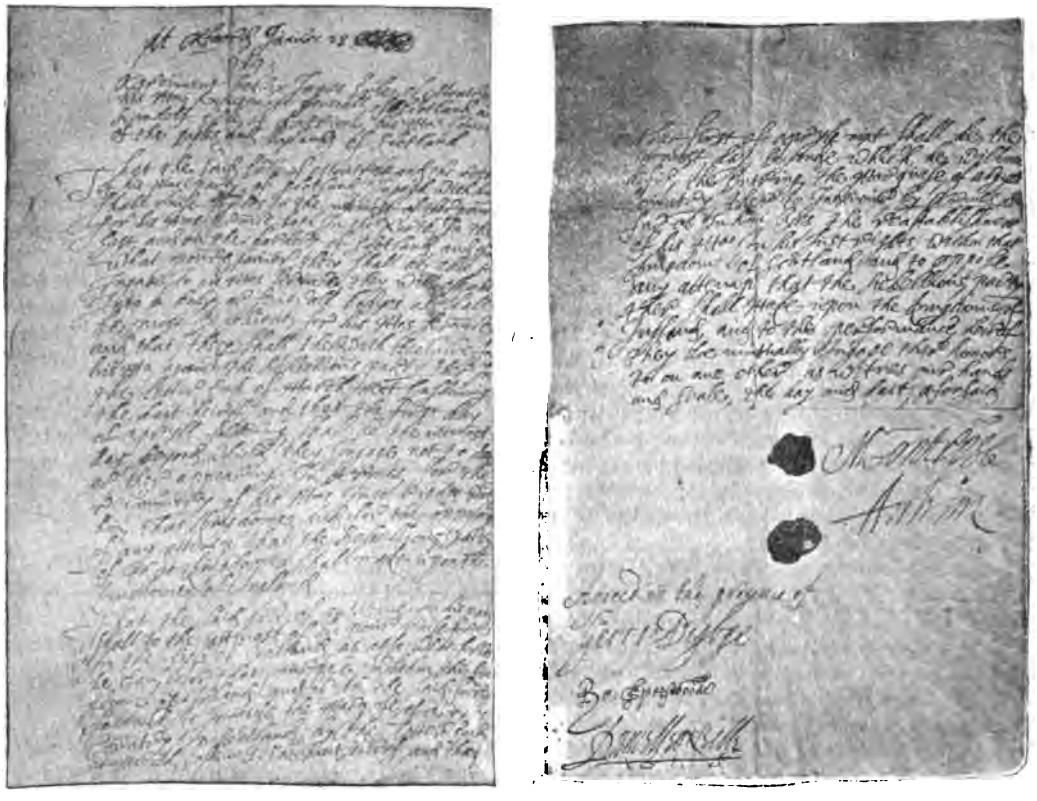
Anyone who examines the magnificent tomb in Iona erected by Malcolm Macduphie of Colonsay to his brother-in-law John MacIain, Lord of Ardnamurchan, and Mariota MacIain, sister of John and wife of Malcolm (see page 135, vol. 2), can see at a glance how great was the downfall of the family. Yet how as he seems to have been all honour to Alexander Macdonald, who cherishing the high aspirations of the family did his best by erecting this memorial however rude, to preserve the names and place of interment of the last of the ancient house of Ardnamurchan

The wording is doubtful, but it would rather appear as if the two Alexanders conjoined were father and uncle of John Macdonald, one of them being his maternal uncle. It is probable that one of the Alexanders was the Allister MacIain referred to 1622-1629.

James Macdonald of Isla's second brother was named Coll, who with his youngest brother Sorley buie settled in Ireland. He was known as Coll na-g-Capul, and lived in the strong castle of Kean-baan. He married Eveleen Macquillin, took an active part in the struggles of the times, and died in May, 1558, leaving two sons, Archibald and Randal or Ranald. This Randal settled in Colonsay, Archibald the eldest son of Coll married the daughter of O'Cahan, and was father of Coll, the well-known "Coll Keitach." Upon the death of his uncle Randall, Coll who had been in use to visit his uncle, settled in Colonsay, which became his designation. In 1631 Coll had a lease of the Island from the Bishop of the Isles. He was twice married,

first to a cousin, Miss O'Cahan, and second to Miss Macneill. He had three sons, Archibald, Alexander, and Angus. The family were strict Catholics, and as the Covenanting party became all powerful about 1639, such as did not conform were in imminent danger. Households, including that of Coll Keitach, were broken up, never to be reunited. Coll, with his eldest and youngest sons, expelled from Colonsay, were cast into prison, and remained therein till 1644, when the state of affairs made it prudent they should be released; the second son, Alexander, fled to Ireland, where he greatly distinguished himself. Coll and his sons were most active in support of Montrose, taking part in almost every battle, and after the conclusion of the war held out Dunyvaig. Upon promise of their lives, Coll and two of his sons surrendered to General Leslie, afterwards Earl of Leven, and even Covenanting writers were forced to admit that a stain rested on his honour, in allowing their execution. This was carried out with





FAC-SIMILE OF AGREEMENT BETWEEN MONTROSE AND ANTRIM.

devilish satisfaction by Campbell of Airds, Captain of Dunstaffnage, upon Coll in the bay, on a mast from Coll's own galley. Archibald was executed at Skipness, and Angus at Dunyvaig. They could have been exchanged for two or three preachers who had been captured, but were allowed to die in prison, as appeared at Argyle's trial in 1660, rather than Coll and his sons be set at liberty. Thus perished the gallant old hero, but his name, and that of his famous

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ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH.

son Sir Alexander, remain and will remain, honoured and lamented. Coll was born in Ireland in 1570, and interred at Oban, aged 71. Sir Alexander fled to Ireland, as above stated, in 1639; was constantly engaged in the conflicts then raging, and is unjustly accused by Froude and others of crimes and cruelties. He was defeated at Glenmaquin in 1642, and does not come to the front again till 1644. He was a man of herculean frame and high courage, always exposing himself to danger. He was generally styled Coll Keitach's son, vulgarly converted into "Alexander Colkitto," a mixture of his father's christian name and nickname. The worthy Spalding calls him "MacColl MacKittish;" some English writers "Colonel Kitto;" and the Antrim historian, with good reason ridicules Burton, whom he calls "one the latest and most pretentions of Scottish historians," for styling him "Macdonald of Colkitto. In 1644 a determined effort was made to support the King from Ireland. The Earl of Antrim got full power from the Irish confederate, exerted himself to the uttermost, and under promise of Scottish support, raised and equipped over 2000 men, whom he placed under the command of Alexander Macdonald. He sailed in the "Harp," the first body consisting of about 1600 men, and they landed at Mingarry on 8th July, 1644. There were none to welcome them, and it is possible a retreat would have been ordered were it not that their transports had been surprised and burnt. Here the genius of Macdonald displayed itself. He determined to establish a safe basis of operations, took and garrisoned the Castles of Mingarry and Lochaline, and felt secure enough to act on the aggressive. The story of Montrose's wars is so well known, that it would be put out of place here to say more than that Alexander, now Sir Alexander, and his men were ever to the front, in every battle, and became such a terror that straggling bodies of them were constantly cut off, and quarter was never given. Indeed it may be said that hardly a man returned to Ireland. Although all the Highland historians give the fullest credit to Montrose, they are also very clear as to the prowess and paramount work of Macdonald. Yet too many Lowland and English writers give him but an inferior position. It is well to see that the Clanranald historian, whose work has just been published *in extenso*, is very distinct on the point, coming as it did under his own observation, or of those with whom he was in communication. At no time did Sir Alexander and his men show greater courage than at Inverlochy. What said Iain Lom.—

"I, the bard of their battles, ascended the height,
Where dark Inverlochie o'ershadowed the fight,
And I saw the Clan Donald resistless in might,
* * * * * * * *
Fallen race of Diarmid! disloyal, untrue—
No harp in the Highlands will sorrow for you."

Sir Alexander Macdonald fled to Ireland, was entrusted by the Confederates with high command, and was killed in the Battle of Cnocnanos, County of Cork, in the year 1647. He had married one of the daughters of MacAllister of Loup. which family suffered severely through the connection. He left several children, and descendants are to be found in good positions to this day.

We finish the series of papers with a short account of the Marquis of Antrim and his doings. He exerted himself greatly for King Charles, raised large bodies of men for the Royal service and deeply involved his Estate. Full accounts are to be found in the History of the Family. The Marquis married first the great heiress, Catherine Manners, widow of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who died in 1649; and second, Rose O'Neill of Shanes Castle, about the year 1653; she died in 1695. By the kindness of the present Earl of Antrim, I give a *fac-simile* of the famous agreement between Antrim and Montrose, written I think by Montrose, also its docquet on the back in the hand writing of Antrim.

During the usurpation the Marquis was deprived of all his estates not having a foot left, but receiving a small pension. We ofter hear of Cromwell's doings in Ireland, of his plantations, forced settlements, and of the displacements of the Irish people for "Adventurers" as they were styled. When asked on one occasion, what was to be done with certain people, Cromwell replied send them "to Hell or Connaught;" and to Connaught, west of the Shannon, and misery, thousands upon thousands were sent, and Lord Antrim was there assigned a wretched portion. Some years ago, the late Major O'Gorman, commonly called "The O'Gorman," member for Waterford, a man of enormous size, of typical Irish character, was called to order in the House of Commons, amid considerable excitement, for using the above words, apropos of some hot Irish question, in his usual stentorian voice. I was present at the time, and well acquainted with the Major, who used to sit near me. Mr. Butt, then leader of the Irishmen, having privately drawn the Speaker's attention that the words were historical, the Speaker told Mr. Butt to convey to the Major, that had he known the circumstances, he would not have called him to order.

Upon the restoration, the Marquis had to fight for years for the restitution of his estates out of the hands of the "granters," many of them of position, who had got them for little or nothing. Notwithstanding the unfriendliness, if not hostility of the Duke of Ormonde, the

King's representative, the Marquis ultimately triumphed, and after 24 years' perils, trials, and poverty, lived afterwards in peace and happiness. His portrait (see page 188, vol. 2.) shows a mixture of firmness and benevolence. The Marquis died, 3rd February, 1682, and leaving no issue, the Marquisate fell. He was succeeded by his brother, Alexander, 3rd Earl of Antrim, born in 1615, whose portrait by the kindness of the present Earl was given last month on page 4. He died in the year 1696. Like his brother, he had been in constant trouble during the Civil Wars, and had his estate left him by his father forfeited, but restored subsequently. He supported James the 7th and was colonel of a regiment in 1689. He was again forfeited, but the Irish estates restored under the Treaty of Limerick. He was still attainted in England and up to his death vigorously engaged in obtaining a reversal. By his second wife, Helena Bourke, the third Earl left a son Randal, who succeeded, and was in time succeeded by Alexander his son, and he by his son Randal, sixth Earl. Having no son, he petitioned the King, and a new grant was made to his three daughters and their issue male. He was also created Marquis, which title on his death fell for the second time. At his death in 1791 the title devolved upon his eldest daughter, Anne Katherine, but she, though married, having no son, the title devolved at her death in 1834 upon her younger sister (the second sister Letitia having died unmarried) Charlotte, who only enjoyed the entitle for one year, and was grandmother of the present Earl. The present Earl's aunt, Lady Helen, widow of Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, has long closely and warmly identified herself with Scotland and Highland interests. Mr. Alexander MacKenzie in the History of the Macdonalds claims the representation of the Lords of the Isles for Glengarry. If the rumour alluded to in a letter dated Edinburgh, 14th May, 1796, to a clansman, had foundation, and the wooing were successful, the possible results open up a wide subject of speculation. "Glengarry has gone to Ireland. Some will have it that he went on a courting expedition to his noble kinswoman and namesake." The field was certainly open, for the Countess Anne Katherine did not marry till 1799.

In number the Macdonalds predominate in Scotland, and are to be found in good positions all over the world. Why not follow the example of their brethern in Ireland who have retained their hold amidst extraordinary difficulties, and regain Isla and Kintyre?

[THE END].

NOTE.—In last issue the portrait given on page 4 was that of Alexander, Earl of Antrim, not Archibald, as stated in error.—EDITOR.

To Lord Antrim for his courtesy and interesting contributions my own thanks and those of all Macdonalds are cordially given, and we wish his family prosperity and a new grant of the Marquisate. They are still regarded as brother Highlanders, and sixty years ago a Gaelic poet thus wrote;—

"Co 'thàirneadh riut riobadh
Nuair thig na bheil uait?
Earl Antrim a h-Eirinn
Leis an eireadh na sluaigh." C. F. M.

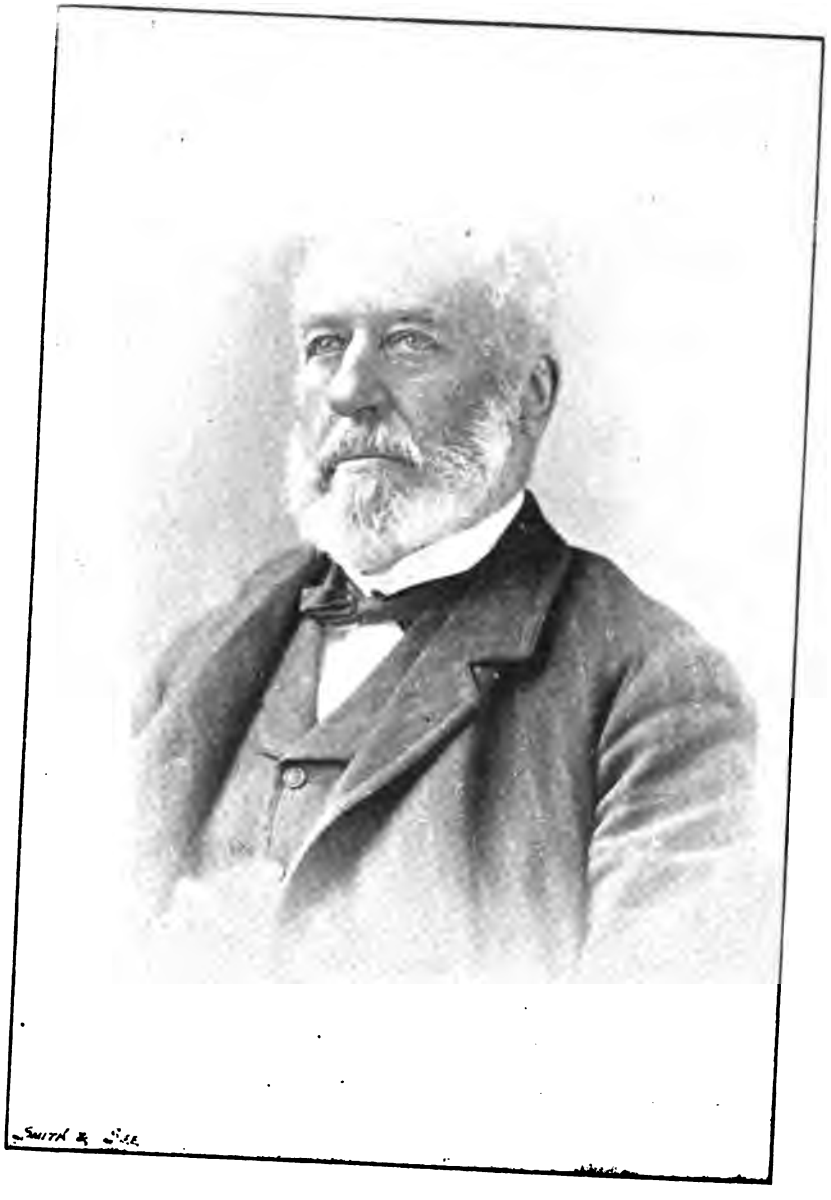
ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH, FORFAR.

THE historic, rich, and fertile County of Angus, never gave birth to a more thorough Highlander, or enthusiastic clansman than the subject of this brief notice. He is descended of the house of Farr, Cadets of Kellachie, an early and distinguished branch of the family of Mackintosh. Mr. Mackintosh's great great grandfather William, fighting on his stumps, fell with his elder brother, Captain Angus Mackintosh of Farr at Culloden,—William being also an officer in the Regiment of Clan Chattan. His grandfather, also William Mackintosh, born at Lynreach of Farr, in the County of Inverness, migrated about 1790 to Forfarshire, where the family have since remained and prospered, but have never lost their connection with the north, or ceased to maintain the sympathies and traditions of their noble predecessor of the '45. Mr. Mackintosh, whose robust appearance would have warranted his adopting a military life, to which in youth he had some proclivity, nevertheless devoted his attention to business in Forfar, from which he retired with a competency in 1889. Mr. Mackintosh being of a retiring disposition does not take a prominent part in public affairs, devoting his whole spare time to perfecting his knowledge of Celtic history, and in antiquarian pursuits, giving a helping hand to Highlanders coming his way, and to all measures for the benefit of the Highlands and Highlandmen. He has repeatedly advocated their claims in print. Mr. Alex. Mackintosh Shaw in his history of the House and Clan of Mackintosh, published in 1880, says in the Preface, "Among those who have kindly seconded my appeal, to whom my warmest acknowledgements are due and given, is one who I feel ought to have special and honourable mention here. But for the unsparing exertions of Mr. Alexander Mackintosh, Forfar, personally a stranger to me, the book would not be in the hands of subscribers."

He was born in 1845, and in 1878 married Ellen, daughter of the late Mr. William Mowat, Stonehaven.

As long as men like Mr. Mackintosh, quiet and unostentatious, but hearty and enthusiastic, who form the main strength of any movement, continue, so may we confidently rely that the claims, rights, and wishes of the Highland people will be advocated, and in time effected.

Of Drummond. C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.



COLIN HAY, J.P.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. T. D. MACDONALD, LONDON.—Mr. MacDonald was recently the recipient of a handsome dirk, mounted in silver and cairngorms, suitably inscribed in Gaelic, and accompanied with a purse of sovereigns, from his many Highland friends in London and elsewhere, on the occasion of his leaving for Canada. Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, made the presentation, and several congratulatory speeches were made. The proceedings were characterised with the greatest enthusiasm.

THE GLASGOW GAELIC MUSICAL ASSOCIATION held their Annual Business Meeting on Wednesday, 10th October, when the following office-bearers were elected: Hon. President, John Mackay, C.E., J.P., Hereford; President, John Mackay (Kingston), Editor, *Celtic Monthly*; Vice-Presidents, J. MacCallum and A. MacDiarmid; Secretary, John Mackintosh, 123 St. Vincent Street; Treasurer, Miss Livingstone; and a committee of four. Mr. Norman MacDonald was again elected Conductor. It was resolved to hold the choir practice in the Waterloo Rooms every Wednesday Evening at 8-30, and an elementary Gaelic Music Class at 7-30. Ladies and gentlemen desirous of joining the choir or the class may be enrolled any evening at the place of meeting.

THE CLAN MENZIES.—A large gathering of this ancient clan took place at Weem, Perthshire, when Sir Robert Menzies, Bart., chief of the clan, was presented with a beautifully illuminated address. The address was surrounded with coloured representations of the arms of the various branches of the clan, the badges and other emblems of the Menzies'. Mr. D. P. Menzies, Hon. Secretary, who designed the address, is to be congratulated on producing such a handsome work of art. Speeches were delivered by the chief, clansmen, and friends, and the occasion was one not to be readily forgotten by those present.

GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB.—The Tournament for prizes presented by Mr. William Graham of North Erines, Hon. President of the club, took place at Moray Park on Saturday, 20th October, and proved a most exciting contest. A match between the Glasgow Cowal and Inveraray clubs is being arranged, and will doubtless prove one of the finest displays of camanachd witnessed for many years past.

A strong Shinty Club has been started at Rogart, Sutherlandshire, and we trust that others will speedily follow. Shinty used to be the favourite pastime in Sutherland, and we hope every parish will soon have its camanachd club.

THE LONDON GAELIC CLASSES opened for the session on 4th October, in the Scots' Corporation Hall, Crane Court, Fleet Street. In addition to advanced and elementary classes a monthly *Ceilidh* meeting will be held, and Gaelic Part Song singing will be practised as an adjunct of the class. The fee is merely nominal, and intending students should apply to Mr. P. MacIntyre, 13 Kathleen Road, S.W.

THE ANNUAL SCOTTISH CONCERT of the Gaelic Society of London takes place in St. Martin's Town Hall, on Friday, November 16th, at 7-45 p m. Miss J. N. Maclachlan and other well-known artistes are to appear.

COLIN HAY, J.P., ARDBEG, ISLAY.

MR. COLIN HAY was born in the Parish of Kildalton, Islay, in 1827. He was educated at the Parish School of Bowmore, taught with great success for nearly half a century by Mr. John Taylor, M.A., of the University of Glasgow, father of the Rev. M. C. Taylor, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Edinburgh. In 1843 Mr. Hay was appointed clerk to the late Mr. Alexander MacDougall, Ardbeg Distillery. Here his punctuality, tact, and general abilities were soon recognised, and gained for him the confidence and respect of all. On the death of Mr. MacDougall in 1853, Mr. Hay, after a period of ten years' faithful services, was assumed a partner, a position which he still retains. Mr. Hay served in the local Volunteer Corps (7th Argyll Artillery Volunteers) from 1861 to 1873, and acted for years as Captain. Captain Hay was a great favourite with the men, and deservedly popular. For the last twenty years he has served on the Commission of the Peace for the County of Argyll. In this capacity he discharges his judicial duties with firmness and impartiality. Since the retirement of Walter Graham, Esq., in 1869, Mr. Hay has been chairman of the Parochial Board of his native parish; and since 1876 he has been continued in the chairmanship of the School Board of Kildalton. Being an efficient, active, and competent man of business, the people repose unqualified trust in Mr. Hay's unselfishness, sincerity, and singleness of purpose.

He has now been many years Patron of the *Comunn Ileach*, and on several occasions presided with great ability over its Annual Social Gathering. He has been the truest, the best, and most liberal friend of this Association. He generously contributed towards the expense of printing the various Celtic works published under the auspices of the Islay Association, such as Bard William Livingston's Gaelic Poems—1882; and "Hector MacLean's Ultonian Hero-Ballads"—1892. The promoters of the Memorials to J. F. Campbell and Hector MacLean were largely indebted, financially, and otherwise to Mr. Hay. For the last thirty years, Mr. Colin Hay has been a most popular man in "Green and grassy Islay." He does good by stealth, and is pre-eminently the poor man's friend; and Islaymen at home and abroad may well call him "*Ceann na céille agus cridhe na féile.*"

Glasgow. ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR.

PART III.—(*Continued from page* 13).

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

PENINSULA AND WATERLOO.

THE 92nd bore a distinguished part in this campaign in Holland, 1799, especially at Egmont-op-Zee, in which it lost 60 officers and men killed and 195 officers and men wounded, amongst the latter being Huntly and John Cameron. It appears a division of English was hard beset by the French and forced to retire, when Abercrombie ordered the 92nd to its aid and repulsed the French. Alex. MacKinnon, a corporal in the 92nd, composed a spirited song upon this battle, the heroes of which are Abercrombie, Moore, and Huntly. The corporal poet thus describes the incident:—

"Bhrùchd na nàimhdean le 'n trom làdach
Air muin chàich an àite teine,
'N uair fhuair Sasunnaich droch chàradh
Phill iad o'n àraich n' ar coinneamh ;
Ghlaodh Ralph uaibhreach ri chuid àrmunn
Greasaibh na Gàidheil n' an coinneamh ;
'S tionndaidh iad an ruaig mar b'àbhaist
An dream àrdanach, neo-fhoileil."

In this campaign Ewen MacMillan, Cameron's foster brother and constant attendant, was wounded. Being at an outpost, he noticed a Frenchman at a considerable distance, whom he thought he could stalk, as he was in the habit of doing to the deer in the forests of Loch Arkaig. He crawled forward very cautiously, but just as he thought himself secure of his game, and was taking deliberate aim over a low dyke, the Frenchman, quicker than he, fired and carried off his ear. MacMillan, however, was revenged. He fired in return, brought his adversary to the ground, and not content with this, rushed forward and transfixed him with his bayonet. He speedily returned to his comrades, and sought out his master to whom in his native tongue he complained of what the Frenchman had done to him. "The Devil's son, you see what he did to me?" "You well deserve it, Ewen, in going beyond your post," was Fassiefern's remark. "He'll not do it again, faith," was the contented reply.

The gallant Gordons again distinguished themselves in the capture of Majorca in 1800, and in Egypt in 1801, where the corporal poet was severely wounded at the Battle of Alexandria, and left for dead on the field. He would have been buried alive had not his friend, Sergeant MacLean, saved him from an untimely grave. He soon recovered, and the gallant deeds of his countrymen on that day, again inspired his muse for another spirited song, in a stanza of which he describes the French firing as the belchings of Vesuvius.

The 92nd won great renown in Egypt, and added, "Egypt" and the "Sphinx" to its colours and appointments, in addition to "Egmont-op-Zee."

The regiment took part in the expedition to Denmark in 1807, and in that to Sweden in 1808. It was with the generous and brave Moore at Corunna in 1809; in Walcheren in the same year, and arrived at the Torres Vedras in 1810. In all the actions from that year to 1812 in which it was engaged, the 92nd upheld the high military reputation acquired in Egypt, and nobly maintained the honour of its native country in a manner worthy of true Highlanders.

In October, 1811, it took part in the surprise of the French at Arroyo-de-Molinos, and marched into the town playing "Hie, Johnnie Cope are

ye waukin' yet?" The French came out half clad to see what was the noise about! One French Colonel making his appearance half dressed was seized and made prisoner by a sergeant of the 92nd. The whole of the French artillery, baggage, and two-thirds of the infantry were captured. Here Colonel Cameron and three other officers were wounded. It was again under fire at the capture of the Almaraz forts in May, 1812, and at the Alba de Tormes in Nov. 10th and 11th, suffering severe loss

At Vittoria on the 21st June, 1813, the regiment greatly distinguished itself by seizing the height of Puebla, and holding it all day in spite of the most determined efforts of the French to regain it, winning for its gallant colonel a gold medal.

In the various actions connected with the Pyrenees, it behaved, says Napier, with a stern valour that would have graced Thermopylae, adding "Maya" to the shield of its colonel. On the 25th July, 1813, after fighting for ten hours, General Sir W. Stewart ordered the regiment not to take part in a charge he was about to make. The brave fellows disregarded the order, and not only charged, but led the charge, and overthrew superior numbers of the French, routing them down the Pass. On this day, and on the 30th July and 1st August, the loss sustained by the 92nd was 53 rank and file killed and 26 officers and 363 rank and file wounded.

At the passage of the Nive on the 9th December near Cambo, the 92nd were ordered to cross the river, which was greatly swollen, by a ford and attack the enemy strongly posted on the other side. Arriving at the ford, and on the signal being given to cross, Cameron plunged into the river at the head of his regiment. When in the middle of the river, his favourite piper was shot at his side. Stooping from his saddle he strove to help him, but the poor piper was swept away by the surging waters. "Alas!" cried the brave Cameron, "I would rather have lost 20 men than you." The river being crossed the regiment formed in line and advanced towards the French. The fighting was furious. Cameron ordered a charge which was completely successful, and the French were driven back. Attack and repulse were repeated three different times with the like result. In the last of these Cameron's horse was shot dead, but on foot he led his Highlanders and drove the enemy back to the foot of their entrenchments, which were soon evacuated. Wellington came on the ground on purpose to thank the 92nd for their gallant conduct and manly bearing during the battle, and ordered a double allowance of rum to be given them. On this occasion the casualties were 4 officers and 28 men killed, 6 officers

GENERAL DAVID STEWART, OF GARTH.
HISTORIAN OF THE HIGHLAND REGIMENTS.

and 143 men wounded. Cameron was awarded an honorary badge bearing the word "Nive" and authority given the regiment to bear the same word on the regimental colours and appointments.

In the early morning of the 13th December Soult made a furious attack upon Lord Hill's division, posted behind St. Pierre. The attack was so fierce that the Portuguese brigade and a wing of the 50th were overcome and had to retire. The 92nd was brought to the rescue, and charging the French, routed them, and pushed them back on their column, which was also charged. It also wavered, broke, and fled. Soult instantly replaced the fugitives by another column, while he redoubled the fire of his heavy guns, and sent a battery of horse artillery galloping into the valley, along which it sent a plunging fire through the serried ranks, which tore them up in such a horrible manner that the 92nd was compelled to give way and retire in rear of St. Pierre. Colonel Cameron had his horse shot dead under him, and would have been bayonetted but for the devotion and bravery of Ewen MacMillan, who exhibited a contempt of danger deserving of all honour. He instantly liberated his master, led him forward till he reached his own men, then suddenly turning round he made his way back to the dead horse, cut the girths, and shouldering the saddle rejoined his comrades, displaying his trophy and exclaiming, "They may have the horse, but de'il a one of them will sit in Fassiefern's saddle." Matters now seemed desperate; overpowered by numbers the light troops had been driven in; the 71st and the Buffs retired. Hill saw all this, and descending from the eminence upon which he stood, ordered up the reserves, and led the 71st and the Buffs back in person. This gave the shattered "Gordons" time to reform, and their gallant colonel, the worthy descendant of the "Valiant Cavalier Lochiel," once more led his men down the road, pipes playing, colours flying, their black plumes and green tartans waving with the breeze, resolved to give the shock to whatever stood in their way. Napier's description of this scene is worth giving.

"How glorious did that regiment (92nd) come forth again to the charge, with the colours flying and its national music playing, as if going to a review! This was to understand war. The man who in that moment and immediately after a repulse, thought of such military pomp was by nature a soldier," and he continues, "The 92nd was but a small clump compared with the dark mass in its front, and that mass seemed to stand firmly enough until an officer who rode at its head waved his sabre and ordered a retreat. This retrograde movement, for there was no fear or disorder, was produced partly by the advance of the gallant Gordons, and the returning rush of the skirmishers, and probably by the state of affairs on the right of the French column, when the 71st, indignant at the conduct of their colonel, who was not a Highlander, had returned to the fight with such fierceness and were so well aided by Lecors' Portuguese (Hill in person, and Stewart leading the attack) that the hitherto victorious French were overthrown there also, at the very moment the 92nd came with that brave show down the road.

The 92nd this day lost 13 officers and 171 rank and file killed and wounded. In the five days' fighting, from the 9th to the 13th December, Soult lost 6000 men and 2 generals. Wellington 5000 men and 5 generals.

It is agreed by British and French writers that the Battle of St. Pierre was one of the most desperate of the war, yet strange it is that the name of this battle is not borne on the colours of any regiment engaged in it.

(To be continued).

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

PIOBAIREACHD CHLOINN PHARLAIN.—CLAN FARLANE'S PIBROCH.

CLAN FARLANE'S COAT OF ARMS.

THIS Pibroch seems to have been well-known to Sir Walter Scott, who makes mention of it several times in his novels. In a note explanatory of "Mac-Farlane's buat," a phrase which occurs in his "Waverley," he writes as follows :—

The Clan of Mac-Farlane, occuping the fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the Low Country; and as their excursions were made usually at night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch *Hoggil nam bo*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices—the sense being—

We are bound to drive the bullocks
All by hollows, hirsts, and hillocks
Through the sleet and through the rain;
When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake and hill of snow.
Boldly and heartily we go;
And all for little gain.

It is over eighty years since the above was originally penned, yet it is only the other day this pibroch was committed to paper. To Mr. Robert Macfarlan, Writer, Dumbarton, is due the credit of rescuing the music from the oblivion into which it had almost fallen. Mr. Macfarlan after having made enquiries in many directions, was recommended by that venerable and patriotic Highlander, Mr. Duncan Whyte, to approach Mr. Donald Leitch, Pilot of the Steamer *Iona*, and his brother John, both excellent pipers. Having found these gentlemen knew the tune, Mr. Macfarlan arranged several meetings with them, at which the ground work of the tune after having been played over and over again, was recorded by Mr. J. W. Anderson, Student, Dumbarton, a gentleman with a competent knowledge of pipe music. He was assisted by Mr. Hugh M'Indewar, also a piper, who himself once knew the tune but had partly forgotten it. This was done to the satisfaction of several competent jurors in whom it is impossible not to have confidence. Mr. John Leitch from whose playing the music was principally taken, learned the tune from his father and grandfather; and the grandfather had it from an old shoemaker who was his first employer. Appended is a vocal set of the pibroch with as much of its appropriate *Port a beul* as is at present known.

'THOGAIL NAM BO.—LIFTING THE CATTLE.

KEY. F. *Moderato.*

| d.d,d: m | r.r,r: m | d.d,d: m | m : r | d.d,d: m .,m | r.r,r: m .,m | s.d,d: m | r : d ‖ *D.C.*

'Thogail nam bò, 'Thogail nam bò, 'Thogail nam bò, théid sinn: Thogail nam bò, Ri uisge 's ri ceò Ri monadh Ghlinn-crò théid sinn,

| d.d,d: d' | l.s,l: d' | s.s,s: l' | m : d | r.r,r: d' | l.s,l: d' | s.s,s: l | r : d

'Thogail nan creach, 'Bhualadh nan speach, 'Thogail nan creach theid sinn; 'Thogail nan creach, 'Bhualadh nan speach, 'Thogail nan creach theid sinn;

| d.d,d: d' | l.s,l: d' | s.s,s: l | m : d | r.r,r: l .,l | s.m,m: s .,l | d.d,d: m | r : d ‖

'Thogail nan creach,'Bhualadh nan speach, 'Thogail nan creach theid sinn; 'Thogail nam bò Ri uisge 's ri ceò Ri monadh Ghlinn-crò theid sinn.

Ex-Bailie Donald MacLeod of Dumbarton who is at present engaged on a work entitled "Past worthies of the Lennox," which is expected to be before the public in the course of a month, includes among the other interesting matter with which the volume teems Clan Farlane's pibroch, and through his courtesy in allowing us a perusal of some of the proof sheets, we are enabled to add some notes in regard to the reputed composer. He is supposed to have been Andrew, Chief of the Clan, son of Sir John who fell at Flodden. This Andrew was educated at Rome along with *Alastair nan cleas*, Chief of the MacDonells of Keppoch. Both of these gentlemen were credited by the common people with having "the black art" and many are the stories still rehearsed about them in the Highlands. Mr. MacLeod in his book gives one concerning Macfarlane, which is pretty well known, illustrating how he punished a certain miller for his inhospitality. I have heard several others and perhaps it may amuse the reader if I here relate one of them which I believe is not so well known. These two chiefs, as was usually the case with those who had the black art, were said to have sold their souls to the devil in exchange for their supernatural powers. In their particular case they seem to have driven a hard bargain for they agreed that he should only get one of their souls, to which his Satanic majesty reluctantly agreed, leaving it to themselves to arrange which. The appointed day and hour came on which the devil was to have his due, and the two chiefs were waiting at the trysting place still undecided as to whose soul should be given up to him, when in he comes in a desperate hurry. "Well whose do I take?" said the devil. On the spur of the moment Keppoch replies "That's he" pointing to MacFarlane's shadow, which the devil forthwith snatched up and ran off with. From that day forward MacFarlane was never known to cast a shadow. *Ma 's breug bhuam e is breug thugam e.*

C. M. P.

THE MAC CODRUM MEMORIAL.
1710-1796.

It is pleasing to note that through the exertions of the Glasgow Uist and Barra Association a handsome monument of grey granite, supplied by Mr. R. Gray, Glasgow, has been placed over the remains of John Mac Codrum, in Kilmuir churchyard, North Uist. Nor is this the only memorial of the Bard, for contemporary with its erection there has been issued from Sinclair's "Celtic Press" a volume of Gaelic Poetry called "The Uist Collection," containing all that remains of the compositions of Mac Codrum, together with the poetic efforts of Archibald MacDonald (*Gille na Ciotaig*) and some of the minor Uist bards. The work has been edited with introductory notes, by a true son of Uist, Rev. Archibald MacDonald, Kiltarlity, and contains much that is interesting regarding these Hebridean singers. Through the kindness of our publisher we are able to give the reproduction from a photograph of the Mac Codrum memorial, which forms the frontispiece of the neatly got up volume of Uist Bards.

LAOIDHEAN AGUS DAIN SPIORADAIL.

Hymns and Spiritual Songs by Rev. Archd. Kelly M'Callum, M.A., LL.D., Glasgow: Archd. Sinclair.

This is another volume of Gaelic Poetry from the "Celtic Press." It was compiled from a large collection made by the Rev. Dr. MacCallum, an enthusiastic student of Celtic Literature. Dr. MacCallum's somewhat sudden demise prevented him from seeing this volume through the press, but he made provision for its publication in his will, and the work of editing and arranging the collection was entrusted to Mr. John Whyte, Edinburgh, a gentleman of considerable literary experience and a competent Gaelic scholar. The work, which extends to 500 pages, contains Gaelic translations of some four hundred popular hymns, as well as a number of original pieces by our best known Hymnologists. About a hundred of the translations are by Dr. MacCallum, while the rest are by the late Dr. Cameron, Brodick, Dr. Clerk, Kilmallie, Dr. John MacLeod, Morven, Dr. Mackintosh Mackay, Dunoon, and Archibald MacFadyen. Living writers are represented by Dr. Blair, Dr. N. MacNeill, Rev. J. MacRury, Skye, Mrs. Grant (K.W.G.), Angus MacKechnie, "Fionn," and the editor. The renderings are sweet and singable, and cannot fail to be interesting to all who love the Gaelic tongue. The work is carefully edited and beautifully printed, and deserves a cordial welcome from the sons of the Gael.

ENSIGNS IN THE CLANS OF 1745.

Sir.—Your correspondent "Alaster," who must be a recluse, desires in your current issue to be informed if there were more Ensigns than one in each Highland Regiment in 1745. He tells your readers that Ensigns of the present day are nearly as numerous as captains, and are just petty officers! This is startling news, seeing there are no Ensigns of the present day, nor have there been any during the past twenty-three years. Where then has your correspondent discovered Ensigns of the present day? In 1745 every Regiment had ten Ensigns—just one to each company. The army List of that year shews—"1st Royal Regiment—old Scotch Corps—time of its rise uncertain"—Lieut.-Colonel John Ramsay—had ten Ensigns, namely, Walter Campbell, John Spittle, John Stewart, John Murray, Obadiah Bourne, Philip Skene, James Dalrymple, John Buchanan, and John Mackay. They were at this time one under their establishment. In 1750—five years later—the 42nd Foot, a Highland Regiment, Colonel the Right Honourable Lord John Murray, also of ten companies, had ten Ensigns. In those days the pay of an Ensign was 3/8 a day, that of a private soldier 8d. a day. The number of Ensigns in each Regiment remained the same down to 1871, when the title became obsolete. The price of an Ensign's commission, in my own time, was £450, and they were not the degraded body of officers that "Alaster" tries to make out, 'justy petty officers,' but men of the best families in the land.

St. George's Club, London. CLAYMORE.

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JAMES E. B. BAILLIE, OF DOCHFOUR

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HON. MRS. JAMES E. B. BAILLIE.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

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JAMES E. B. BAILLIE OF DOCHFOUR.

MR. BAILLIE, whose portrait is here given, and whose marriage early in the present year was the great event in and about Inverness, is descended of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, and his own branch of Dochfour shows a steady unbroken rise in wealth and distinction.

The Baillies claim from the Baliols who had their origin and name from the Town of Bailleul, formerly in French Flanders, now in the Department of the North, some of whom came over with the Conqueror, or in the time of William Rufus,—their descendants including John De Baliol who founded the College of that name in Oxford, Kings John and Edward Baliol. A branch

DOCHFOUR HOUSE.

became proprietors of Hoprig and Lamington, but all have failed in the male line, with the exception of the descendants of Alexander after mentioned, said to have been son of Sir William Baillie of Lamington and Isabella Seyton, daughter of Sir William Seyton of Seyton and Winton. Their eldest son Alexander settled in the North about 1450-60, and was the first of Dunain. After the family of Huntly became Hereditary Keepers of the Castle of Inverness, and Sheriffs of the County, they treated the Baillies with uniform kindness, William the second, Alexander the third, David the fourth, and Alexander the fifth Dunain, all holding office as Constables of the Castle and Sheriffs depute. William the sixth was Provost of Inverness, and represented the Burgh in Parliament in the reign of James the sixth. Alexander the seventh was Chamberlain of Lochaber, and consolidated his estates, then

extensive, lying on both sides of the River Ness. Alexander had two sons, William, through whom the main line of Dunain, and David first of Dochfour, which estate he acquired about 1646. He and his successors, Alexander the second and Hugh the third Dochfour, intermarried with ladies named Fraser of the Lovat family and its Cadets. Alexander the fourth dying without lawful male issue in 1799 gave his third brother Evan the option of acquiring Dochfour, which he exercised. This Evan was a wealthy West India Merchant and bought considerable land in Inverness and Ross. He sat himself in Parliament, as did his elder brother James, and his three sons, Peter for the Inverness burghs, Hugh, and James. Evan died at the great age of 95 in 1835, and, then in his sixth year, recollected well the day Culloden was fought, and hearing cannon. He was succeeded by his grandson Evan, who married secondly Georgina, daughter of the Duke of Manchester, by his wife daughter of the Duke of Gordon. Prior to his death he had succeeded to the great estates of his uncles Hugh of Redcastle, and James of Kingussie. Evan's eldest son, also named Evan, married Lady Frances Bruce, daughter of the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, who predeceasing, his eldest son, the present James Evan Bruce Baillie succeeded a few years ago, and married in 1894 the honourable Nellie Bass, only child of Lord Burton, reputed one of the wealthiest men in Great Britain. Dochfour has taken considerable interest in local matters, and is a resident in the Highlands the greater part of the year. He and his wife have many opportunities of exercising a beneficial influence over his extensive estates, and his career hitherto has been most promising. He is Colonel of the Inverness Artillery Volunteers; a Director of the Highland Railway Company; and is not only popular in society in London, but specially so with Inverness-shire Highlanders there, holding the office of Vice-President of the London Inverness-shire Association, which under its energetic Secretary, Mr. D. C. Fraser, does so much good. Mr. Baillie's name has been mentioned as a Candidate for the representation of the County of Inverness, and seeing that he is young, influential, with a good record, he is sure to have many friends. His relative the late Colonel Baillie of Leys represented the Inverness Burghs, as did his (Dochfour's) own great grandfather. Another relative, the late Right Honourable Henry James Baillie represented Inverness-shire for a great number of years, and held high office. He spoke with effect, notably on one occasion when taunted by Lord George Bentinck for supporting Sir Robert Peel, in one of the heated debates on the repeal of the Corn Laws. Mr. Baillie turned upon him, saying in effect that it ill became Lord George pretending forsooth to speak in name of the County gentlemen of Britain, to attack him, whose predecessors were large landholders in Scotland hundreds of years before a Bentinck had set foot in, or owned an inch of English soil.

Suas e 'Sheumais !

Inverness. C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

WHERE HAS SCOTLAND FOUND HER FAME?

Where has Scotland found her fame?—
Sparkling with effulgent glory;—
Whence the reverence to her name,
Her lofty place in song and story?

Home of music! Home of song!
Of beautious maidens—love exciting;
The graces all to them belong,
Their ruby lips the kiss inviting.

Land of heroes!—great in name—
When tempests sweep o'er cliff and corrie;
There has Scotland found her fame—
There has Scotland found her glory!

To heights sublime, 'midst ether pure—
Capped with snow—the mountains tower;
Till final doom they will endure:
Where earthquakes cleft, the shadows lower.

In every clime, in every land,
Her sons maintain the Scottish prestige;
On ice-cliffs bleak, on torrid strand,
'Tis ever there, some Scottish vestige.

Dear to me each honoured name—
Burns in song and Scott in story
There has Scotland found her fame,
There has Scotland found her glory!

New York. P. MACPHERSON.

CLYDEBANK HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—A large gathering of Highlanders was held in the Public Hall, Mr. Macleod, Hon. President, in the chair, when Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, delivered an interesting lecture on "Gaelic Song and Music." The lecturer illustrated the various forms of Gaelic verse by singing examples, in which he was ably assisted by Miss Lizzie B. Mackay, the talented Gaelic vocalist, Mr. John Mackintosh, Secretary, and other members of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association. The various artistes received a most enthusiastic reception, the entertainment being heartily enjoyed by all present. Miss Mackay and the Gaelic Musical Association are to take part in the Annual Gathering of the Association on Wednesday, 12th December.

THE FOLK-LORE OF URQUHART AND GLENMORISTON.

FOLK-LORE, before the days of the School-master and the Men, must have bulked largely in the every-day life of the inhabitants of Urquhart and Glenmoriston. Even after the appearance of these destructive agencies, it long held its ground in the Parish, although with a gradually diminishing vitality. Until within the last twenty-five years, the people spent the winter evenings around some favourite fireside, where tales were told, poems recited, songs sung, and riddles propounded—the head of the house employing himself the while in making a creel, or whittling into shape a wooden ladle or some other article of domestic utility; and the good-wife in plying the distaff, or gently driving the spinning-wheel. A great and sudden change—and in some of its aspects a regrettable one—has, however, taken place. The ancient institution of the *ceilidh*,* which nurtured good fellowship and good feeling, has all but disappeared. The penny newspaper has taken the place of the tale and the song; and present political and social questions, with all their appeals to self-interest and cupidity, occupy the

RUINS OF URQUHART CASTLE, 1893.

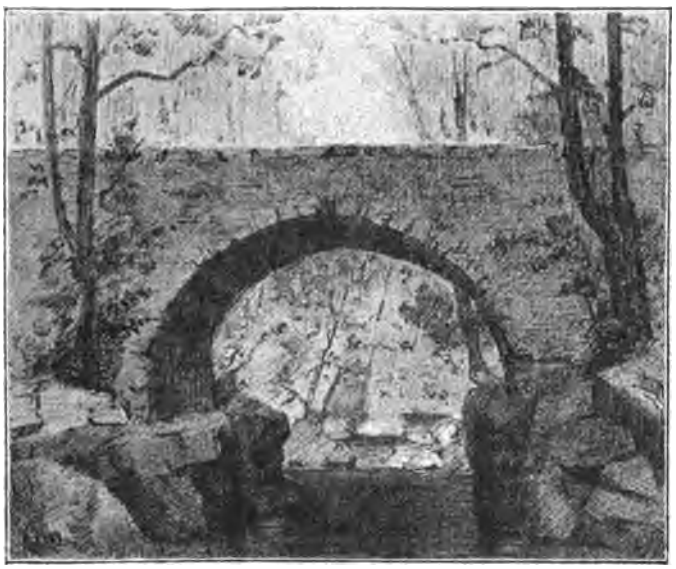
minds of men to the almost entire exclusion of the deeds of the *Feinne*, and of the traditional heroes of the Parish. And so the ancient lore is allowed to decay, and no new seanachies arise to take the place of the old as they, one after another, disappear into the unknown.

Of the historical legends which of old formed no small portion of the folk-lore of the Parish, some use will be made in future numbers. It is proposed to deal briefly in this article with that branch of it which may be placed under the head of The Supernatural.

The HAGS and GOBLINS that haunted certain localities were much dreaded. The worst of these was CAILLEACH A' CHRATHAICH, the Hag of the Cràach—a wild and mountainous district lying between Corrimony and the Braes of Glenmoriston. This being rejoiced in the death of men, the Macmillans being especially the objects of her fierce malice. Her manner was to accost some lonely wayfarer across the wilds, and secretly deprive him of his bonnet. As he travelled on in ignorance of his loss, she rubbed the bonnet with might and main. As the

* Ceilidh (pronounced *kaily*): a fire-side social gathering.

bonnet was worn thin by the friction, the man grew weary and faint, until at last, when a hole appeared in it, he dropped down and died. In this way fell at least five Macmillans within the last hundred years—and all were found in the heather without a mark of violence. Very few escaped from her toils. One evening, Donald Macmillan, Balmacaan, met her at Cragan a' Chràthaich, and exchanged a passing salutation with her. He went on his way unaware of the fact that she had taken his bonnet. His eyes were, however, soon opened, and he hastened back to the Cragan, where he found her rubbing his head-gear with great vigour. A terrible struggle took place for its possession, in which he in the end prevailed; but as he hurried away from her she hissed into his ear that he would die at nine o'clock on a certain evening. When the evening arrived, his family and neighbours gathered around him, and prayed and read the Scriptures. The hag's words were, however, to be fulfilled, and, as the clock struck the fatal hour, he fell back in his chair and expired.



BRIDGE OF THE LEAP, GLEN URQUHART.

As Cailleach a' Chràthaich, who was last seen by a member of the Clan Macdougall who is now dead, but whose son still lives in the Parish, was the enemy of the Macmillans, so CAILLEACH ALLT-AN-DUNAIN was the enemy of the Macdougalls and Macdonalds. As her name bears, her home was in Allt-an-Dùnain—that burn which runs from the Monadh Leumnach down through the lands of Clunebeg until it falls into the Coilty, near the Clunebeg bridge. Many a man did she waylay and destroy on his way across the bleak Monadh Leumnach. She slew Somerled Macdonald about a hundred years ago, at a place on the Bunloit road still marked by his cairn—Càrn Shomhairle. She killed Dugald Macdougall about ninety years ago at Càrn Dughaill (Dugald's Cairn), on the same road; and his son, young Dugald, fell a victim to her near the same place at a later period. She was last seen about thirty years ago by an estimable woman who still survives to tell the tale, notwithstanding that in her veins runs the blood of the Macdonalds and the Macdougalls.

CAILLEACH ALLT-SAIGH was a female goblin of an amiable disposition, who did what she could to protect people from the malice of Cailleach Allt-an-Dùnain, by warning them of her malicious projects; and similar services were rendered to intended victims of Cailleach a' Chràthaich by a gentle spirit who inhabited CRAGAN-NA-CAILLICH, near Tornashee. This latter being had a passion for riding, and it is told that she accosted Donald Macrae, Lochletter, one night as he was passing the Cragan, and begged him for a cùlag—that is, a seat behind him on his horse. He enquired, 'Nach bu mhaith leat bialag'—'Would you not as soon have a seat in front?' She complied with his suggestion, and leapt into the saddle before him. Quietly binding her with the mare's-hair rope which served him for a rein, he took her home by force, and tied her to one of the couples of his dwelling. Instantly the house was surrounded by hundreds of elves, who shouted and screamed, and stripped the building of every clod and stick of roof. Macrae soon had enough of her, and he offered to let her go if she would cause the house to be restored to its former condition. To this she agreed, and exclaimed—

"Gach maid' a's sgrath,
Gu tigh Mhic-Rath,
Ach leum-thar 'chrann a's fiodhagach!"

("Speed wood and sod
To the house of Macrae,
Except honeysuckle and bird cherry!")

The words were no sooner uttered than turf and timber flew from all directions and placed themselves in proper position on the roof, until

it was sufficiently covered. Then Macrae granted the Cailleach the liberty which she had so well earned.

The mountain stretch at Corri-Dho which is known as Tigh-Mor-na-Seilg—the Great House of the Hunting—was the haunt of a male goblin known as DAIBHIDH (David), and of a female spirit named MOR. These two strongly objected to the right which the Glen-Urquhart tenantry had of grazing their cattle in summer on the sheilings of Corri-Dho, and they were repeatedly seen driving away the Glen-Urquhart flocks. At last Daibhidh was so thoroughly roused that he pulled a great fir tree up by the roots, and, with the assistance of Mor, chased the Urquhart men and their bestial for many miles, until he sent them over the Glenmoriston march beyond Achnagoneran. Daibhidh's words on the occasion are still remembered :—

"'S leams' Doire-Dhamh, a's Doire-Dhaibhidh,
'S Boirisgidh bhuidh nan alltan
'S Ceann-a-chnoc mhor le fiodh 's le 'fasaich—
A bhodaichibh dubh, daithte, togaibh oirbh!"

("Mine are Doire-Dhamh and Doire-Dhaibhidh,
And yellow Boirisgidh of the streams,
And wide Ceanacroc, with its woods and pasturages—
Ye black and singed carles, take yourselves away!'

And the Urquhart carles did take themselves away, and never again showed face in Corri-Dho.

Another male goblin, known as BOCAN-NA-SLEABHAICH—the Goblin of the Sleabhach—haunted the high ridge (An Sleabhach) lying between Aonach and Fort-Augustus; but he, although ugly, was of harmless character. Not so harmless was LAR BHAN CHOIRE-DHO—the White Mare of Corri-Dho. The White Mare was for generations the cause of much trouble to the farmers of Urquhart and Glenmoriston; for if they let loose a horse anywhere within the wide bounds of the Parish, it was almost certain to make off and seek her society. At last the people of both glens met and resolved to endeavour to destroy her. A large number of the boldest and swiftest among them accordingly formed a ring around her usual haunts, and gradually closed in upon her until she had apparently no way of escape. One of them, Alasdair Cutach (Alexander the Short), a member of the Clann Iain Chaoil of Glenmoriston, was bold enough to seize her by the tail. He had cause to repent. The mare rushed furiously through the crowd, dragging behind her the wretched Alasdair, who, to his horror, found himself unable to let go the tail. On, on she flew, followed by the fleetest of her would-be capturers, until, after a run of many miles, she came to Ruigh an t-Slochdain Duibh, in the mountain region between Achnagoneran and Urquhart. There she and Alasdair disappeared. Next day his mangled corpse was found on the moor. She has never since been seen.

MAC UIAN'S POOL, GLEN URQUHART.

To be continued.

Inverness. WILLIAM MACKAY.

NOTE.—Those of our readers who are interested in the history and traditions of this district should procure a copy of Mr. William Mackay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," which contains a great store of valuable and interesting information.—EDITOR.

THE LOCH OF THE SWORD.

(A TRADITION OF THE CLAN CAMERON).

COAT OF ARMS OF LOCHIEL.

IN the seventeenth century a dispute arose between Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel and the Earl of Atholl respecting the rights of grazing on certain lands in the eastern slopes of Beinn-a-bhric, which stands North-East of Kinloch-Leven, on the borders of Rannoch. Lochiel and Atholl met in Perth, and the question of the disputed grazings came up in course of conversation. The Earl suggested that it was desirable the matter should be settled peaceably, that Lochiel and himself, each with only two attendants, should meet on the disputed lands, examine the boundaries and come to some definite agreement. Lochiel agreed to this proposal and it was arranged that the two should meet, each with only two attendants, by the Black Water of Bein-a-bhrick, at the hour of high twelve on Beltane day. Lochiel started early, accompanied by a single henchman and his piper, Donald Breac of Muir-shiorlaich. He met Gorm'uil Mhor of Moy, who after saluting him, respectfully enquired whither he was going to-day with only two attendants. So he told her he was going to the Black Water of Beinn-a-bhric to meet the Earl of Atholl there, to endeavour to effect a friendly settlement of the disputed lands, a matter, which as she well knew, had caused no little trouble and bloodshed in his time. Gorm'uil replied—"Go back Ewen of Lochiel, go back! Take along with thee three score and five of the best men of thy name and clan. If their aid is required in the settlement of the dispute it is well to have them to appeal to; if their aid is not needed so much the better. Go back Lochiel! go back! It is Gorm'uil of Moy that advises it; it is Gorm'uil of Moy, if needs be, commands it!" Lochiel took the advice and soon had his three score and five picked clansmen on the march. They were sheltered for the night by one Kennedy of Liannachan. Before the hour of meeting, Lochiel had these men concealed in a hollow within a few hundred yards of the trysting-place. Allan Dubh of Glenluy was posted where he could overlook the place of conference and see what should happen, without his being seen. Lochiel explained that he was wearing a cloak which could be worn on either side. It was dark grey on one side and bright red on the other. He was wearing it then with the dark grey outside, and would not change it as long as things went smoothly. But if he was seen to take it off and put it on again, red side out, they were to come to his aid at once, as implying treachery on the part of the Earl. They were to be watchful, ready, and silent, and not to move till Allan gave them the signal. At high noon Lochiel and the Earl met, and were at first friendly, then the discussion became animated, and neither was disposed to yield sufficiently to satisfy the other. Then the Earl got imperious and said the Perthshire people had the best right to the grazings, that Lochiel must agree to give up his right to them else it would be the worse for him. Lochiel disputed the assumption, asserted his rights to the lands, and defied the Earl to do his worst. What followed had evidently come to the knowledge of Sir Walter Scott, and very likely suggested the well-known scene in "The Lady of the Lake," when Roderick Dubh with his whistle garrisoned the glen:—

> "He whistled shrill,
> And he was answered from the hill.
> * * * * * *
> Instant, through copse and heather, arose
> Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows."

The Earl gave a signal and fifty Atholl men leapt out from a birchwood copse, and advancing some distance in the direction of the loch, halted and awaited orders. "Who are these, my lord?" demanded Lochiel. "These," replied the Earl with a smile, "these are only a few of my Atholl hoggets, come across the hills with me to eat and grow fat on their own proper grazings—grazings for which they have a mighty liking, the grazings of the Black Water and Beinn-a-bhric." Lochiel, while the Earl was signalling to his men, quickly turned the scarlet side of his cloak outside, and presently his three score and five men came bounding down the grassy steep. At a sign they halted two hundred yards off. The Earl, rather disconcerted, questioned him, "And who are these, Lochiel." "These, my lord, are a few of my Lochaber hounds, sharp-toothed and hungry; and oh! so keen to taste the flesh of your Atholl hoggets! Give up, my lord, your claim to these lands, for my dogs are fierce and cannot be much longer held back from devouring your hoggets." The Camerons were nearer than the Atholl men, and

practically the Earl was their prisoner. To fight it out against the odds would result in almost certain discomfiture of his followers and certain death to himself. As the result of his own treacherous action he could expect no compromise now from Lochiel, so there was nothing for it but yield as gracefully as possible. The Earl was equal to the emergency. Drawing his sword and kissing it, he renounced then and for ever all claim to the grazings of Beinn-a-bhric and the Black Water meadows. In witness whereof he again kissed his sword; and in proof of his full faith and trust in the magnanimity and generosity of Lochiel, he would leave his sword there, that it might ever witness his renunciation. He then tossed his sword into the loch, which since that day has been called *Lochan-a-Chlaidheamh*, or the "Loch of the Sword." Donald Breac of Muirshiorlaich, Lochiel's piper, had been a deeply interested spectator, and the idea of Lochiel's Lochaber dogs tearing the Atholl sheep acting like an inspiration to his musical genius, there and then a new melody flashed through his mind. He struck up and played, for the first time, the fine pipe tune or *piobaireachd*, "*Cruinneachadh nan Camronach*," known as the "The Cameron's Gathering":—

"*A chlanna nan con! a chlanna nan con!*
Thigibh a' so 's gheibh sibh feòil!"

which may be rendered:—

"HE THEN TOSSED HIS SWORD INTO THE LOCH."

"Ye sons of dogs, of dogs the breed,
Come quick, come here on flesh to feed."

This "Cameron Gathering" is considered one of the most exquisite pieces of pipe music extant, and the tune still witnesses to the incident that gave the name to the "Loch of the Sword." This is what is referred to by Byron, when he says:—

"Then wild and high the 'Cameron's Gathering' rose,
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills have heard."

Another corroboration of the story is said to be the finding in the bottom of the loch, in the year 1826, of a basket-hilted sword. That being the summer of the drought, a herd boy, wading in the almost empty loch, found the sword, which came into the possession of Rev. Dr. Ross, minister of Kilmonivaig. When the story got publicity the men of Lochaber appointed delegates—4 from Locharkaig, 4 from Lochyside, and 4 from Nether Lochaber. These 12 waited on Dr. Ross and asked restitution of the sword that it might be re-deposited in its old resting place, as a token and pledge of a very solemn transaction. Dr. Ross gave it up, and in presence of the 12 it was again thrown into the centre of the loch. When the air bubbles were ascending the bard of the party, Ewen M'Ewen, repeated a Gaelic rhyme which has been translated:—

"The sword we've cast into the lake;
Bear witness all the knolls around,
Ours to the furthest stretch of time
Are hill, and stream, and pasture ground."

It is stated in the story from which I have this version of the well-known legend that the meadows of the Loch of the Sword are to this day the property of Cameron of Lochiel, although widely separated from his other possessions.

Kirkintilloch. JOHN CAMERON.

ACHNACARRY—SEAT OF LOCHIEL.

J. RONALD MORETON MACDONALD, OF LARGIE, KINTYRE.

AMONG the places in Kintyre, round which associations interesting to the student of Highland lore cluster, is Largie. It is closely associated with the Clan Donald which was in power in this peninsula for several hundred years. The MacDonalds of the South include the MacDonalds of Antrim, Islay, Sanda, and Largie. All these branches are descended from Iain Mòr, son of John, 1st Lord of the Isles. Raonull Bàn, son of Iain Mòr, was the ancestor of the MacDonalds of Largie, and hence this branch was known as "Clann Rhaonuill Bhàin na Lairgidh." In the year 1493 the ceanntighe, or head of the family, was Domhnull Mac Rhaonuill Bhàin. That this family continued on terms of close alliance with their kinsmen of Islay appears from the fact that in 1569 John vic Alister of Largie signs, as witness, a contract of friendship between Angus MacDonald of Dunyveg, and Lamont of Inveryne. Archibald MacDonald of Largie signs another between Sir James MacDonald of Islay and Donald M'Duffy, Prior of Oransay, at Smerby, near Campbeltown, on July 3rd, 1597. Alexander MacDonald was laird of Largie in 1627; and John MacDonald was laird in 1695-1707. This was probably the Largie mentioned in a letter dated Moy, June 23rd, 1689, addressed to Macleod of Macleod by Viscount Dundee, in which he says:—"Appin, Glencoe, Lochiel, Glengarry, Keppoch, are all ready. Sir Alex. (Maclean of Otter) and Largie have been here with their men all this while with me, so I hope we will go out of Lochaber about three thousand." He was succeeded by John, who married Miss Macleod of Muiravonside.

With John MacDonald the family became extinct in the male line. His daughter Elizabeth succeeding to the estate married Sir Charles Lockhart, grandson of Sir George Lockhart, Lord President of the Court of Session during the Commonwealth. Sir Alexander, who married Miss Jean Macneill of Gallachlie was the issue of that union. To him succeeded Sir Charles Lockhart who married Miss Ross of Balnagown, a lady distinguished for her piety and works of charity. Leaving no son, the estate passed next to her daughter Mary Jane,

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J. RONALD M. MACDONALD.

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CALIFORNIA

who married the Hon. A. H. Moreton, son of the Earl of Ducie. Their son Charles MacDonald Moreton dying in 1879 his son John Ronald, the present laird, born at Largie in 1873, was left a minor. He was educated at Eton and Magdalen College, Oxford. His coming of age this year was celebrated with much enthusiasm at Largie. A Highland Ball was given at Oxford to celebrate the event, a fact unprecedented in the Annals of the University. Mr.

LARGIE CASTLE, KINTYRE.

MacDonald has a strong affection for his Highland home and all connected with it and most of his spare time is spent in Largie.

A link that connects the subject of this sketch with a notable name in Scottish history is found in Flora MacDonald's relation to the House of Largie. Her grandmother was a a lady of the Largie family.

Killean, Kintyre. D. J. MACDONALD.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

NOW IN THE PRESS, LARGE PAPER, ELEGANT BINDING, CROWN 4to, **10/-**,

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Chiefly from original documents, and illustrated with *fac-similes* and Engravings, by

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IN response to strong representations from many of our readers we have decided to reprint Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh's valuable papers on "The Last MacDonalds of Isla" in book form. These interesting articles, during the time they were appearing in our pages, attracted a great deal of attention at home and abroad, and many friends wrote us asking if they were to be afterwards reprinted as a separate volume. Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh has kindly given us permission to meet the wishes of our readers in the matter, and has consented to revise and add to the letterpress. The work is already in the press, and will be published shortly. It will be printed on the finest super calendered paper, so as to give full justice to the many beautiful plates, (crown 4to,—same size as the *Celtic Monthly*) and will be handsomely bound. The price will be 10/-, and only a limited edition will be printed. A full list of subscribers, received before date of publication, will be printed at the end of the volume, so that those who wish copies should send in their names at once.

It may be added that a *fac-simile* reproduction of the famous Gaelic Charter (the only Gaelic Charter extant), granted by the Lord of the Isles to Mackay of the Rhinns, and other additional illustrations will be given. Certainly Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh's work on "The Last MacDonalds of Isla," will be one of the most valuable contributions which has been made of late years to our Highland literature.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1894.

CONTENTS.

JAMES E. B. BAILLIE OF DOCHFOUR (with double plate), - 41
WHERE HAS SCOTLAND FOUND HER FAME? (a poem), - - 42
THE FOLK-LORE OF URQUHART AND GLENMORISTON (illustrated), 43
THE LOCH OF THE SWORD—A Tradition of the Clan Cameron, 46
J. RONALD MORETON MACDONALD, OF LARGIE, KINTYRE (with plate), - - - - - - - - - - - - 48
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - - 50
STORIES OF HIGHLAND MINISTERS OF LAST CENTURY, - - 51
WILLIAM MACKAY, CRAIGMONIE, INVERNESS (with plate), - 53
AM BRUADAR INNSEANACH (a poem), - - - - - - 54
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part IV. (illustrated), 55
JOHN MATHESON, PAISLEY (with portrait), - - - - - 58
THE WEAVING OF THE TARTAN (a poem), - - - - - 59
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—CUMHA MHIC CRIOMAIN—MAC CRIMMON'S LAMENT, - - - - - - - - - - - - 60

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

OUR January issue will take the form of a Grand Christmas Number, which will contain a variety of interesting contributions appropriate to the season. We will give life-like plate portraits of Messrs. Alex. Mackay, Solicitor, Thurso, Vice-President, Clan Mackay Society; John Cameron, J.P., Kirkintilloch, Author of "*The Clan Cameron*;" Donald Munro, Manchester, Neil M'Eachran, Bothwell, and Dr. Stewart, R.N., Perth; with short biographical sketches. A special article will also appear treating of the Lochiel family, in illustration of which fine portraits will be given of the present Chief of the Clan, Mr. Donald Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Margaret Cameron, and their family, besides other interesting illustrations. Mr. William Mackay will contribute another chapter on "The Folk-lore of Urquhart and Glenmoriston;" Miss MacDonell of Keppoch a spirited poem on "The Thin Red Line at Balaclava," which will be accompanied with reproductions from photographs and paintings. Sketches of the "Clan Sinclair," "Prince Charles Edward's Army," and other valuable papers in prose and verse will also appear. Surgeon-General J. MacGregor, India, has sent an interesting Gaelic poem, composed while travelling recently in Siam, which will also find a place in our next issue. Our Christmas Number will be the most attractive we have yet issued, and will not be excelled by any magazine published in Britain at the small price. The illustrations will be choice examples of the engraver's art, and, altogether, we hope to make our next number a credit to Highland literature.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUMES I. AND II.—We have now only a few copies of these handsome volumes left, which can be had from the Editor at the following prices:—Vol. I., in strong binding, gilt lettering, 8s.; Volume II., leather, 10s.; cloth, 8s., post free.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—*We would feel greatly indebted if those of our readers who have not yet forwarded their annual subscriptions would do so at once, as we are anxious to get our list for Vol. III. completed as soon as possible. Subscribers would greatly favour us by attending to this matter immediately.*

THE CLAN MACLEAN GATHERING which was held recently in the Waterloo Rooms, was certainly the most successful Re-union which this flourishing Society has yet arranged. MacLean of Pennycross occupied the chair and delivered a most interesting address. The proceedings passed off with the greatest enthusiasm.

THE CLAN MACDONALD are reconstructing their Society, and it gives promise of taking a foremost place among Clan organizations. Persons bearing any of the following surnames are now eligible for membership:—MacDonald, MacDonell, MacConnell, MacAllister, MacEachan, (MacKechnie, MacEachern), MacIan (MacKean), MacColl, MacIvor, MacInnes, etc. A Smoking Concert was held on 9th November in the Bath Hotel, Mr. Alexander MacDonald, Town Clerk, Govan, in the chair, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. On 7th December, in the Religious Institution Rooms, Major Martin Martin, R.E., is to introduce a "Discussion on Clan Organization," and the office-bearers of all the Clan Societies are invited to attend, and take part in the discussion.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting took place on 15th November, Mr. George Mackay, Blairmore, V.P., in the chair. The Secretary's and Treasurer's report were both very favourable. The following office-bearers were elected:—Chief, Lord Reay; Chieftain (Clan Abrach), Rev. J. Aberigh Mackay, D.D.; President, George J. Mackay, Mayor of Kendal; Vice-Presidents, W. D. Mackay, R.S.A., William Mackay, F.S.A., Inverness, Alexander Mackay, Solicitor, Thurso, Donald Mackay, Edinburgh, Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, and Inspector John Mackay; Secretary, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*; Assistant-Secretary, A. R. Mackay, Edinburgh; Hon. Treasurer, J. W. Mackay, Bank of Scotland; Treasurer, James R. Mackay, C.A.; and a council of twenty-four members. Mr. Eric Mackay, London, and Miss Annie Mackay were elected bards. It was arranged to hold the Annual Social Gathering in the Queen's Rooms, on Thursday evening, 14th February.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON.—At the last meeting of this Society Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh read a most interesting paper on "Familiar Letters of Lord Lovat of the '45." We hope soon to publish a few of the most curious of these.

GLASGOW SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION.—The Grand Concert held on the 2nd November under the chairmanship of Mr. Alexander Bruce, Vice-President, was a splendid success. The hall was crowded, and the entertainment was very enjoyable.

STORIES OF HIGHLAND MINISTERS OF LAST CENTURY.

By the Editor.

AT the beginning of the present century the people of the Northern Highlands were noted for their sincere piety, and the ministers exercised a power over them which we can now only faintly realise. Strange to say, if we go back other fifty years, we find the inhabitants of the far north in open rebellion against the church, defying the ministers, and not scrupling even to engage in all manner of sports on the Sabbath day at the church door. The many amusing stories regarding the ministers of this time which are still told round the peat fire on the winter evenings afford us a pretty accurate picture of the religious state of the Highlands about the beginning and middle of last century.

To say that the people were unruly, and utterly regardless of church discipline only faintly conveys an idea of their condition. A minister, to acquire any influence over his parishioners, required not only to be eloquent, but possessed of great bodily strength, and a man not afraid to use his physical power in chastising the unruly natives of the parish.

The late Rev. Mr. Sage, in his "Memorabilia Domestica," gives a very interesting account of the Highland church at this critical period of its history, especially in Sutherland, Caithness, and Ross-shire.

A great many stories still survive in the far North regarding the Rev. Alexander Pope, of Reay, who wrote the valuable appendix to Pennant's "Tour in Scotland" on the Antiquities of Reay. Others are associated with the Rev. Finlay Cook, who was minister of the same parish for many years. Recently I had the good fortune to hear some of these told, seasoned with that pawky knack of telling a story which always adds so much to the humour of a Highland *bon mot*.

When Mr. Cook was minister of Reay there were some wild, graceless fellows in his parish whose persons never darkened a church door. Conspicuous among these was a shepherd named John A——, who had been brought to the district from the borders. John had a young son, and he thought that he would be doing the right thing if he got him baptized. So the minister was sent for, and in due time presented himself at the shepherd's humble abode near Forsinard. After they had partaken of supper, the minister decided to put the usual questions to John. He said:

"John A——, do you know that our Saviour died for sinners?"

The shepherd started up in surprise, and exclaimed:

"Eh, Cook, lad, is that true? It's long since we saw the papers here, but I never heard of it!"

The minister thought this was sufficient for one night, so he decided to leave the rest of the catechising till the morning, and went to bed.

Next day the baptism was gone through, and the following amusing dialogue took place:

"John, do you feel yourself spiritually able to hold this child?" meaning was he satisfied that he could take the vows of the church.

"Eh, man, hold that bairn?" John shouted. "I could hold him though he was as strong as a bull calf."

The minister thought he would change his tactics, so he said:

"Well, John, and what age is the child?"

John A—— scratched his head in much doubt, and then said, thoughtfully:

"I'm no' really very sure, but you can spier o' Tibbie (his wife). If I remember right, he was born when auld Fan (his collie dog) was a whelp, an' she is a gey auld ane noo."

The poor minister did not know what to make of this innocent subject, and thought it best not to say anything more, but to baptise the child, and end the interview. So he queried:

"Then what name do you purpose giving your son?"

John was in a denser haze than ever. He stammered:

"Eh, Cook, man, that's weel said; but I never thocht o' that. But ask Tibbie there, nae doot she'll know a' aboot that. You see, it didn't quite strike me."

And so the interesting dialogue went on at great length, but the above will give a good idea of the quality of the rest. The minister was impatient and the shepherd in a fog as to the duties of a parent at a baptism, so the scene was intensely amusing.

The Rev. Alexander Pope, of Reay, was a notable clergyman in many ways, He was remarkable for his great strength, and it is only fair to say that he was not slow in making use of it when he wanted to bring any incorrigible parishioner into subjection to the rules of the church. Indeed, he was so well hated by the more lawless of the natives that in self-defence he had always to carry about with him a stout cudgel, even when he ascended the pulpit. Prominent among those who defied his authority was a determined, brawny fellow who resided in a distant part of the parish. Never having seen this man, Mr. Pope decided to pay him a visit, and called upon him disguised as a countryman. However regardless Highlanders might have

been of spiritual matters, they certainly cultivated many of the finer virtues, notably that of generous hospitality. The minister was kindly received, and entertained to the best in the house. Thus the evening passed. When bedtime came Donald pointed out to the stranger the rude couch of heather and deer skins where he was to sleep. The minister then said:

"You will require to pray, Donald."

Donald was greatly surprised, and excused himself on the ground that he had never prayed, and had no gifts in that way,

"Donald, you *will* pray. I will make you pray, and on your knees, too," said the minister, with a determined gesture.

"Then you will be a strong fellow," said Donald. "You won't make me pray, nor even Mr. Pope himself, and he is a better man than you are."

"Well, Donald, I am Mr. Pope, and you will pray. Yau are an obstinate sinner, and I will make you go on your knees this minute, or I'll make every bone in your body sore for it."

Donald and the minister both started to their feet, and a most vigorous battle commenced, each using his fists with energy. However, Donald was no match for Mr. Pope, and at last owned himself defeated, and willing to do what he was told. He fell upon his knees and exclaimed:

"O, Lord, Thou knowest herself cannot pray."

After this Donald became a changed man, and in due course was ordained an elder in the church.

This state of indifference to religious matters seems to have been general all over the Highlands at this time. When the Rev. Mr. Sage was made pastor of the parish of Lochcarron, he found the people in a very unruly state. Mr. Sage was a man of great strength and he decided to exercise it in a suitable manner. He struck up a friendship with the strongest man in the parish, and enlisted him in his service. He said to him:

"Now, Rory, I'm the minister, and you must be my elder; and we must see to it that all the people attend church, observe the Sabbath, and conduct themselves properly."

Rory entered into the spirit of the thing, and all the idlers they could find were dragged off to the church and locked in. When a sufficiently large audience had been collected in this way, the minister mounted the pulpit and earnestly addressed them, while the faithful Rory stood at the door, armed with a stout cudgel, to see that none attempted to escape until the minister had finished his discourse.

Some of the Gaelic bards of this period were not much enamoured of their spiritual teachers. They were shrewd enough to see that even among the clergy there were black sheep who did not act up to the high principles they preached. While they exhorted their congregations to seek after the spiritual things of this life, they themselves devoted their attention to the things that were more substantial—to the good things of this world.

One of the Gaelic poets, Robert Mackay, better known to Highlanders as "Rob Donn" (Brown Robert), has left us a most scatching satire on some of the ministers of his day.

Very many years after Rob Donn's death the minister of his native parish—within sound of the billows of Cape Wrath—made great complaint about the influence which Rob's songs had over his parishioners. The Highlanders at that time were a much more light-hearted and merry race than they are now. The ministers afterwards crushed the spirit of song and music out of them. However, the Highland people did not always follow their minister's advice in regard to their amusements, as is evident from the mournful complaint made by a certain rev. gentleman about the time of the Disruption in 1843.

When he entered upon his charge in that remote corner of the Reay country, he found the people possessed of an inveterate love of dancing. This he resolved to put a check to by every means in his power. One night he discovered that his two servant girls had been

WILLIAM MACKAY.

assisted down from a garret window, and had gone to a ball. Summoning the beadle, George, he sent him to the place of amusement, with strict injunctions to bring them back to the manse at once. George seemed in no hurry to return, and, wondering what could have detained his messenger, he set out himself in search of him. On entering the hall he was amazed to find his beadle, with his coat off, in the midst of a Highland reel and enjoying the fun of the thing with the youngest of them. The light-footed trio were marched back to the manse, where, no doubt, they were reminded that, although King David is reported to have danced on an eventful occasion, it is almost certain he did not engage in anything so sinful as a Highland reel.

(To be concluded).

WILLIAM MACKAY, CRAIGMONIE, INVERNESS.

GLEN URQUHART has scarcely a rival among Highland glens in the number of men distinguished in arms, law and literature which it has produced; and no Highland locality can boast a history of equal excellence, whether historical or literary, with Mr. Mackay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston" Mr. Mackay, who was born in Glen-Urquhart in 1848, is descended in the direct male line from the Mackays of Achmonie, his eldest brother (Mr. Duncan Mackay, Buenos Ayres) being, in fact, the head of this branch of the great Clan Morgan. He can thus boast, like Hector MacIvor of the *Antiquary*, a pedigree "as long as his sword," ranging back over a thousand years, truly *atavis editus regibus*. And it is also interesting to note that Mr. Mackay at present fills as law agent for Lady Seafield the same position as his ancestor in the 5th degree did last century—John Mackay of Achmonie, who was Solicitor to the Chief of Grant of that day and who—*faustum omen!*—recovered the paternal acres that had been lost awhile.

Mr. Mackay received the rudiments of his education in the Parish School of Urquhart, and he thereafter pursued his studies in Glasgow and at Edinburgh University. He served his law apprenticeship in the office of Messrs. Innes & MacDonald, Solicitors, Inverness and that of Messrs. Gibson-Craig, Dalziel, & Brodies, W.S., Edinburgh. In 1875 he joined Mr. Innes in Inverness as partner of the well-known firm of Innes & Mackay, Solicitors, a firm which acts as factors and agents for a large number of Highland properties. Mr. Mackay has a wide and varied experience of estate management, while his researches into history and legal antiquities have given him an unrivalled position in legal matters affecting estate property; and his evidence before the Deer Forest Commission was confessedly as masterly a piece of work as was ever put before any such body.

Mr. Mackay has all along been a keen student of the history and antiquities of his native country, and especially of his native parish; and in these later years of business cares and worries he finds in these pursuits the needed relaxation from the storms and stress of a busy life:

> "And blest is he who on his way
> That fount of healing findeth."

In his student days he had already collected the traditions, songs, and ballads of his native glen, and these, with the researches of maturer years, he has given to the world in various publications. He contributed, for instance, ballads to Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne*, traditions, songs, and historical papers to the Gaelic Society *Transactions*, and Antiquarian notes to the Society of Antiquaries and the Inverness Field Club, in whose volumes they appear. Mr. Mackay's accurate knowledge of Gaelic was acquired at the feet of the late Dr. Cameron, in Glasgow; and he edited and published in this line an excellent collection of Gaelic poems entitled "Am Filidh Gaidhealach or the Highland Minstrel" (1873, second edition 1875). and also Captain Fraser of Knockie's "Highland Melodies" (1874), a standard work on its subject.

His *magnum opus*, however, is the history of "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," which has been well styled by the reviewers a model work—all that the history of a Parish should be. Glen-Urquhart has a longer history than almost any other locality in the Highlands, owing mainly to its royal castle, and Mr. Mackay has arranged and condensed his voluminous material—most of it unearthed by himself from original and unprinted documents—in a manner that combines rare sense of historical proportion with high literary skill.

His "Urquhart and Glenmoriston" has not by any means exhausted all Mr. Mackay's historical stores. A goodly volume could be made from his numerous papers dealing with general Highland history, mostly published in the Gaelic Society *Transactions*, to which we have to add the few samples Mr. Mackay has given us of the vast quantity of material which he has culled from the synod and presbytery records of the North—a work in which he has had as in all else the active and intelligent

co-operation of a devoted wife—a daughter of Mr. John Mackay, Hereford. There is a work that sadly wants writing now and that is the Ecclesiastical History of the Highlands, and for this work Mr. Mackay is the man; and we are glad that he is going to give us a foretaste of what he can do in this line in a work which he is preparing for the Scottish History Society dealing with the presbytery records of Inverness and Dingwall, and which will be printed this winter.

MRS. WILLIAM MACKAY.

In conclusion I will only summarily refer to the honours and dignities showered on Mr. Mackay for his work as a man and as a Gael. He is F.S.A., Scot.; Honorary Chieftain and Honorary Secretary of the Inverness Gaelic Society; Honorary Member of any number of Societies at home and abroad; Member of the Scottish History Society, the Scottish Text Society, and the new Spalding Club; Worshipful Master of St. John's Lodge of Freemasons; Member of the Inverness School Board; and, finally, Conservative Agent for the County of Inverness, and thus Mr. Baillie's right hand friend in the coming election contest. Among the members of his own clan Mr. Mackay is held in high esteem, and it is interesting to mention that he has just been elected Vice-President of the Clan Mackay Society

Inverness. ALEXANDER MACBAIN.

AM BRUADAR INNSEANAOH.

BY SURGEON-MAJOR J. MACGREGOR, INDIA.

(*Concluded from page* 14).

Am aonar tha mi caoidh do ghnath
An dream a b' abhaist comhnuidh leam,
Ach 's fada bhuamsa dh-fhalbh gu brath
An dream nach fagadh m' inntinn trom;
'S mar sin cha-n 'eil cionfath fodh 'n ghrein
'Ni m' anam eibhinn bho so suas,
Gu 'n thig am bas am ionnsuidh fein,
Le' shaighdean guineach geur gun truas.

Cha-n ioghnadh ged tha m' inntinn trom,
'S nach tog mi fonn air oran binn,
'S mi nis air fas cho lag 's cho lom
'S gur coma leamsa ceol a sheinn;
Oir thriall mo roghainn as an tir,
'S na 'n àit tha ciobairean 'us eoin,
'S cha b' aill leam fein a riamh gu fior
Bhi striochdadh sios do shiol na foill.

Gur cianal tha mi ghnath leam fein,
Mar chailleach-oidhch' air call a h-al,
Mar Oisean bochd an deigh na Feinn,
Tha mise caoidh na dh' fhalbh air sail;
Oir dh-fhagadh mi 'nam aonar truagh,
Mar long air cuan gun chrann, gun seol,
Le cridhe brist air call mo shnuadh,
Nach eirich suas le duan no ceol.

Cha chluinn mi tuilleadh cainnt nam beann,
A' chainnt a b' annsa leam fodh 'n ghrein,
'S cha-n fhaic mi chaoidh air raon no gleann,
Na h-òighean grinn ri seinn gu seimh;
'S ma chluinn mi piob le torman ard,
Bho bhalgairean aig siol luchd-dreuchd,
'S ann thuiteas inntinn throm a' bhaird,
'S a chridhe sgaint' le craidh 'us creuchd.

Ach beannachd leis gach cnoc no sliabh,
'S gach sruth 'tha triall tre ghlinn mo ghaoil,
Tha m' anail fas gu fann 'nam chliabh,
Mo shuilean blian 's mo cheann cho maol,
Tha m' anam tiursach trom fodh chàs,
Gu fann a' fas le bron 'us caoidh,
'S mar sin aig uair 'us àm mo bhàis
Oh, thir mo ghraidh, slan leat a chaoidh!

An sin gu 'n thuit am bard fodh sgios,
'S air leam air ball gu 'n chaill e 'n deo,
'S 'nuair bhasaich esan, dh-fhailnich sios
An Gaidheil deireanach 'bha beo;
Gu 'n chrom an giuthas sios a ceann,
'S mu thimchioll chruinnich ainglean neamh,
'S gu 'n thiodhlaic iad e 'n Tir nam Beann,
Chum codal trom gu suthainn seimh.

Gu 'n chlisg mo chridhe, 's dhuisg mi suas
Bho 'n aisling suain a bhruadar mi,
'S air ainm mo Dhe 'tha lan de thruas,
Gu 'n d-thug mi luaidh le run mo chridh';
Toirt taing do Righ na cruinne cè
Gu bheil na Gaidheil fathast beo,
'S an dochas feadh gach linn 's gach re,
Gu 'n d-theid E-fein mar thearmunn leo!

PART IV.—(*Continued from page* 38).

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

PENINSULA AND WATERLOO.

AFTER this battle, the severity of the weather compelled Wellington to go into winter quarters. During this time he was making every preparation to follow Soult further into France. Frost set in, and on the 15th February, 1814, the 92nd was sent off, and on the 17th the French were discovered on the right bank of the Gare endeavouring to destroy a bridge over it. Colonel Cameron was ordered to make a demonstration up the river to draw the French from the bridge. He solicited permission to turn the feint into a real attack, should he see cause. This discretion was granted him, a ford was discovered, Cameron plunged into the stream, led his willing and undaunted followers across under a storm of shot from the French artillery, rushed upon the French and drove them before him like sheep into, and out of the village of Arriverete, although strongly held; then turning, and continuing his impetuous course drove the enemy from the "tète de-pont" or bridge head, and cleared the way for the rest of the division to cross by the bridge. For this spirited and gallant achievement a Royal Warrant conferred on the brave Cameron the honour of bearing for his crest a 92nd Highlander up to the middle in water, grasping a broad sword in his right hand, and in his left a banner inscribed 92nd, with a wreath of laurel, and, as a motto, the word "Arriverete." (See page 13).

On the 27th February was fought the Battle of Orthes, and as usual the 92nd was hotly engaged, and foremost in the fray. Here again Cameron was awarded an additional honorary badge for his conduct in the battle, and his regiment added the word "Orthes" to its colours. This battle seemed for a time to declare all in favour of the French. Soult thought that Wellington could not possibly escape defeat, and exultingly exclaimed, "At last I have him." Wellington never showed his characteristic qualities of imperturbable calmness in danger, and daring promptness in action, more conspicuously than upon this occasion. By splendid generalship, grandly seconded by his gallant troops, he speedily changed the whole aspect of affairs, and secured a complete victory.

At Orthes the 42nd, 79th, and 92nd met for the first time in the Peninsular War, and a joyful meeting it was. The three regiments were then almost all Scotsmen, many of whom were old friends. The greetings, the huzzaings, the loud cheers of delight, as each of these grand regiments fraternized with the other, attracted the attention of Wellington, who inquired what it all meant. On being informed, he came upon the scene, and was so pleased with what he saw, that he ordered them to encamp beside each other for the night, and "have it out," but to be prepared to march early next morning.

Next morning early saw them on the march, each in its own brigade, in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, and on the 2nd of March the 92nd came in sight of Aire, a large town in which the French army had many magazines and war stores. The enemy was seen occupying a steep ridge in front of the town, overlooking the river —a very strong position. The division sent forward was met by so severe a resistance that

it had to retire, and the battle seemed to be lost. The 92nd and 50th were quickly ordered to the rescue. The fiery ardour with which these two regiments came storming up the ridge restored the combat, and by the vehemence of their assault the French were hurled back upon their reserves, and Byng's brigade coming up at the time, the French broke away, dispersed, and were pursued by Cameron, who immediately marched into the town and captured it with all the material of war found in it. The brilliant conduct displayed here by Cameron and his devoted 92nd brought him a peculiar reward from King George, to bear above the cognizance of *Lochiel* a representation of the town of Aire, in allusion to his glorious services on that day, when after an arduous and sanguinary conflict he succeeded in forcing a superior body of the enemy to abandon the town. Yet more honourable still to him and his gallant men was the Address he had the honour to receive from the Mayor and inhabitants of Aire, expressive of their gratitude for the maintenance of discipline by which he and the brave men under his command saved them from violence, plunder, and destruction. Amid the distinctions which were at this time so numerously bestowed upon him, none places his character in a more honourable light than this of Aire. It proves the extraordinary power he had over his men. It shows too the complete obedience which they gave to his orders, and the readiness with which they submitted to do whatever was his wish, when a wealthy town, entered under such circumstances, could be preserved from pillage and worse.

Wellington pushed forward in pursuit of the French, and on the 10th of April was fought the bloody Battle of Toulouse. The 92nd was not in this fight, but it had a fight of its own on the same day on a different side of the Garonne, a little south of the town, where they displayed their usual "stern valour," won the fight and dispersed their opponents. Immediately after this battle was fought news arrived that Peace was restored to Europe. Napoleon had abdicated and Louis the 18th proclaimed King of France. It has been said that Soult had intelligence of Peace having been proclaimed, but confident in the great strength of the position he took up—he thought it impregnable—wished to inflict a defeat upon Wellington to end the war.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL PHILIPS.

In reflecting upon the deeds performed in the Peninsula, that army trained by its great leader to deeds equalling if not surpassing Greek or Roman fame, and probably the most efficient and resistless army ever seen in the fields of strife, must have felt no slight degree of exultation in reviewing the part that they played in bringing the great struggle to such a victorious close.

Peace being thus established the 92nd returned from France and landed in Ireland on

the 29th July, 1814, proceeding to Fermoy barracks, where the thanks of Parliament were communicated to the regiment for "the meritorious and eminent services it had rendered to the King and Country during the course of the War." Its 2nd batallion was disbanded in October, 1814, and 186 rank and file of it transferred to the 1st batallion.

On the 1st May, 1815, the 92nd sailed from Cork to take part in the grand concluding act of the bloody drama enacted by Napoleon for so many years in the theatre of Europe. It landed at Ostend on the 9th and proceeded to Ghent, where it remained to the 28th, when it marched to Brussels. The inhabitants of both these cities treated the Highlanders with the greatest kindness and hospitality, and officers and soldiers alike by their civility and excellent behaviour became great favourites of the people. Alas! soon were these peaceful civilities to end.

On the evening of the 15th June, 1815, the "alarm of war" sounded in Brussels—

"A deep sound struck like a rising knell,
And then was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car."

Colonel Cameron who had that day been invested with the Order of the Bath, was quickly at the head of his brave 92nd, whom he so oft led to victory, and marched away through the forest of Soignes towards Quatre Bras, animated, and animating his men, by the martial strains he and they loved so well:—

"Then wild and high the Camerons' Gathering rose
The war note of Lochiel."

(*To be continued*).

PIPES PLAYED BY PIPER CLARK OF THE "GORDON HIGHLANDERS" AT WATERLOO.
[NOW PRESERVED IN MARYHILL BARRACKS, GLASGOW].

NOW IN THE PRESS.—*Cloth Boards, Gilt, cr. 8vo,* **5/-**

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SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY:

HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, FOLKLORE, POETRY AND MUSIC, LANGUAGE AND TOPOGRAPHY, ECCLESIASTICAL RECORDS, DISTINGUISHED MEN, REGIMENTS, INDUSTRIES, NATURAL HISTORY, AND GEOLOGY, with a copious appendix.

EDITED BY

REV. ADAM GUNN, M.A., DURNESS, AND JOHN MACKAY, KINGSTON, GLASGOW.

Of late years the literature of the Highlands has been greatly enriched by the publication of a number of valuable histories of our northern parishes. What has been done so well for those smaller districts it is our intention to do for the county of Sutherland. A glance at the list of contents will indicate the exhaustive nature of this work, the value of which will be further enhanced by the appearance of a large number of fine half-tone process engravings, of places and objects of interest in the county; in addition to which excellent plate-portraits will be given of distinguished Sutherland and Reay countrymen at home and abroad.

The volume will extend to over 300 pages, and will be bound in attractive covers, at a price within the reach of all.

AN EDITION DE LUXE, printed on large size (crown 4to), superfine paper, will also be issued. The binding will be in the most elegant style, and the edition will be strictly limited. Those desiring copies are requested to make application at once, as *a list of names and addresses of subscribers received before publication will be given at the end of the volume.* Orders, with remittance, should be sent to Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

Her Grace The Duchess of Sutherland is writing a special chapter for this work on "The Industries of Sutherlandshire."

JOHN MATHESON, PAISLEY.

MR. MATHESON is a native of Lochalsh, Ross-shire, where his family held a good position for many generations. He belongs to the Iomair branch of the clan, the next in seniority, we believe, to the Chief's family of Bennetsfield. He was educated in Lochalsh Parish School, under a former able and painstaking master, Mr. J. G. Mackay, a gentleman who, forty years ago, was turning out lads who have since done themselves and their teacher credit in many walks of life.

About forty years ago Mr. Matheson, through the influence of his kinsman, the late Sir Alex. Matheson, Bart., got an appointment in the Inland Revenue, and began his official career as Assistant in Paisley. After a few months he was transferred to Greenock, where he made the acquaintance of the late Mr. Colin Campbell, a gentleman well known in Highland circles, with whom he contracted a life-long friendship. He was soon promoted to the position of Preventive Officer at Lochmaddy, from which he removed successively to Fort-William and Poolewe, in each of which he had very wide districts under his charge.

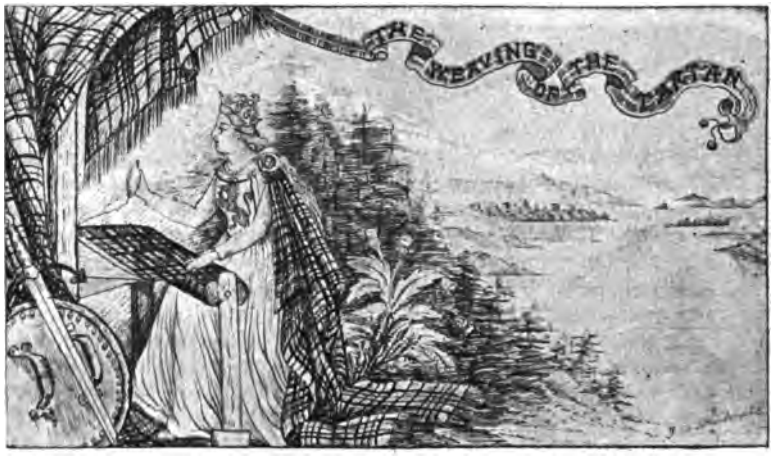
When his turn came for promotion he was appointed to a division in Paisley, and, in due course, having passed the prescribed examinations, he became a Supervisor, in which capacity he served at Keighley in Yorkshire, and in the Alness district in his native county, where he performed his duties with a zeal and energy which soon led to further promotion. In 1879 he was appointed to a first-class district in Paisley, where he has charge of the extensive Saucel Distillery.

A genuine, warm-hearted, and enthusiastic Highlander, Mr. Matheson is the life and spirit of every movement in his adopted town which is calculated to benefit his fellow Highlanders, or to promote the preservation of Highland manners and customs. He is President of the Paisley Highland Society, and when he dons the Highland garb a stalwart President he looks, every inch of him.

At the Social Gatherings of the Society his personality is always a prominent one, and he extends to the guests a right cheerful Highland welcome. The Annual Re-Union of the Paisley Highlanders takes place on the 7th December, and we have no doubt it will be as successful as on former occasions.

Over thirty years ago he married the only daughter of the late Mr. John Finlayson, Plockton, a lady whose amiable disposition and geniality have made her a favourite with all who know her. They have a family of five sons and three daughters, all of whom are endowed with the genial disposition and Celtic enthusiasm of their worthy parents. His many friends hope that he may be long spared to assist the Highland cause in the thriving little town of Paisley. "*Tha iad a leantuinn gu dlùth ri dùthchas an sinnsear.*"

Maryburgh, Conon Bridge. A. C. MACKENZIE.



I saw an old Dame weaving,
Weaving, weaving,
I saw an old Dame weaving,
A web of tartan fine.
"Sing high," she said, "sing low," she said,
"Wild torrent to the sea,
That saw my exiled bairnies torn,
In sorrow far frae me.
And warp well the long threads,
The bright threads, the strong threads;
Woof well the cross threads,
To make the colours shine."

She wove in red for every deed,
Of valour done for Scotia's need:
She wove in green, the laurel's sheen,
In memory of her glorious dead.
She spake of Alma's steep incline,
The desert march, the "thin red line,"
Of how it fired the blood and stirred the heart,
Where'er a bairn of her's took part.
"'Tis for the gallant lads," she said,
"Who wear the kilt and tartan plaid:
'Tis for the winsome lasses too,
Just like my dainty bells of blue.
So weave well the bright threads,
The red threads, the green threads,
Woof well the strong threads
That bind their hearts to mine."

I saw an old Dame sighing,
Sighing, sighing;
I saw an old Dame sighing,
Beside a lorely glen.
"Sing high," she said, "sing low," she said,
"Wild tempests to the sea,
The wailing of the pibroch's note,
That bade farewell to me.
And wae fa' the red deer,
The swift deer, the strong deer,
Wae fa' the cursed deer,
That take the place o' men."

Where'er a noble deed is wrought,
Where'er the brightest realms of thought,
The artists' skill, the martial thrill,
Be sure to Scotia's land is wed.
She casts the glamour of her name,
O'er Britain's throne and statesman's fame;
From distant lands 'neath foreign names,
Some brilliant son his birthright claims.
For ah!—she has reared them amid tempests,
And cradled them in snow,
To give the Scottish arms their strength,
Their hearts a kindly glow.
So weave well the bright threads,
The red threads, the green threads,
Woof well the strong threads
That bind their hearts to thine.

ALICE C. MACDONELL,
OF KEPPOCH.

London.

HEBERNICA MINORA, being a fragment of an Old-Irish treatise on the Psalter, with translation, notes, and glossary. Edited by Kuno Meyer. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

The value of this fragment is chiefly linguistic, containing as it does examples of the Irish of the eighth century. It is beautifully got up and carefully edited, displaying infinite patience and research on the part of the learned editor. It cannot but prove valuable to all who are interested in the archaic forms of the ancient language of the Celt.

We have to express our indebtedness to Mr. Stewart Orr who has kindly contributed two clever sketches to this issue; and also to Mr. Ranald W. MacDonald for photographing a number of relics and pictures in the Mess Room of the Gordon Highlanders, and to Captain A. Fraser of that gallant regiment for his courtesy in giving us permission to reproduce in our pages any objects in the possession of the 92nd.

We regret that owing to the extra demand upon our space this month we have been compelled to hold over several important contributions.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

PROBABLY the best known of all the historic tunes composed by the famous Mac Crimmon pipers, is that called "Mac Crimmon's Lament." It is the composition of Donald Bàn Mac Crimmon, and was composed on the occasion of the Clan Mac Leod, headed by their chief, embarking to join the Royalists in 1746. When leaving, the scene was a sad one, and Mac Crimmon thinking of his own sweetheart in Dùn, and having a presentiment that he would never return, poured forth his soul in the sad wail of the lament "*Cha till mi tuille*" (I'll ne'er return). The presentiment was fulfilled, for in a skirmish near Moyhall, Donald Bàn Mac Crimmon was killed. The Gaelic words usually associated with this touching lament are supposed to have been sung by Mac Crimmon's sweetheart, but everything points to their being more modern. While the chorus is likely to be as old as the tune, the probability is that the verses were composed by the gifted Dr. Norman Mac Leod—"*Caraid nan Gaidheal*"—for they first appear in a Gaelic article on the Mac Crimmons, which he contributed in 1840, to *Cuairtear nan Gleann*. Vol. I., page 134.

Sir Walter Scott has also treated this tragic incident with his magic pen in the poem beginning "Mac Leod's wizard flag, etc."

FIONN.

CUMHA MHIC CRIOMAIN.—MAC CRIMMON'S LAMENT,

TRANSLATION BY L. MAC BEAN.

KEY E♭.—*With great feeling.*

: r	l : - : s	l : - : r	l : t : l	s : m : r	l : - : s	l : - : m
Dh'iadh	ceò	nan stùc	mu	eudann Chuilinn,	Is sheinn 'bhean-shìth	a
O'er	Coolin's	face	the	night is creeping,	The banshee's wail	is

s : m : d	m : r	: m	l : - : s	l : - : r	r' : d' : t	l : r : m
torman	mulaid,	Gorm	shùilean ciùin	's an	Dùn	a' sileadh,
round	us sweeping;	Blue	eyes	in	Duin	are dim

s : - : l	s : m : r	: m	l : - : s	l : - : r	r' : d' : t	l : r : m
O'n	thriall thu	uainn	's nach	till	thu	tuille!
with	weeping,	Since	thou art	gone	and	ne'er returnest.

s : - : m	r : d : d	: d	s : - : d	l : - : d	s : - : m	r : d : d
SEISD—Cha	till,	cha	till,	cha	till	Mac Criomain,
CHORUS—No	more,	no	more,	no	more	returning,

d : - : r	d : r : d	d' : - : s	d' : - : l	i : s	: s	s : - : l : t
An	cogadh no sìth	cha	till	e	tuille,	
In	peace nor in war	is	he	returning;		

d' : - : s	l : - : l	s : m : d	f : - : m : f	s : - : m	r : - : m	r : d
Le	airgiod no nì	cha	till	Mac Criomain,	Cha till	e
Till	dawns the great	Day	of	Doom and burning,	Mac Crimmon	is

gu bràth	gu là	na	cruinne.			
home	no	more	returning.			

Tha osag nam beann gu fann ag imeachd,
Gach sruthan 's gach allt gu mall le bruthach,
Tha ealtainn nan speur feadh gheugan dubhach,
A' caoidh gu'n d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Tha'n fhairge fa-dheòidh lan bròin is mulaid,
Tha'm bàta fo sheòl, ach dhiùlt i siubhal;
Tha gàirich nan tonn le fuaim neo-shubhach,
Ag ràdh gun d' fhalbh 's nach till thu tuille.

Cha chluinnear do cheòl 's an Dùn mù fheasgar,
'S mac-talla nam mùr le mùirn 'ga fhreagairt,
Gach fleasgach is òigh gun cheòl, gun bheadradh,
O'n thriall thu uainn 's nach till thu tuille.

The breeze of the bens is gently blowing,
The brooks in the glens are softly flowing;
Where boughs their darkest shades are throwing,
Birds mourn for thee who ne'er returnest.

Its dirges of woe the sea is sighing,
The boat under sail unmoved is lying;
The voice of the waves in sadness dying,
Say, thou art away and ne'er returnest.

We'll see no more Mac Crimmon's returning,
Nor in peace nor in war is he returning;
Till dawns the great day of woe and burning,
For him, for him there's no returning.

ALEXANDER MACKAY.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 4. Vol. III.] JANUARY, 1895. [Price Threepence.

ALEXANDER MACKAY, THURSO,
VICE-PRESIDENT, CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

WE have had sketches of Mackays abroad, and we now give one of a Mackay in the home country. Mr. Alexander Mackay, of the Bank of Scotland, Thurso, was born in Thurso, and educated there, and in the University of Edinburgh. He served his apprenticeship in the office of his uncle, Mr. Brims, Solicitor, and Procurator Fiscal of Caithness, and after having acquired further experience in offices in Edinburgh and Glasgow, he passed his legal examinations, and having been admitted as a Solicitor, he, in 1881, joined Mr. Brims in his business, which is now the firm of Brims and Mackay, Solicitors and Bankers.

Since he became a permanent resident, Mr. Mackay has taken a very active interest in the public affairs of the county, and especially of Thurso, with which district his branch of the family have been connected for several generations, they having come to Caithness during the troublous times in the early part of last century.

HOUSE OF FORSS.

Mr. Mackay took a leading part in securing the oft attempted, and long wished for Harbour, now in course of construction at Thurso, carrying the Bill successfully through Parliament, and as appears from the newspapers at the time, his firm very generously gave the full amount of their account for this (between £400 and £500), which included large outlays, towards the Harbour subscription. He now acts as Secretary and Treasurer of the Harbour Trust. Though a young man, he was in 1888, elected as Commissioner of Police, and Magistrate of the Burgh, which offices he held for several years.

Until the duties of the Caithness Road Trust were transferred to the County Council, he was a member of the former body, and he was, and still is, a Commissioner of Supply of the County. He is also Honorary Procurator Fiscal of Caithness. Mr. Mackay has all along taken great interest in Educational matters, having been a School Board Member for several years, and this interest is not confined to carrying out the mere details of the Education Statutes, but takes the practical and generous form of encouraging the children to attend school by presenting handsome prizes, entertaining them to pic-nics, treats, etc.; where he has delighted hundreds of those under the Boards with which he is connected. The staple trade of Thurso is the famous Caithness Pavement industry carried on by the Caithness Flagstone Company, who work all the principal quarries in the county, having over 500 employés. Mr. Mackay is a Partner and Secretary of the Company, and it was he who took the active part in sending the Thurso present to H.R.H. The Duchess of York in the form of a Garden Tea Table, composed entirely of Caithness flagstones and rare fossils. Mr. Mackay has done much to assist Geological research in the county, and this year he had the honour of being made a Fellow of the Royal Physical Society of Edinburgh.

Though a busy man, Mr. Mackay has his

THE FALLS, FORSS RIVER.

hobbies. His house, in Thurso, is a veritable museum of old china, part of it of considerable historical value. He takes much interest in Horticulture, having acted for some time as Secretary to the Caithness Horticultural Society, to the prize funds of which he is still a liberal contributor, and it is at his summer residence, the House of Forss, midway between Thurso and Reay, that his tastes are properly seen. At this charming spot, there are acres of flower garden, each month of the year having its appropriate flowers, and roses can be gathered outside even at Christmas. The quaint old walled garden, with its grassy walks, high hedges, and ancient sun-dial, is very beautiful and well worth visiting.

The bits of Caithness scenery we illustrate, taken from the grounds of Forss, give an idea of this beautiful oasis (in an almost treeless county), on the borders of the "dear homeland" of the Mackays, looking out on the Sutherland hills, rugged "Ben Loyal" bold in the foreground, with far stretching Strathy Point, and Wild Cape Wrath, sung by Scott in his description of Bannockburn :—

> "The warriors whom the hardy North,
> From Tay to Sutherland sent forth,
> Call all, call all from Reedswair path,
> To the wild confines of Cape Wrath."

EDITOR.

PART V.—(*Continued from page* 57).

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

PENINSULA AND WATERLOO.

BY 2 p.m. on the 16th, the 92nd saw the enemy in front of Quatre Bras. It was in the brigade commanded by Sir James Kempt, in the division of Sir Thomas Picton. The division was formed into line in a slight hollow in rear of Quatre Bras. When the Belgians of the Prince of Orange's division retired from the onslaught of the French led by the "fiery Ney," Picton's division moved forward to Quatre Bras. The 92nd was posted near the road leading to Namur, its right on the road to Charleroi, its rear to farm buildings and garden wall. In its front was a ditch. The enemy soon poured a very hot artillery fire on this post, to shake the ranks, but there was no shaking the 92nd. Then a large force of cavalry came thundering forward to charge, but it was received with such a well directed volley, that compelled it to face about and retire in great confusion and with great loss in men and horses. The Duke of Wellington now came up and stood in rear of the 92nd, when another large force of lancers and cuirassiers came forward. The 92nd threw itself into square with the Duke inside it, and the volley firing soon compelled this body of cavalry again to retire, after riding round and round the square trying to find an opening. Under cover of these cavalry attacks, Ney sent forward a formidable body of infantry, some of which possessed themselves of a two storied house 200 yards in front of the 92nd, and at the side of the Charleroi road, from which they annoyed the 92nd. In the meantime this heavy column of infantry advanced to the attack with great spirit and resolution towards the 92nd, and Cameron asked permission of the Duke to charge its ranks at once. The Duke's reply was "Wait a little." Cameron's blood was boiling for a bayonet shock. He again asked leave, the reply was "Not yet." The enemy was now near charging distance when the Duke said, "Now is your time, Cameron." The order thundered forth, the 92nd fired a volley and Cameron and his men bounded like deer over the ditch, closed in, and dashing with their bayonets through the smoke the shock of steel took place, which overthrew the enemy in an instant, and their broken ranks retired, pushed by Cameron's men to and beyond the two storried house, which broke the centre of his line. To pass the house he formed his regiment into two wings. The French infantry in possession of this house began firing from the upper windows upon the 92nd as they passed. It was here that the gallant Cameron was shot through the body and fell from his horse mortally wounded, one of the most distinguished of Wellington's Colonels.

"Cameron in the shock of steel
Died like the offspring of Lochiel,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe."

Seeing their beloved Colonel fall, his men raised a fearful yell, burst into the house with maddening cries, and inflicted dread vengeance on its doomed occupants.

Never were men and leader better matched, never was a brave chief worthier of brave followers, or brave soldiers of a gallant chief.

The fall of their leader did not dismay the gallant 92nd. Stern discipline prevented it, acquired *esprit de corps* forbade it, but it infuriated them to seek due revenge, and exact it, for the loss of their beloved Colonel who so often led them to victory. Onward they pressed the retreating foe, with redoubled ardour, for some distance beyond the place where their heroic leader fell, and hurled them off the field; then retiring, resumed their position in line with the other regiments of the brigade.

In the meantime, Ewen MacMillan was soon at his fallen master's side, and with the aid of another soldier carried him out of the line of fire. Procuring a country cart he placed his beloved master in it, and sitting beside him, he carefully tended him, and tenderly supported his head on his breast—than which none could be more faithful. Thus was the dying hero carried to the village of Waterloo, and laid in a deserted house, where he expired during the night. Next day his body was taken to Brussels and interred in the ramparts of the Allee Verte. In the following year the body was exhumed and taken in a Man-of-War to his native Lochaber to be buried with his father. A monument* recording his name and his fame is reared over his grave, a conspicuous object in Gleann-mor-Albyn. For this brave son's gallant services to his country, his father was created a Baronet.

Professor Blackie has graphically described

MONUMENT TO COLONEL JOHN CAMERON OF FASSIEFERN AT KILMALLIE.

Cameron's death in the following verses:—

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept, the iron man;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground,
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

* We give a reproduction of a photograph of Fassifern's Monument taken by Mr. John Cameron, J.P., Kirkintilloch.

But the work of the 92nd at Quatre Bras did not terminate with the fall of their beloved Cameron. Ney, having failed with his infantry to make any impression on Picton's division, tried again his superb cavalry, which was far superior to the allied horse then in the field, and hurled them headlong on the British infantry. Picton's regiments swiftly and orderly formed squares, and as cooly received the desperate assault of the French, as the rocks receive the maddening roll of the stormy ocean. Restraining their fire till these grand horsemen were at a proper distance, out poured a terrible line of fire and ball which brought the foremost horses and men tumbling to the ground, disordering the rear ranks and checking their impetus. Out crashed another volley, and another, causing fearful havoc. Neither cuirassier nor lancer could make any impression upon the serried ranks of these brave men. The French cavalry, infuriated by the reception given them, retired a short distance to re-form, and made another attack, again and again they retired and advanced, and as often were they repelled and eventually driven off.

Artillery was now brought to bear upon the devoted squares, and again sabres flashed, and bugles sounded the charge. It was in vain, the British squares stood firm, and seemed rooted to the ground upon which they stood, refusing to retire from it, and declining to be overawed by Bonaparte's finest cavalry. But they were

PORTRAIT OF DUKE OF RICHMOND, AND SCENES DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY WAR.
[FROM A. K. MURRAY'S "HISTORY OF THE SCOTTISH REGIMENTS"].

growing weak, and falling short of ammunition, when towards 9 p.m. reinforcements were descried in the near distance coming forward in the British right, an apparition as distasteful to the French as it was welcome to the wearied forces of Wellington, who had hitherto in greatly inferior numbers withstood and repelled every assault made upon them. Ney at this crisis never so well before deserved Napoleon's eulogium—"the bravest of the brave"—he instantly determined to make one more effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day by a combined attack of artillery, cavalry, and infantry upon the British centre. The artillery soon galloped into position and began to fire. He ordered up Killerman with his cuirassiers and Foy's two columns of infantry, and riding to their front, addressed these generals, telling them what Napoleon expected of them, and brandishing his sword gave the order, "En avant! the destiny of France is in your hands." These gallant men came on in an imposing array, and charged with such a momentous rapidity and fierce earnestness that they scattered our English regiment into fragments, but the squares of the Royal Scots and the Black Watch repelled them hopelessly. Wellington, being near at hand, with his eagle eye saw the crisis, and directed a battery of artillery which was near to play upon the glittering squadrons which were reforming for another attack, and the 92nd to pepper them on their left flank, mowed down with terrible

swiftness, and compelled to retire discomfited.

It was now past 6 p.m. when the Guards came up on the right, and at the double, plunged int the left of the French, cheering loudly as they advanced. The French made a strenuous resistance, but the Guards would not be denied. The gallant charge decided the day. Ney, the gallant Ney, felt he was beaten and sullenly retired to the position from which he started in the morning at Fresnes, three miles south of Quatre Bras, leaving to Wellington and his brave troops the honour of victory, won by no force of strategy, but by indomitable pluck, steady endurance, and a stern sense of duty and discipline.

The heroic manner in which the various regiments of Picton's division, in which were the 42nd, 79th, 92nd, and the Royal Scots, held their ground this day and repelled the fierce and repeated attacks of the French cavalry throughout the terrific struggle, stands pre-eminent in the records of the triumphs and prowess of the British infantry. These attacks were often made simultaneously on all the squares, one mass of squadrons rushing one square, while other squadrons assailed the next; and no sooner had one attacking squadron been withdrawn than a fresh one would rush forward to replace it. So swiftly were these attacks made that Wellington himself was in danger of being taken prisoner, and only saved himself by jumping his horse into the 92nd square. Some of his pursuers were actually in the act of rushing in after him when a leaden tempest from the Highlanders brought them all down.

The Highland regiments this day lost 55 per cent of their numbers. In the next chapter we shall follow them to Waterloo.

UNION WREATH EMBROIDERED UPON COLOURS OF 92ND GORDON HIGHLANDERS IN ST. GILES' CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

(To be continued).

"THE THIN RED LINE" AT BALACLAVA.

A smile lit up Sir Colin's face,
The ranks with martial ardour stirred,
Clear, resonant, the order came,
"Advance the Ninety-Third!"—
The flower of Russian chivalry,
Was theirs to hold in check;
The strong, brave troopers of the Czar,
Who rode in neck by neck.
That thin red line of Gaelic rock,
Just tipped with rows of steel,
Answered with long and steady stride
Their own loved pipe's appeal.

Onward they came, the ground beneath
With shock of cavalry resounds,
Convulsive throes of earth torn up,
With sand, and stones, in air rebounds.
Sparks of fire and sparks of passion,
From ringing hoofs in frenzy fly;
As the stubborn Russian soldiers
Swept the hill with flashing eye.
Wild the chargers of the Cossack,
Swift and sure the Ukraine breed;
Gathering length and strength of motion,
Steadier in increasing speed.

Those long, lean, hardy Muscovites,
Enduring, patient, strong;
One perfect wave of horsemanship,
Triumphant dashed along.
As a tidal wave rolls onward
Ere the first recoiling shock
Breaks impotent in its anger,
'Gainst a wall of solid rock.

Unmoved, the Highlanders stood firm,
As still as classic form engraved:
Save, that the eager breath came short,
And the feather bonnets gently waved.
The thundering hoofs came near and near,
Out rang the minie guns!—
Too soon, the line of steel went down,*
From Scotia's hot impetuous sons.
Then upward curled the bearded lips,
The Russians smiled derisive scorn;
Hold fast! hold fast! proud Muscovite,
Ere Russia's sable bear is shorn.
"They're doomed! they're doomed!" the watchers cry,
"Oh! rash and daring deed,

* The 93rd fired a volley on the Russians when they came within 600 yards, a distance too great to check the charge.

THE "THIN THIN RED LINE," OF 93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS AT BALACLAVA.

Had they but formed four deep, perhaps,†
They might resist such speed."
With bated breath, and anxious eye
Fixed on that steep incline,
They saw, to oppose a Russian charge,
Nought but a thin red line.

Down poured the Russian cavaliers,
With loosened rein and savage frown,
But ere the shout of victory rose
The front rank, horse and man, went down.
Dismayed, they formed again and charged,
Out rang one volley more :
And every shot that Scotia sent,
For Russia's sons a missive bore.
Again, again, they form, they charge!
That line of steel they dare not pass,
As well might surging seas essay
To break the bulwarks of the Bass.
And, if a kindly Scottish heart,
Was stilled, no moan betrayed,
As those pressed ranks the closer drew
The gap his absence made.

But ere the hard held post was won,
Shoulder to shoulder stood
The comrades who avenged his loss
In streams of Russian blood.

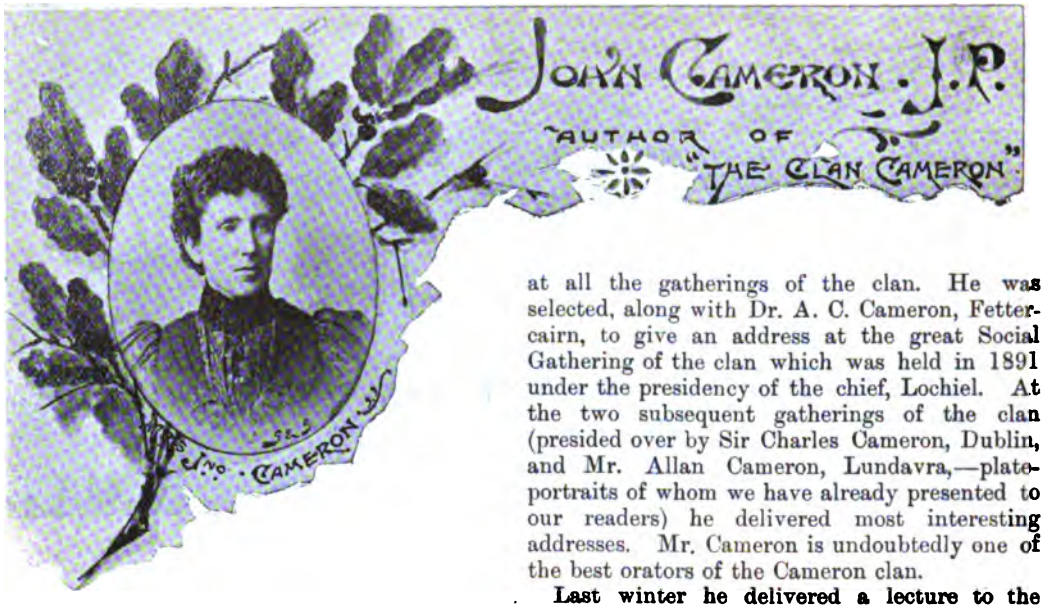
Oh ! many a gallant deed was done,
Proved Britain's sons for courage famed,
But foremost on the list stands out,
When Balaclava's fight is named.—
The narrow ridge, the desperate charge,
Where kilted heroes stood that day,
The waving plumes, the glittering steel,
That held the Muscovites at bay.
Well may the flag of gold unfold,
Well may the Lion Rampant shine,
When Scotland celebrates the day,
That saw her glorious "Thin Red Line."

ALICE C. MACDONNELL.
of Keppoch.

London.

† Sir Colin Campbell advanced the 93rd in line, disdaining to form even four deep to resist the cavalry charge.

PLACE ON STRATHNAVER WHERE THE 93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS WERE ENLISTED.



THE subject of our sketch is one of the most popular representatives of the Cameron clan. He is of Highland origin on both sides, his father being a native of the parish of Morven, and his mother a Robertson of Glendochart, in the parish of Killin. He was born in Lennoxtown, and after completing his education at Glasgow he passed into the office of Messrs. Colin Dunlop & Co., of the Clyde Iron Works. Here he remained till 1868 when he commenced business as an ironfounder in Kirkintilloch. Mr. Roberton, his partner, retired in 1892, and Mr. Cameron is now sole proprietor of a foundry which with its sheds, warehouses, railway sidings and canal wharves, covers about ten acres of ground. Mr. Cameron in Kirkintilloch is a public man. He has been a member of the Burgh Commission since 1871, and has been Bailie and Provost. He has long been a member of the School Board, a J.P., an Archæologist, and takes a lively interest in all that promotes the welfare of the community among whom his lot has been cast. He has already published a valuable work, "The Parish of Campsie."

However, it is with Mr. Cameron as an enthusiastic clansman, and author of a most interesting volume on "The Clan Cameron" that we wish to deal specially in these pages. It was in connection with the formation of the Clan Cameron Society that the subject of our sketch became widely known to Highlanders in the West of Scotland. His clansmen discovered that he was an excellent business-man, and a ready and effective speaker, and his services have been since constantly in requisition at all the gatherings of the clan. He was selected, along with Dr. A. C. Cameron, Fettercairn, to give an address at the great Social Gathering of the clan which was held in 1891 under the presidency of the chief, Lochiel. At the two subsequent gatherings of the clan (presided over by Sir Charles Cameron, Dublin, and Mr. Allan Cameron, Lundavra,—plate-portraits of whom we have already presented to our readers) he delivered most interesting addresses. Mr. Cameron is undoubtedly one of the best orators of the Cameron clan.

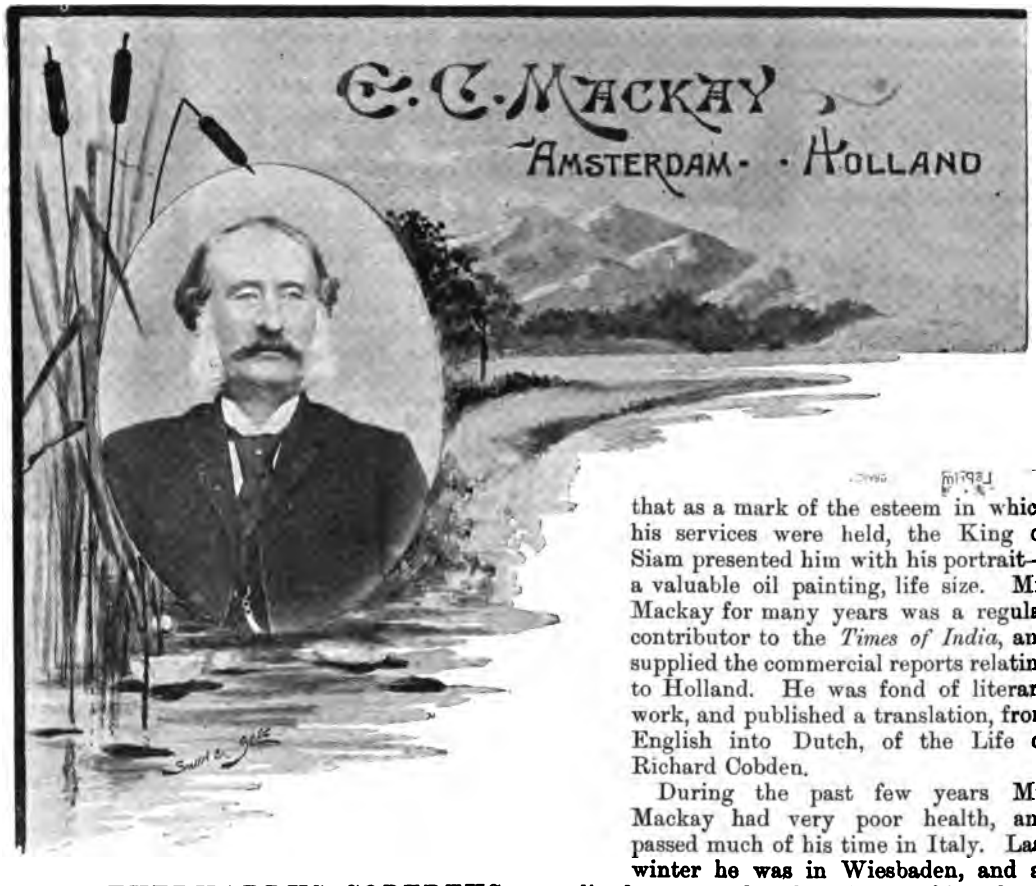
Last winter he delivered a lecture to the society on the history of the clan, illustrated with a large number of lantern slides. A general desire was expressed that the substance of the lecture be expanded and published in some permanent form. Mr. Cameron acceded to this request, with the result that a handsome volume was recently published by Mr. D. Macleod, Kirkintilloch, which has already been most favourably received both by the press and the public. It is a book that every Highlander should possess.

We have much pleasure in giving a portrait of Mrs. Cameron, which will doubtless interest many of our lady readers.

EDITOR.

MR. CAMERON'S COAT OF ARMS.

JOHN CAMERON, J.P.



MR. EVERHARDUS COBERTUS MACKAY was born at Stavoren, in the Province of Friesland, on the 8th July, 1832. His great grandfather, Donald Mackay, when quite a young man, left his home at Carnachy in Strathnaver, in 1740, and entered the Scots Brigade in the service of Holland. He married a Dutch lady, and settled in the country; and had two sons, Hugh and James. James died in infancy, but Hugh lived to a good old age, and was a prominent clergyman of the Reformed Church in Holland. In Stevens' *History of the Scottish Church at Rotterdam*, published in Edinburgh in 1833, he is referred to as "the venerable Mr. Mackay who has been nearly half a century a much respected clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church."

The Rev. Hugh Mackay had two sons, Donald John and David George. Both were clergymen of the Dutch Reformed Church; and Mr. Mackay, the subject of the present sketch, was a younger son of the last mentioned.

Mr. Mackay had an extensive business, as an East India Merchant, in Amsterdam; and was also Consul there for Siam; and I may mention that as a mark of the esteem in which his services were held, the King of Siam presented him with his portrait—a valuable oil painting, life size. Mr. Mackay for many years was a regular contributor to the *Times of India*, and supplied the commercial reports relating to Holland. He was fond of literary work, and published a translation, from English into Dutch, of the Life of Richard Cobden.

During the past few years Mr. Mackay had very poor health, and passed much of his time in Italy. Last winter he was in Wiesbaden, and as we lived near each other, I saw him, for a considerable time, almost daily. He left Wiesbaden in the early part of last summer, and died at Bonn on the Rhine on the 26th of October.

He was very enthusiastic over all matters Scottish, and prided himself on his Highland origin. He claimed to be of the Strathy family; and nothing delighted him more than to talk about "bonnie Strathnaver." He was a tall handsome man, The portrait, which accompanies this, is a very good likeness, copied from a photograph which was taken in Italy about four years ago. He was a good, kind christian gentleman, and higher praise cannot be given to any one. He is survived by his widow and two sons—Eppo Roelof Mackay and Donald Hugh Petrus Mackay—both of whom have just become life members of the Clan Mackay Society.

Southampton. JOHN MACKAY (Ben Reay).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

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JANUARY, 1895.

CONTENTS.

ALEXANDER MACKAY, Thurso, (with plate), - - - - - 61
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part V. (illustrated), 63
"THE THIN RED LINE" AT BALACLAVA (a poem), - - - 66
JOHN CAMERON, J.P. (with plate), - - - - - - - 68
E. C. MACKAY, AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND, (with portrait), - 69
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - 70
A NEW YEAR'S GREETING, - - - - - - - - - 70
THE LADY'S ROCK—A Tradition of the Clan MacLean, (illus.) 71
STORIES OF HIGHLAND MINISTERS OF LAST CENTURY (illustrated), 73
NEIL M'EACHRAN, BOTHWELL, (with plate), - - - - - 75
FAMOUS HIGHLAND BARDS,—No. IV. "ALEXANDER MACDONALD," - - - - - - - - - - - 75
THE JACOBITE MINSTRELSY OF BURNS, - - - - - - 77
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—THAIN' A' GHRIOGAIREACH—MACGREGORS' GATHERING, - - - - - - - 79
NEWS OF THE MONTH, - - - - - - - - - 80

WE WISH OUR READERS AT HOME AND ABROAD A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WE will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Messrs. W. A. Mackinnon, the aged Chief of the Clan Mackinnon; Donald Munro, M.E., Manchester (a distinguished Sutherlander); A. C. Cameron, LL.D., of Fettercairn; and Dr. Stewart, R.N., Perth. We regret that the pressure upon our space at present prevented us from publishing a number of valuable contributions which we hoped to be able to give in this issue, and specially portraits of Lochiel and Lady Margaret Cameron. We expect to find room in our next issue for these, in addition to our usual selection of illustrated articles. We are sorry our limited space is quite inadequate for the great number of interesting contributions which we receive. We trust our friends will therefore bear with us for a little while, and we will promise to insert their articles as soon as space permits.

We regret to intimate the death, at the Manse of Farland, Aberdeenshire, of Mr. Hugh James Mackay of Natal. He was educated at the Reay School under Mr. Gunn, and took classes in Edinburgh University. In 1888 Mr. Mackay went out to South Africa, and became Manager for Messrs. Parker, Wood & Co., Ltd., at Kimberley. He was a life member of the Edinburgh Sutherland Assoociation, and cousin to the Mackays of Montreal, the well-known Warehousemen. Mr. Mackay's sudden death will be regretted by a large circle of our readers in the north.

GAELIC CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR CARDS

OUR readers will be glad to learn, that in addition to a large variety of Christmas and New Year Cards, Mr. Henry Whyte *(Fionn)*, 4 Bridge Street, Glasgow, has on sale Cards of chaste designs bearing suitable Gaelic Salutations. He also shows some pretty Celtic designs in silk tartan.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUMES I. AND II.—We have now only a few copies of these handsome volumes left, which can be had from the Editor at the following prices:—Vol. I., in strong binding, gilt lettering, 8s.; Volume II., leather, 10s.; cloth, 8s., post free.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—*We would feel greatly indebted if those of our readers who have not yet forwarded their annual subscriptions would do so at once, as we are anxious to get our list for Vol. III. completed as soon as possible. Subscribers would greatly favour us by attending to this matter immediately.*

"Good Luck" is yours through all the year,
Through every kind of weather,
If you but keep—and hold it dear—
A sprig of Highland heather.

Some hold belief in antique rings,
Or wave a pea-cock feather,
This has a charm above all things,
A sprig of Highland heather.

In ancient days, when clans did fight,
With shields of iron and leather,
Their real safety-guard was *white*,
A sprig of Highland heather.

There is no song but binds a sigh,
In sad-sweet silken tether,
So binds us to the days gone by,
A sprig of Highland heather.

And whether we are thrown apart
Or haply thrown together,
Oh, wear it gently on your heart—
A sprig of Highland heather.

Clevedon, Somersetshire. JANIE E. B. MACPHERSON.

THE LADY'S ROCK.

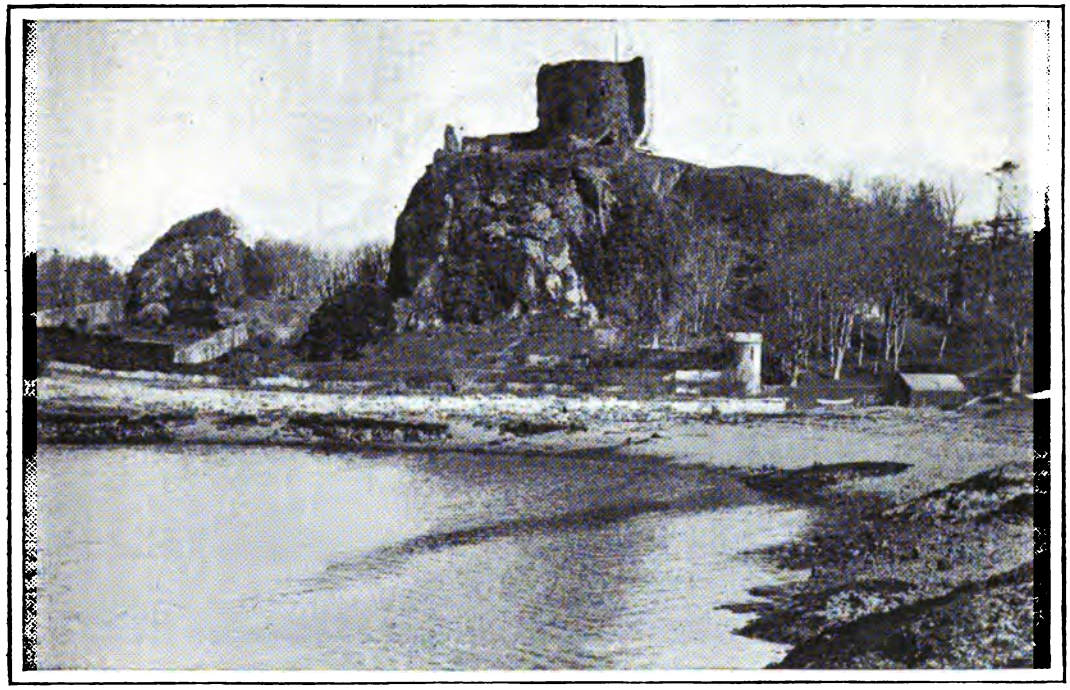
(A TRADITION OF THE CLAN MACLÈAN).

BY MALCOLM FERGUSON, Callander.

SHORTLY after leaving Oban pier a large upright stone pillar is passed on the rocky shore, called *Clach-a-Choin—i.e.*, the Dog's Stone, to which, according to tradition, Fingal the renowned Celtic warrior chief of the Fingalians, was wont to tie his famous dog Bran when he paid a visit to the Lord of Lorn at his adjoining castle of Dunolly.

Proceeding through the narrow north entrance of the Sound of Kerrara into the Firth of Lorn, which extends from Kerrara to the Sound of Mull, passing the Maiden Island on the right, the steamer's course is steered direct towards the Lismore Lighthouse, which stands on a bare rock, forming the extreme western point of the fertile Island of Lismore.

When approaching the Lismore Lighthouse the Lady's Rock, with its dark iron pole surmounted by a bright red-painted barrel or beacon, is seen rising up from the crest of the island above high-water mark. At full tide the island is almost wholly submerged, but the red beacon is always seen clear and distinct above the restless billows rolling in from the Atlantic



DUNOLLY CASTLE.

Ocean, as a warning to mariners sailing up or down through the narrow Sound of Mull. In long bygone days this isolated little rocky islet, according to tradition, was the scene of a very pathetic and thrilling incident.

The story goes that Lauchlan Catenach MacLean, of Duart Castle, had married a beautiful and accomplished lady of the house of Argyle. As time went on, for some reason best known to himself, his former warm love for his charming lady had gradually waxed cold, and he at length resolved by hook or by crook to get rid of her, and sever for ever the galling chains that bound him to her. One beautiful summer afternoon MacLean, with unwonted smiles and courtesies, persuaded his unsuspecting better-half to accompany him in his galley for a sail over the gleaming blue waters of the Firth of Lorn. When passing this little islet rock, MacLean, with treacherous, honeyed speech, said, "Let us land, my darling, and gaze for a while together upon the grand and glorious scene of sea and land by which we are surrounded on every side." After pacing the islet for a time, the lady said to her lord that she felt chilly and cold from the sea breeze. Her husband, with unwonted gallantry, said—"My dear, I will step on board the galley and bring you my tartan plaid to

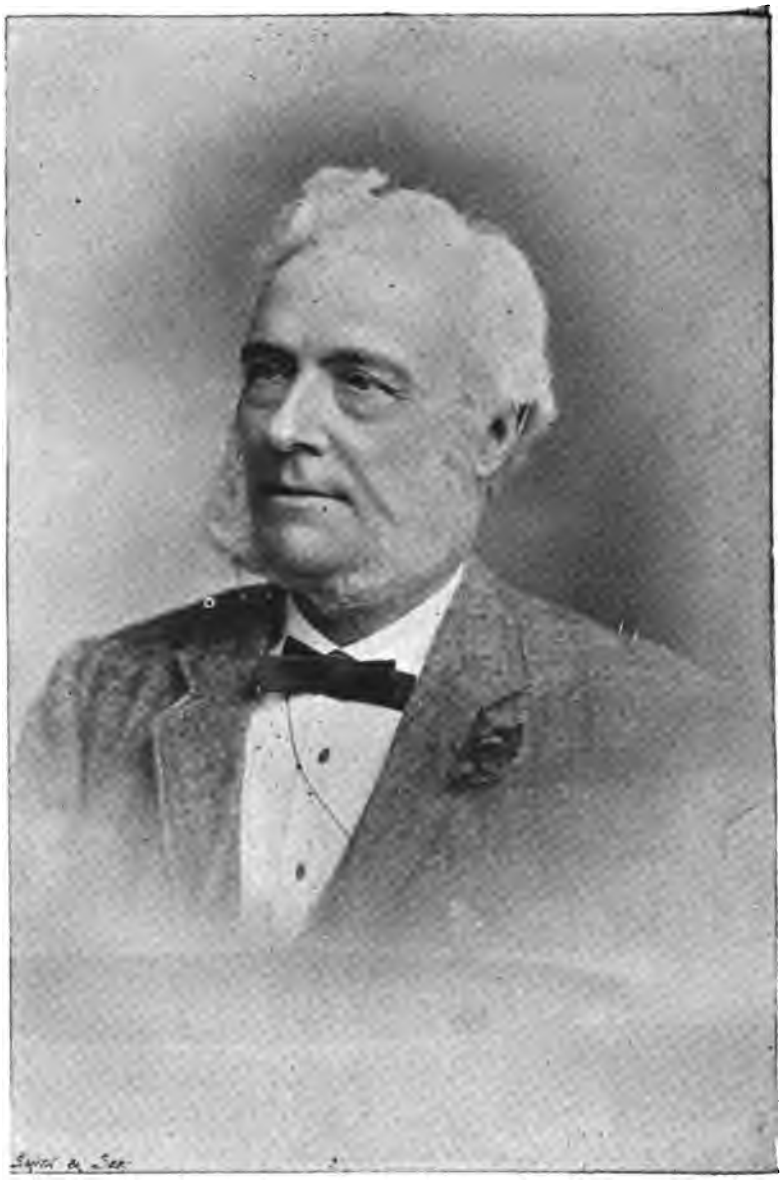
keep you warm." When once on board his boat, the treacherous chief, his cruel purpose being now served, at once in a stern tone ordered his vassals to reverse the galley's prow, and steer direct for Duart Castle.

"And as she bounded through the freshening waves
The lady gazed in mute and dim despair,
Seeing, but unbelieving, till she heard
A fiendish laugh across the rippling deep:
And all the hate and cruelty of years
Finished with bitter mockery—'Good-night.'
Then like a martyr calmly she prepared
Her soul for death, and through the starry heavens
Sang to the Virgin her last vesper hymn.
But ere she sank into her last long sleep
Her brother's galley opportunely came
And snatched her from the very jaws of death."

A day or two afterwards a messenger arrived at Inveraray from Mull with an invitation to the lady's friends to the funeral. The Campbells accepted the invitation and went. The hypocritical husband met them with a long face, and told a sad story how his dearly-beloved wife had

DUNSTAFFNAGE CASTLE.

died very suddenly. They expressed their sympathy in suitable terms, but said not a word about the lady being alive and safe and sound at Inveraray Castle. At length the coffin—weighted with some rubbish—was brought forth, and MacLean was allowed to go through all the hypocritical ceremonial of a mock funeral, and the solemn mourning procession wended its way slowly towards the MacLean's burial place, where an open grave was in readiness to receive the coffin. Here the Campbells sternly insisted upon having a last look at the mortal remains of their dear departed relative, and in spite of MacLean's loud and emphatic protestations the lid of the coffin was forced open with glancing, naked dirks, and the base, cowardly imposition fully exposed. The cruel husband was allowed to escape at the time, but shortly afterwards was sacrificed to the vengeance of the infuriated Campbells, he being assassinated one day in the streets of Edinburgh by one of his wife's brothers, Sir John Campbell, who by his marriage in 1501 with the heiress of Cawdor, in Nairnshire, became the head of that house.



NEIL M'EACHRAN.

STORIES OF HIGHLAND MINISTERS OF LAST CENTURY.

By the Editor.

(*Continued from page* 51).

WHEN the rebellion of the '45 broke out in the Highlands, few of the ministers espoused the side of the rebels, and many of them suffered severely for their adherence to the house of Hanover. The minister of Lochbroom at this period was the Rev. James Robertson, who was known as the "Ministear Laidir," or the strong minister. When the rebellion had been crushed with such frightful brutality by the Duke of Cumberland, many of the prisoners were incarcerated in London, and to save the lives of some of these unhappy Highlanders, parishioners of his own, Mr. Robertson hastened to London to use his influence with the authorities. In crossing the Thames one day in a boat, Mr. Robertson heard a deep voice exclaim, in Gaelic:

"Oh, Master James, do you intend to leave me here?"

The minister at once recognised the speaker, who was confined on board a hulk on the river, and replied:

"Ah, Donald, do you not remember the day of the dirk?"

The voice again said, pathetically:

"Oh, Mr. James, this is a bad place to bring that affair into remembrance."

Mr. Robertson was rowed away, and the conversation ended for the time. The prisoner was Donald Mackenzie, belonging to Loch Broom, who was looked upon as one of the most lawless of the natives of the district.

Some years before this Donald wanted his child baptised, but the minister on examining him found him so utterly unfit for the sacrament that he emphatically declined to perform it. Donald then determined to force the minister into consent, and enlisted the services of another able-bodied fellow to aid him. They called upon Mr. Robertson, but he was obdurate. They then seized him, one on each side, and expressed their determination to hold him until he promised to baptise the child. A fierce struggle ensued, and, finding the minister was more than a match for them, Mackenzie drew his dirk and stabbed him in the arm. The assailants then decamped, and afterwards Donald applied himself to the study of the Shorter Catechism.

It is of interest to add that, notwithstanding this outrage, Mr. Robertson pleaded for the life of his unfortunate countryman, and had the great satisfaction of being able to restore him to his family and friends in his native parish. The incident, however, gives us a graphic glimpse into the dangers which surrounded the path of a minister in the Highlands a century and a half ago.

At the beginning of this century no one can imagine the great influence which the clergy exerted over the people of the north Highlands. Their word was law, and their parishioners placed the most implicit trust in them. How much this trust was in some instances misplaced, and heartlessly abused, is evidenced by the attitude assumed by the ministers at the time of the Sutherland clearances, when, in one short year, the most fertile and popululous part of the county was made a desolation. Only one true and loyal-hearted minister in all that great county stood by the people when these cruel clearances were carried out. The Rev. Donald Sage, of Resolis (then of Achness, Strathnaver), denounced the changes with all his power. The other ministers connived with the factors, and solemnly assured the people that this calamity had come upon them as a judgment sent by the Almighty for their wickedness, and that they had better humble themselves and leave the land of their fathers without dissent! And, strange to say, whole straths were cleared, and not one man raised a hand in defence of the land his fathers had occupied for perhaps five hundred years before him. Strathnaver, containing a population of about one thousand persons, and celebrated in military annals as having contributed more brave soldiers

SYRE, STRATHNAVER, SUTHERLAND.

to the British army than any other place of equal extent in the United Kingdom, was swept of its inhabitants, as many as three hundred houses, it is said, being seen in flames in one day. The strath was full of pensioners, men who had seen active service in the brilliant campaigns under Wellington, yet not one of these gallant soldiers struck a blow in defence of all that was near and dear to him, but, following the advice of the ministers, left the place of his birth for ever. Some went to Canada, others to Australia and other colonies, and many wandered to the south, while the few who remained settled on the seaboard, where they were left to eke out a living as best they could. The ministers acted basely. Had they raised their voices in defence of their people, had they acted the part of the true shepherd, it is almost a certainty the straths would have escaped the awful calamities that befel them.

The Rev. Mr. Sage, in his "Memorabilia," gives a very touching sketch of the last Sabbath which he spent with his congregation on Strathnaver. It was a sad day, both to minister and people. He says:

"The still waters of the Naver flowed past us a few yards to the east. The Sabbath morning was unusually fine, and mountain, hill and dale, water and moorland, among which we had dwelt so long, and with which all our associations of 'home' and 'native land 'were so fondly linked, appeared to unite their attractions in order to bid us 'a long farewell.' The service began. The very aspect of the congregation was itself a sermon, a most impressive one. Old Achool sat right opposite to me, and around him his junior fellow-travellers Zionwards. As my eye alighted on his venerable countenance, bearing the impress of eighty-seven winters, I was deeply affected, and could scarcely articulate the words of the psalm which I read. I preached, and the people listened; but every sentence uttered and heard was in opposition to both the 'wind and tide' of our natural feelings, which set in directly against us, and which at every step of our progress were rising higher and higher."

At last all restraints were compelled to give way. The preacher ceased to speak, and the poor people ceased to listen. Both lifted up their voices and wept—they mingled their tears together. It was indeed the "place of parting and the hour;" the greater number parted then and there, never again, either there or anywhere else, to behold each other in the "land of the living."

The appearance of the beautiful strath after the people left is vividly described by a woman who had come down from the top end of it, and who, on being asked what news she had, exclaimed:

Oh, *sgeul bronach, sgeul bronach!* Sad news, sad news! I have seen the timber of our well-attended kirk covering the inn at Altnaharra; I have seen the kirkyard, where our friends are mouldering, filled with tarry sheep, and Mr. Sage's study room a kennel for Robert Gunn's dogs, and I have seen a crow's nest in James Gordon's chimney-head!"

The pathos and sorrow of that last parting on the Strath is still spoken of in Sutherland—it made such a deep impression upon the minds of the people. My grandfather was a mere lad at the time, and was present at this memorable service on the banks of the Naver. My great grandfather shared in the general ruin, and had to leave the land held by his ancestors for many generations. Within a year those who attended it were scattered in all parts of the world. Professor Blackie walked down the thirty miles of this lonely yet picturesque valley, and sang its praises plaintively:

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride,
With thy stream softly-flowing, and mead spreading wide;
Bonnie Strathnaver, where now are the men
Who peopled with gladness thy green-mantled glen?
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride,
Sweet is the breath of the birks on thy side;
But where is the blue smoke that curled from the glen,
When thy lone hills were dappled with dwellings of men?
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride,
Wide is the ruin that's spread on thy side;
The bramble now climbs o'er the old ruined wall,
And the green fern is rank in the tenantless hall,
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride,
Loud is the baa of the sheep on thy side,
But the pipe and the song, and the dance are no more,
And gone the brave clansmen who trod thy green floor.
Bonnie Strathnaver!

Bonnie Strathnaver! Sutherland's pride,
Vain are the tears which I weep on thy side;
The praise of the bard is the meed of the glen,
But where is the charm that can bring back the men
To Bonnie Strathnaver?

Enough has been said, perhaps, about the Highland ministers of long ago, and a good deal might be said in regard to those of the present generation. Of the latter everyone is able to form his own opinion, but I fancy the general estimate will be that they are quite as worthy of respect as their brethren in other parts of the kingdom.

[Concluded].

NEIL M'EACHRAN, BOTHWELL.

KINTYRE has produced many sons who have risen to fame and fortune in all parts of the world, of whom perhaps the late Sir William MacKinnon has been one of the most notable. We give this month a portrait of a native of the "long peninsula" who is known intimately to a wide circle of our readers. Mr. Neil M'Eachran was born at Carskey, Southend, Kintyre, his father being grieve to Colonel M'Neill, of Carskey. The family came originally from Craignish, and Mr. M'Eachran's grandfather was tenant farmer of Pennygowan. When the subject of this sketch was six weeks old his father died and he was brought up by his aunt and her husband, Mr. James MacBride at Crosslegie, to whom he was much attached. Mr. M'Eachran was educated at Oatfield School under Mr. MacLean, and in due time upon the advice of Captain M'Eachran of Oatfield, who took a great interest in young Neil, he entered the employment of Mr. Love, Campbeltown (whose daughter afterwards became his wife). After being six years with Mr. Love he came to Glasgow to push his way in the world. Having served two years in a warehouse in Glasgow, and six years as traveller for a wholesale firm in the Trongate, he afterwards became traveller for Messrs. Arthur & Fraser (now Arthur & Co.), and was the first to open up that well-known firm's great connection in the North of Scotland. Later on he started business for himself, and the firm of M'Eachran, Lauchland, & Macnaughton—afterwards M'Eachran, Louden, & Co., Argyle Street—was popular in the City. In 1881 the subject of our sketch retired from business, but being of too active and energetic a disposition to enjoy an idle life he became one of the principal Shareholders and a Director of the Scottish Asbestos Company, Limited.

Mr. M'Eachran in his younger days was an enthusiastic Volunteer in a Kilted Highland Company, and took part in the great Review before the Queen in Edinburgh in 1860. He is a staunch Free Churchman. His residence, Gleneden, Bothwell, is situated on the Banks of the Clyde, close to the spot where the memorable Battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought. The fine portrait which we give of this notable Kintyrian will, we feel sure, be welcomed by his large circle of Highland friends, to whom these few personal remarks will not be without interest.

The Skye Gathering was held in the Queen's Rooms on 14th December, Major Martin, R.E., in the chair. There was a large attendance.

FAMOUS HIGHLAND BARDS.

No. IV.—Alexander MacDonald

(Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair).

By W. Drummond-Norie.

IT would be a difficult task to discover, throughout the length and breadth of "*tir nam beann, nan gleann 's, nan gaisgeach*," a spot more appropriate for the birthplace of a poet, than the little clachan of Dalelea, on the Moidart shore of the beautiful Loch Shiel. The whole of this picturesque district teems with historical and romantic associations, and is the centre of some of the finest mountain scenery in the Western Highlands. Hither in the early days of Christianity in Scotland, came St. Columba and his followers, when they desired a little relaxation from their monastic duties in the neighbouring island of I-Colmkill (Iona). Loch Shiel was then, as now, famous for the abundance of fish that swam in its dark waters, and it was probably the prospects of good sport, and well filled creels, that prompted the saint and his disciples to betake themselves to its shores, for like their great predecessor and example, St. Peter, these old monks were keen fishermen, and saw nothing in their love of the gentle craft that was incompatible with their profession as "fishers of men." The great historical event that was to link for ever the name of the gallant, but unfortunate Prince Charles Edward with this remote western loch, had not taken place when Alexander MacDonald first saw the light of day amid the Moidart hills, although the infant bard was later in life to play his part in the stirring drama which ended so disastrously at Culloden. There is some doubt as to the exact date of the poet's birth, but most writers on the subject agree that it was sometime during the first decade of the 18th century. His father was the Episcopalian minister of Ardnamurchan, a man who in addition to his mental abilities, possessed great physical strength and personal courage, gifts which often stood him in good stead when dealing with the more wayward and refractory spirits among his parishioners, for in those days of clan feuds and tribal quarrels, the minister of a Highland parish had no easy task to pacify his often unruly flock, and he frequently had to resort to very strong measures, and sometimes even to actual corporal punishment when dealing with them, Wars, and rumours of war were in the air when young Alexander was born, and some of his earliest recollections must have been connected with the muster of his clan—the MacDonalds of Clanranald—before they started to join the forces under the command of the

Earl of Mar; and his hot boyish blood must have been stirred to enthusiasm when he was told by those of his fellow clansmen who had been present at Sheriffmuir, of the heroic death of his young Chieftain Ailein Muideartach, Captain of Clanranald, who fell while defending the honour of his legitimate sovereign James III., against the Hanoverian usurper. The chiefs of the Clanranald were Jacobite to the backbone and had always been ready with men and money to aid the cause of the Stuarts whenever the occasion demanded, and as a natural consequence those whom Providence had placed under their control were imbued with the same loyal sentiments, and were prepared to sacrifice life itself in any attempt to restore their exiled King. After Sheriffmuir and the return of James III. (the "Old Chevalier") to France, peace reigned once more in the Highlands; the claymore and targe were exchanged for the spade and plough, and the chiefs having no longer martial duties to perform, had plenty of leisure time in which to superintend the management of their estates and look after the welfare of their clansmen. It was about this period that the attention of the Chief of Clanranald was directed to the minister's son, who had begun to show signs of possessing something more than average intellect and ability, and being a man of education and literary tastes himself, he was pleased to see in young Alexander MacDonald, a lad, who if properly trained, might prove a credit to his country and clan. Accordingly with that spirit of patriarchal benevolence which has always distinguished the Highland chiefs, Clanranald offered to contribute towards the expense of his studies, and expressed a wish that he should be educated for the bar. *L' homme propose mais Dieu dispose.* Alexander, whose views for his future had not been consulted, saw nothing attractive in the prospect of a legal career however brilliant; all the poetry in his nature revolted against the idea, and he determined that come what might, he would follow his natural inclinations in spite both of his chief and father. He had received a sound classical education under his father's tuition, and when he left the paternal roof to pursue his studies at college, he was considerably more advanced in learning than most lads of his age; but with the waywardness of genius he preferred the more congenial employment of verse making to the dull routine of study laid down for him by his preceptors. It is not to be supposed from this that he neglected his opportunities of acquiring knowledge, on the contrary, he worked hard at intervals and mastered his tasks with comparative ease. The course of his studies was cut short by an early marriage with Seònaid Mac Donald, a native of Glen Etive, a hasty step which he appears to have afterwards regretted when other more attractive members of the fair sex ensnared him with their charms. Having now taken unto himself a wife it was necessary to find the means to support her, and to do this the youthful bard had to teach instead of being taught. Commencing his tutorial duties as a teacher to the Society for the Propogation of Christian Knowledge, he became later the pariochial schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan, where his father had laboured as minister. Here at the farm of Corri-Mhuilinn, close to the shores of the Sound of Mull, whose blue waters stretched away in all their picturesque beauty in front of his windows, Alexander MacDonald dwelt, and found time in the intervals of instructing his unruly young charges and looking after his farm, to compose some of the most beautiful poetry in the Gaelic language. The more important of his works were written between the years 1725 and 1745, and when in the last mentioned year the long looked for and dearly loved Prince first set foot on the land "that was by right his ain," the bard inspired by that intense loyalty to the Stuarts which distinguished his clan, gave up his employment, his home, his all, and followed his chief, claymore in hand, to fight for the cause that to him and many like him, was something more than a political sentiment, for with the Highlanders of the period of the "Forty-Five" Jacobitism was a deeply rooted religion nurtured by years of Orange and Hanoverian tyranny; a creed that was a sacred inheritance from their fathers who had given their heart's best blood in its defence. We know little of the part played by Alexander MacDonald during this tragical period of Highland history, his personality is lost amid the brilliant galaxy of heroes that surrounded his princely leader; but there can be no doubt that the martial strains of his powerfully written Jacobite songs, were largely instrumental in exciting the warlike passions of his fellow clansmen and thus aiding in no small degree the cause he had sworn to support. Among the most striking of these stirring poems that have the praise of the Stuarts for their theme, are the impassioned address to the clans entitled "*Oran nam Fineachan Gaelach,*" the "*Oran do Phrionnsa Tearlach,*" and the song commencing "*Tha deagh shoisgeul feadh nan garbh-chrioch.*" The ode in praise of "*Am Breacan Uallach*" (The Noble Plaid) was also probably inspired by the bard's recollection of the time when enveloped in the warm folds of his native garb he went forth to do battle for his rightful King, although it must have been written after the Highland dress had been proscribed by the English Government in 1747, for thus bitterly

does MacDonald inveigh against the attempted abolition of his beloved "*breacan an fheilidh.*"

"Bu mhath an là 's an oidhch 'thu,
Bha loinn ort am beinn 's an cladach,
Bu mhath am feachd 's an sìth thu ;
Cha righ am feàr a chuir as dut.

Shaoil leis gun do mhaolaich so
Faobhar nan Gàel tapaidh,
Ach 's ann a chuir e gèur orr',
Ni s beurra na deud na h-ealtain."

To Alexander MacDonald as to many another faithful follower of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," the failure of that luckless but heroic lad to establish his royal father on the throne of Britain, meant poverty and exile. The bard, more fortunate than some of his comrades in arms, after lurking among the hills and glens of Morar and Arisaig for some time after Culloden, managed to escape the sleuth-hounds of Cumberland and found a sanctuary with some Jacobite friends in Edinburgh, where he recommenced those educational duties which had been so long and strangely interrupted. When the hue and cry after "rebels" had died out, MacDonald returned to his native Moidart, no longer a member of the Church of Scotland, but an ardent disciple of the Church of Rome, for so intense had been his love for his Prince, that he had even gone the extreme length of abjuring his religion in order to bring himself more in sympathy with the Stuarts. It is, of course, quite possible, that apart from the loyal spirit which prompted him to take this step, the bard may have convinced himself that in thus embracing a faith which was held by a large number of his fellow countrymen, he was honestly following the dictates of his own conscience, and it is certainly only charitable on our part to believe that this was so. From Moidart, the bard removed to Inveraoi in the adjoining district of Knoydart, owing, it is said, to a quarrel with the parish priest of the former place, who for some reason or another appears to have incurred his anger, causing him to vent his annoyance in some stinging lines of satirical verse. Later we find MacDonald living at Sanntaig in Arisaig and here he resided until having attained more than the allotted span of human existence, the peaceful hand of death was laid upon his brow, and the music of the bard's tuneful harp ceased for ever. Of the poems of Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair that have come down to us, the most beautiful in its minute description of natural objects, such as the bard must have seen around him in his daily walks at Corri-Mhuilinn, is the one entitled "Allt an t-Siùcair," a real gem of verse which suffices to place its author on a very high pinnacle amongst the great Gaelic bards, ancient and modern. It is a perfect word picture of a typical Highland scene, delicious in its freshness and so absolutely true to nature, that as we read, we seem to be walking at the poet's side drinking in with him the beauty of the summer morning and listening to the song of the birds, the murmuring music of the burn, the lowing of the cattle; whilst to our nostrils comes the scent of the sea breeze from over the Sound of Mull and the perfume of the wild flowers that grow by the side of Allt an t-Siùcair. The poem "Oran an t-Samhraidh" is also a good example of the bard's genius in a similar vein, though much of the crispness and simplicity that distinguishes the former poem is wanting. Turning to those of MacDonald's earlier verses, we find the most important of them inspired by an unworthy passion for the girl who appears to have been (and not without some reason) the cause of much jealously on the part of the poet's wife. The poem itself, "Moladh Mòraig," apart from its questionable morality, is magnificent in its enamoured utterances, compelling the reader to admire the elegance of the verse, while condemning the spirit in which it is written. With all his faults Alexander MacDonald was a worthy representative of the ancient bards of Albyn and whatever his failings may have been, it is not for us, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, to cast a stone at his reputation; rather let us forget the man in the poet and be thankful for the legacy he has left us.

THE JACOBITE MINSTRELSY OF BURNS.

By John Muir, F.S.A., Scot.

I.—Introduction.

ONE of the great Officers of State in Scotland when it existed as a seperate kingdom was the Earl Marishal. The Marishal commanded the cavalry, and the Lord High Constable the whole of the army. The office of the Earl Marishal was vested in the noble family of Keith. It was reserved by the Articles of Union; and when the heritable jurisdictions were bought by the British Government, it was in the possession of the Crown, having been forfeited at the first Jacobite Rebellion by George Keith, tenth and last Earl Marishal.

Supported by a few Spanish troops, Lord Keith engaged in another attempt on behalf of the exiled family in 1719; but General Wightman scattered the force, and the leaders sought

refuge in France. The Earl did not take any part in the rising of 1745. Those who have read Rousseau's Confessions may remember, that in Book XII. of that extraordinary work, Jean Jacques gives a very pleasing and graphic description of Lord Keith, who was then acting as Governor of Neuchâtel under Frederick the Great of Prussia. Rousseau was very much attached to the exiled Marishal; and from the account he gives of his Lordship's most unfrenchified ways, the literary recluse seems to have been greatly entertained.

It is not generally known that Robert Burnes, the poet's grandfather, rented the farm of Clochnahill, in the parish of Dunottar, on the estate of the Earl Marishal, about 1721, when the estates, for reasons already explained, were held by a Government tacksman. Previous to this he had occupied one of the neighbouring Kinmonth farms to the north-west of Drumlithie where he married Isabella, daughter of James Keith of Criggie, the farm adjoining Clochnahill. The presumption that there was a connection between Keith of Criggie and the Keiths, the Earls Marishal, rests on good grounds. The name of James Keith appears in deeds drawn up and signed at Fettereso Castle, in which he is designated a "familiar servitor" of the Keiths, and he held the position of yeoman, bound to appear with his followers when summoned by the Earl Marishal. The terms on which he evidently stood with the Keiths is inexplicable on any other supposition than that he was a kinsman belonging to a collateral branch of the family. The exact nature of the relationship is not made out. It is almost certain that it was remote, probably too remote for precise definition, and something of the nature of that existing between the chief of a Highland clan and a far removed clansman. The late Dr. Rodgers, one of the historians of the Burnes' family, makes the serious blunder of confounding Keith of Criggie with the Keiths of Craig, a Forfarshire family. Through Keith of Criggie is the only clear connection between the family of Burnes and the Jacobite cause. Even to that extent, the reliable evidence is not so strong as we could wish—namely, that in 1715, at the time when the Earl of Mar was assembling his supporters at Braemar, James Keith was at Aberdeen, and a bill is in existence rendered against him at that date for the equipment of a horse. That fact, taken in connection with his feudal obligation, is presumptive evidence that he was on his way to the gathering of the clans under the standard of Mar.

Previous to his settling down as a farmer, and at the time of the rising of 1715, Robert Burnes was gardener to the Earl Marishal, and was bound by the very laws of the country to follow his lord to the field; and there is strong presumptive proof that Robert Burnes, his brother George, who occupied the farm of Elfhill on the Fettereso estate, and his son William, the poet's father, bore arms in the Jacobite cause—the father and uncle at Sheriffmuir, and the son at Culloden. There was a report current in Ayrshire at the time the poet's father settled in that county, that he had fought on the rebel side; and his son, in his scattered references to the subject, confirms the report. At all events, William Burnes did not leave his home till the year after the last Rebellion, and having been born in 1721 he was capable of carrying arms in 1745, and compelled to do so by the conditions under which his father leased his farms.

Having investigated the subject thus far independent of the light thrown on it by the writings of Burns, we may now take a glance at what the poet has to say on the matter. In his autobiographical letter to Dr. Moore, of August 2, 1787, he says:—

"My father was of the North of Scotland, the son of a farmer who, like his ancestors, had rented lands of the noble Keiths of Marishal [*i. e.* the Keiths, Earl Marishal], and had the honour of sharing their fate. I do not use the word *honour* with any reference to political principles: *loyal* and *disloyal* I take to be merely relative terms in that ancient and formidable court, known in this country by the name of Club-law, where right is always with the strongest. But those who dare welcome ruin, and shake hands with infamy, for what they sincerely believed to be the cause of God, or their king, are—as Mark Anthony says of Brutus and Cassius—'honourable men.' I mention this circumstance, because it threw my father on the world at large, where, after many years' wanderings and sojournings, he picked up a pretty large quantity of observation and experience, to which I am indebted for most of my little pretensions to wisdom."

(To be continued).

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Orders should be addressed to JOHN MACKAY, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THAIN' A' GHRIOGAIREACH.—THE MACGREGORS' GATHERING.

THIS pibroch is preserved in Mackay's Collection of Highland Bagpipe Music, where it is named "Fàilte nan Griogaireach." It is also in Albyn's Anthology. The two sets are practically the same; but the latter is the better one, particularly as a vocal set. Alexander Campbell, the editor of Albyn's Anthology was a Perthshire man, and on that account, very likely thoroughly acquainted with the tune. But he affects to have derived it from the Gesto Collection of Pibrochs, as the following note testifies :—

This melody was taken down with all possible care from Captain Neil M'Leod of Guesto's MS. Collection of Pibrochs as performed by the celebrated Macrimmons of Skye; the melody of Pibroch of Donald dubh was taken down at the same time, *i.e.* September, 1815—the process was tedious and exceedingly troublesome. The Editor had to translate, as it were the syllabic jargon of illiterate pipers (which was distinctly enough jotted down in Captain M'Leod's own way) into musical characters, which when correctly done, he found to his astonishment to coincide exactly with regular notation.

I should like to have this statement tested as to its accuracy: and there are some among the readers of this magazine who can tell us if either of the tunes mentioned is in the Gesto Collection and whether it is possible to translate the "jargon" into musical notation.

Through the kindness of Miss A. Murray Macgregor, Dunkeld, who placed in my hands a transcript of the music sent to her grandfather, Sir A. Macgregor Murray of Lanrick Castle, by Mr. Campbell, I am enabled to put the piper's *canntaireachd* under the notes. The following is a copy of the letter which accompanied the said transcript. I quote it entire because of the interest attaching to it.

To Sir JOHN MACGREGOR, Bart., etc., etc.

Sir,

Inclosed you will find agreable to your request a correct Bagpipe (transcript from my papers) Sett of the Macgregors' Gathering and it exhibits that remarkable and very curious coincidence existing between the syllabic jargon, by which the illiterated Pipers instruct each other and Musical Notation. With my most respectful compliments to Lady Macgregor Murray, I have the honor to be respectfully,

Sir, your most obedient servant,

ALEX. CAMPBELL,

General Register House, 25th July, 1816.

P.S.—Mr. Lewis Gordon asked 't other day, if I meant to lay the Macgregors' Gathering before the judges (on Wednesday, 31st inst.) who are to preside at the Annual Competition this year. My reply was that the transcript was made for Sir John Macgregor Murray, and that Sir John might do with it what he thought proper. A. C.

THAIN' A' GHRIOGAIREACH.—THE GREGARACH HAS COME.

KEY F.

m : - .d | d .,r : d	r : - .d | d .,r : d	l : - .d¹ | s : - .d¹	m : - .d | d .,r : d	
Hio - dine hier - ir - ine,	hio - dine hier - ir - ine;	Hievi, hiavi,	hio - dine hier - ir - ine	
Thàin' a' Ghriogaireach,	thàin' a' Ghriogaireach;	thàinig, thàinig,	thàin' a' Ghriogaireach.	
Gather, Gregarach,	gather, Gregarach;	Gather, gather,	gather, Gregarach.	
s : - .d¹ | m : - .d¹	r : - .d | d .,r : d	l : - .d¹ | s : - .d¹	m : - .d | d .,r : d.	
Hiavi hovi	hio - dine hier - ir - ine;	Hievi hiavi	hio - dine hier - ir - ine.	
Thàinig, thàinig,	thàin' a' Ghriogaireach;	Thàinig, thàinig,	thàin' a' Ghriogaireach.	
Gather, gather,	gather, Gregarach;	Gather, gather,	gather, Gregarach.	
.d | m : d .d | d : d .d	r : d .d | d : d .d	l : l .d¹ | s : s .d¹	m : d .d | d :—.	
The moon's on the lake and	mist's on the brae, And the	Clan has a name that is	nameless by day, etc.	
Tha'n ré air a' chuan, tha an	ceò anns a' ghleann 'S o'n a	dhìteadh ar n-ainm anns an	latha gu teann, etc.	
.s | l : - .d¹ | s : - .d¹	m : - .d¹ | r : - .d¹	s : - .d¹ | m : - .d¹	r : - .d | d .,r : d ||	
Hievi hiavi	hio - dine hovi;	Hiavi hovi	hio - dine hier - ir - ine.	
Then Thàinig, thàinig,	thàinig, thàinig;	Thàinig, thàinig,	thàin' a' Ghriogaireach.	
gather, gather,	gather, gather;	Gather, gather,	gather, Gregarach.	

The tune as above given, is from Albyn's Anthology and corresponds to the pipe set in the possession of Miss Macgregor, with the exception of the third line which is slightly altered to suit the words. The words of this line are from the song written by Sir Walter Scott and the translation, taken from the "Celtic Garland," is the work of Mr. John Whyte. The air to which Sir Walter's song, "The Macgregors' Gathering," is now sung is credited to Alexander Lee. It is more probable that he merely adapted and arranged (as in other cases) some old air—in this instance a Highland one, as one cannot help thinking on studying the music of the first quatrain, which is very suggestive of a Highland air.

Concerning the occasion which inspired the composer to make the pibroch I can say nothing. But perhaps some of the members of the Clan Gregor, connected with which is a singular wealth of tradition, may make it their business to find out the story of the pibroch and, if possible, recover all the words of the *port a beul*. C. M. P.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF LONDON held their Annual Concert in St. Martin's Town Hall, on 16th November.—Mr. John Mackay, J.P., Hereford, Chief, in the chair. There was a crowded attendance, hundreds being unable to find admission. Miss J. N. Maclachlan's songs, as usual, were received with great delight. The Concert was the most successful ever held under the auspices of the Society, and the Secretaries, Messrs. W. A. Martin and A. Dunbar deserve to be congratulated on the result of their labours.

GOVAN HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, recently delivered a lecture on "Gaelic Song in English Verse" before a large gathering in Govan Hall. Songs illustrative of the lecture were tastefully rendered by Miss Lizzie B. Mackay and Miss M'Neill Robb, Messrs. John Mackintosh, A. B. Ferguson, and the lecturer, and also by a party from the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association. The lecture and the excellent singing of the various songs were listened to with great pleasure by the large audience.

THE SAME LECTURE was delivered at a meeting of the Clan MacLeod Society on 10th December, the various illustrative songs being rendered by Miss Lizzie Mackay, Mr. Malcolm MacLeod, Secretary, and the lecturer. A hearty vote of thanks was awarded the lecturer and artistes.

CLAN MACDONALD SOCIETY.—Major Martin, R.E., delivered a most interesting lecture before this Society on "Clan Organization," which was favourably discussed by the gentlemen present. The paper is one of particular interest to members of the various Clan Societies, and we hope to publish it in our pages next month.

CLYDEBANK HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—This Association gave a Grand Concert in the Public Hall, Clydebank, on 12th December, Dr. Butchard in the chair. The hall was crowded, and the artistes were numerous and of the first order. A splendid entertainment was provided, and the Association deserve to be complimented on the splendid start it has made. In Mr. George Ross the Clydebank Highlanders have found an ideal Secretary.

Many of our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Stewart Orr who has contributed several clever sketches to our pages, has won the first prize of £3 in the Christmas Number of the *People's Journal* for the best humorous series of pen and ink sketches. Mr. Orr's subject is "A Tale of the '45."

THE CLAN HISTORIAN.—We are pleased to state that an influential and representative committee has been formed for the purpose of presenting Mr. Alexander MacKenzie of the *Scottish Highlander* with a testimonial in acknowledgment of his long and valuable services in the Highland cause. We heartily recommend this matter to the favourable consideration of our readers. Subscriptions should be addressed to Mr. Kenneth MacDonald, Town Clerk, Inverness, *Hon. Treasurer*.

THE CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIAL GATHERING, which was held on 20th November, in the St. Andrew's Halls, under the presidency of the Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D., was one of the most successful and enjoyable gatherings of the season. There was a large attendance, amongst those present being Rev. Robert MacMillan, M.A.; Rev. John MacMillan, Barrow-in-Furness; Mr. Donald MacMillan, Vice-President, designer of *Breacan-seilgmhicgillemhaoil;* Mr. Daniel MacMillan, President; Mr. J. C. MacMillan, Paisley; Mr. Archibald MacMillan, Hon. Secy., etc. The chairman delivered one of the most interesting addresses which we have ever heard at a clan gathering, taking as his subject the dress, music, amusements, etc. of the Highlanders. Addresses were also delivered by Messrs. Daniel MacMillan, David MacMillan, Calvine, and John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*. The proceedings passed off with the greatest enthusiasm. We may mention that Mr. Donald MacMillan, Partick, has published a spirited "Clan MacMillan March" composed by Mr. John MacColl, Oban, which should be in the possession of every MacMillan.

THE FIRST GATHERING OF THE CLAN CHATTAN was held in the Windsor Hotel, on 6th December. Captain Mackintosh occupied the chair, and there was a large attendance. Interesting addresses were delivered by Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and Mr. Charles Fraser-Mackintosh. The latter briefly reviewed the history of the confederacy of the Clan Chattan; its origin, the conflicts in which it took part, the deeds of valour performed by its members, and traced the record of the clan down to modern times. Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh's interesting address was listened to with great attention and enthusiastically applauded. Under the able direction of Mr. W. G. Davidson, Hon. Secretary, the gathering was a brilliant success. Captain Mackintosh, President, was presented with a Gold Badge in acknowledgment of his services in forming the Society.

THE SECOND GATHERING OF THE NATIVES OF JURA was held in the Waterloo Rooms, on 5th December, Ex-Provost Ferguson of Govan in the chair. There was a large attendance. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Rev. David Johnstone, Paisley, and Rev. John MacLean, D.D. The gathering was a most successful one, and reflects great credit upon the committee, of whom Mr. Shaw, Mr. Maclean, Mr. MacPhail, and Mr. John Mackay deserve special mention.

THE HIGHLANDERS OF PAISLEY held their twentieth Gathering in the Good Templar Hall, on 7th December, Mr. J. Ross MacGregor, J.P., Chief, in the chair. The hall was crowded. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. Hugh Shaw Stewart, M.P., and Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*. An excellent programme was gone through, and the proceedings were characterised by the utmost enthusiasm.

A Grand Concert is to be given by Miss J. N. MacLachlan and a talented party in the St. Andrew's Hall, on 5th January. We hope to see the large hall crowded.

THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIAL GATHERING which takes place on 12th February, promises to be the most successful yet held by this Society. Tickets, 1/- each, can be had from the Secretary, John Mackay, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

CAPTAIN A. RONALD MACGREGOR.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 5. Vol. III.] FEBRUARY, 1895. [Price Threepence.

CAPTAIN A. RONALD MACGREGOR, GLASGOW.

THERE are few members of the ancient Clan Gregor resident in this district better known or more respected by his fellow Highlanders than Captain A. Ronald MacGregor, of whom we give an excellent portrait this month. His ancestors belonged to the warlike Glen Lyon branch of the clan, his great grandfather, Duncan MacGregor, being born near Fortingal, about 1720, and removed to the vicinity of Loch Katrine, where he on several occasions met his famous clansman, Rob Roy, then an old man, with whom he became very intimate. Captain MacGregor's grandfather, John, was born in 1762, near Loch Katrine, and coming south to Glasgow started the Calico Printing Industry. He bought the property of Kelvinhaugh about 1818, and employed nearly 500 hands in his works, block printing at that time only being used. He became a member of the Clan Gregor Society, which was started in 1822, and his eldest son John, also joined.

Robert MacGregor, father of the subject of our sketch, was born in 1812, and was brought up as a calico printer with his father at Kelvinhaugh. In 1834 he removed to the Mile End Print Works, where father and son have successively carried on the business now known as A. R. MacGregor & Co., with much success.

Captain Alexander Ronald MacGregor was born at Glasgow on 25th April, 1862. When the late Sir Charles MacGregor called a meeting of the clan in the George Hotel, on 26th January, 1883, Captain MacGregor at once responded to the summons, and has since taken a leading part in the work of the Clan Gregor Society, which was then resuscitated in Glasgow, and later, on the 4th May, 1886, in Edinburgh. The Clan Gregor is one of the most wealthy, influential, and successful of the many clan societies now in existence. Next to the Clan Mackay, which was first started in 1808, it is the oldest of the organised clans. Captain MacGregor was elected President of the Social Branch formed in Glasgow, and is also an active director of the society.

In volunteer circles in Glasgow and district Captain MacGregor is well known and popular. It is now twelve years since he first served, as a private, in the 1st Lanark Rifle Volunteers. He then joined that splendid regiment, the "Glasgow Highlanders" (the old 105th), as 2nd Lieutenant, and on the retiral of Major Mutter, of Bowmore, Islay, he succeeded to the command of "G company—the Argyllshire." As an indication of the Captain's popularity in the regiment it may be mentioned that on taking command of the "G company" it stood at 62, and the present strength is 136, having thus more than doubled itself in three years, and being now the third strongest in the regiment. Indeed it may be truly said of Captain MacGregor that he is a general favourite in military as in civil circles, for his geniality, kindness of heart, and enthusiasm for everything Highland, has won him staunch friends everywhere. It may also be stated that he is a member of the Celtic Society of Glasgow, and The Highland Club.

He has a house at Luss, Loch Lomond, where naturally he spends most of his leisure in the beautiful country of the MacGregors.

EDITOR.

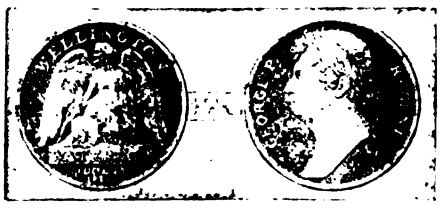
LOCH LOMOND.

PART VI.—(*Continued from page* 66).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

WITH night the terrible conflict at Quatre Bras closed. The last British shot was fired at the retiring French columns at 9 o'clock in the evening. The darkness of night was fast falling, and that shot was probably fired as a parting salute. Ney, the hero of many battles and victories, sullenly fell back upon his position of the morning in front of Frasnes, three miles south of Quatre Bras. Considering the very limited number of British troops actually engaged, this sanguinary conflict almost stands without a parallel. The British loss in killed and wounded did not exceed 3000, while the French admitted a loss of 4200. The wounded they left on the field to the generous care of the victors. No stronger proof could be adduced of the desperate courage of the British, than the amazing loss acknowledged by the enemy. Destitute of artillery and cavalry, the conflict must have been close and sanguinary beyond description, when such destruction was achieved by the musketry and bayonets of the British infantry, who, in no previous battle behaved with greater steadiness and intrepidity. Among the brave men who that day fell were numbered a large proportion of officers. Most of the British regiments had lost their colonels, and the celerity, in many instances, with which the command was transferred to fresh officers, more especially in the Highland regiments, told how the work of death went over. Trifling wounds were disregarded. The fighting was so continuous, so fast and furious, and chiefly in squares, that unless an officer or man was seriously wounded he could not be attended to, and many who were wounded were too intent upon the work to be done in repelling the enemy to take notice of a hit, slight or serious, as in the case of the gallant and fiery Picton, the fact of his being this day seriously wounded was not discovered till after his fall at Waterloo.

While the arduous and terrible conflict at Quatre Bras was going on, and being maintained against Ney's artillery, cavalry, and infantry, regiments in square repelling his splendid horsemen, mowing them down in hundreds as they approached, decimating them by close fire as they rode around them seeking for an opening to burst in, and again firing volleys after them as they retired discomfitted, and then immediately afterwards deploying into line, two deep, to meet an infantry attack—a volley or two, "another volley, men," and then, "Charge—hurrah!" rang hoarsely out. The weird, wild yell of the Highlanders in response can better be imagined than described. Blucher with his Prussians was maintaining an equally sanguinary contest with Napoleon at Ligny, eight miles away to the east, with a different result. Blucher was compelled to retire from Ligny



THE WATERLOO MEDAL.

about 9 p.m., but so serious was the resistance the Prussians made that Napoleon did not consider it safe to pursue them in the dark, and Blucher slowly retired unmolested.

Ney having been forced back from the heights in front of Quatre Bras, Wellington retired his troops to the ground they occupied during the battle, and the work of collecting and removing the wounded had to be taken in hand, and the burying of friend and foe. The wounded were despatched in waggons and carts to Brussels where every attention was bestowed upon them by the kind hearted inhabitants. When all this was done, and pickets placed, officers and men, at length, tired and exhausted with fatigue, having obtained some scanty means to satisfy hunger, stretched themselves down on the cold ground beneath heaven's canopy to rest and sleep if they could, but the arrival of fresh divisions during the night, frequent alarms from the French pickets disturbed them, and worse still, rain began to fall heavily, rendering the British bivouac that night comfortless and unrefreshing. No complaint was made. The brave fellows submitted to the inevitable without a murmur. Their privations were severe. Day dawned upon the gallant bands and found them neither subdued by fatigue, nor disheartened by privations.

LIEUTENANT GENERAL THOMAS PICTON.

In the early hours of that cheerless morning Wellington received vague information of Blucher's defeat at Ligny. He determined to go to his assistance, and sent off his gallant Highland aide-de-camp, Sir Alexander Gordon, with an escort to ascertain in what direction Blucher retired. In the meantime, as soon as day dawn appeared he quietly put his troops under arms and prepared to march to join him if he had not been beaten. Sir Alexander returned with the information that Blucher was leisurely falling back upon Wavre to join Bulow's division, which could not arrive in time to take part in the Battle of Ligny.

Wellington, in a moment saw that he was isolated, with Napoleon on his left, eight miles away, and if he were the Napoleon of 1796-97, with an army flushed with victory, he might immediately advance and attack him in flank, while Ney might at the same time advance from Frasnes and attack him in front.

Grasping the situation at once, Wellington resolved to make a corresponding lateral movement upon Waterloo, advising Blucher of his resolution, and determination to make a stand there, and there to offer battle to Napoleon, if Blucher would send Bulow's division to his assistance. Without further delay, Wellington ordered the artillery and cavalry that had arrived during the night to take post on the heights in his front, between him and Ney, spread out to the right and left, watch Ney's movements, and keep their eye towards Napoleon on their left, so as to mask from them his retrograde movement upon Waterloo. This being done, and all the wounded being sent away, he ordered his infantry to file

off by brigades, for Genappe, to Mont St. Jean, in front of Waterloo.

So skilfully was this retrograde movement masked, and so quietly and orderly carried out, that it was entirely unsuspected by the alert enemy who thought that Wellington's intention was to wait and try the issue of another contest on the same field from which he hurled him the previous day.

By this time, shortly after noon, a laconic despatch was received from Blucher, much about these words, "I will not only support thee with Bulow's division from Wavre, I will come myself with my whole army and join thee at Waterloo at two o'clock on the 18th." This reply was quite characteristic of old "Marshal Vorwarts," as his soldiers nicknamed him, and who never knew when he was beaten. It was sufficient for Wellington to take his stand, and meet Napoleon on the field now become historic. He had the previous year crossed the country here and remarked what an excellent battle-field it was, little thinking or even dreaming that he himself would be one of the principal actors in the sanguinary drama that would in the short space of one year be played upon it.

So rapidly did this hero of so many battle-fields form his conception of the position, and the parts of it he would assign to each division to fight upon, that each brigade of every division had its orders where to encamp upon as they arrived on the ground in the evening of the

THE DECISIVE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

17th, and there make themselves as comfortable as they could, and very little change was made next morning.

The last brigade having filed off from Quatre Bras the artillery were ordered to follow gradually, by batteries from the heights, and the cavalry to follow to protect the rear in the event of attack. Before the last squadron of British cavalry moved away from the heights in front of Quatre Bras, Napoleon's Lancers from Ligny were seen approaching, and came up with the British Light Dragoons marching through Genappe, two miles in rear of Quatre Bras. The Light Dragoons turned upon their pursuers, but the Lancers were too much for them. Lord Uxbridge, who was in command of the whole British cavalry happened to be on the spot viewing the scene, ordered a regiment of the Horse Guards who were not far off to face about, and give a taste of British prowess to Napoleon's daring horsemen. He placed himself at their head, and gave the order to charge. Such heavy horses and stalwart troopers led by such a daring and intrepid Paladin—who in a similar instance in the retreat to Corunna overthrew seven hundred heavy French cavalry on the banks of the Esla, with only three hundred hussars of his own, killing some and drowning others in the river, and capturing two hundred of their horses—made short work of Napoleon's lancers and cuirassiers.

(To be continued).

CLAN ORGANISATION.*

By Major Martin Martin, R.E.

THIS is an age of combination. Societies spring up on every side founded on the principle that two heads are better than one, and that union can alone bring the force to bear which is to prove sufficient for the attainment of the desired object.

"By their fruits ye shall know them," and many a society, firm, or alliance founded amidst the greatest enthusiasm, and the brightest of hopes, either languishes on a blighted resultless life, or speedily comes to an end.

Most of the presently existing Clan Societies have been founded a few years ago in a genuine tide of enthusiasm. Their fate has not been the same, but few of them can truly be said to have attained the growth which their first promise foreshadowed, and it is with the object of examining the prospects, means, and present and future resources of organised clans that this paper has been written.

The initial enthusiasm it has been said was genuine. It was also surely deserved.

Scotsmen are supposed to be second to none in the support they individually afford to the progress of the Empire. They cherish, however, a deeper and closer regard for Scotland itself and for their own countrymen. If Highlanders as well as Scotsmen, then the regard deepens towards Highlanders and finds still an inner sanctuary in the bond of the clan and the name, and the common blood which still, as formerly, remains thicker than water.

And speaking to the Clan Donald, it is surely almost an impertinence to specify or enlarge on its claims to the allegiance and support of all its members.

Illustrious and royal in its origin, boasting the kingly blood of both Scotland and Norway, bred by nature in an archipelago where sea and land equally formed its realm, and both contributed to its proud motto "*Air Muir's air Tir*," the Clan Cholla is still better known for its chequered and eventful history, its victories magnanimously won, its unmerited sufferings patiently undergone, and above all for the unshaken and unpurchasable fidelity of its men and its women to the cause they embraced.

Largely if not mainly contributing to the expulsion of the Northmen from the country, we find again that early in Scottish history, in the war of independence, the Clan Donald won at Bannockburn the title to the right of the Highland line, and in that proud place, through good or evil fortune, followed Montrose in victory and defeat, swept the Pass of Killiecrankie with Dundee, first forced the lines at Gladsmuir for Prince Charles, and if in times past sometimes found in opposition to constituted authority, has in the present century been ever to the front in the maintenance of the Empire, and its members have been found in the breach of Seringapatam, in the charge at Fuentes d'Onor, forward in the assault of San Sebastian, and on every field and flood where British arms have fought.

A clan too which can boast of a statesman such as Sir John MacDonald, the Premier of Canada, a soldier like Marshal MacDonald, of a scholar such as Sir James, the Marcellus of the Isles, and of the noblest of heroines in Flora MacDonald, can be said to be able to produce most forms of individual as well as collective excellence.

But enthusiasm and devotion are not all, and the historian is obliged also to record the verdict, summing up the reasons why the influence and power of the clan has declined:—

"Had the MacDonalds," he says, "been wise and politic, as they were ever brave and generous, they would have maintained the highest power and place among the clans."

These facts are well known to you all and are mentioned in order to demonstrate, if such be needed, that mere enthusiasm will carry no association nor body of men far forward, without definite objects rigidly kept in view and maintained by much persistence and sacrifice directed by far-seeing intelligence and policy.

It is therefore in accordance both with the logical sequence of conditions and with the practice of the oldest kindred bodies in existence that a Clan Society should strictly define its objects, and the following list appears in some measure to include much of the work that should fall to a clan, being taken from one of the oldest and most firmly established Highland Societies, whose procedure will be largely followed in the succeeding paragraphs of this essay.

Objects.

1.—Preserving the martial spirit, language, dress, music and antiquities of the ancient clan Cholla, and promoting every form of reunion and relationship between its present members.

2.—Rescuing from oblivion the valuable remains of clan literature, and preserving all information as to the districts forming the clan territory, now and formerly.

3.—The establishment and support of educational establishments in the clan territory, and the fostering in them of all that pertains to clan sentiment and characteristics.

* Read at a Meeting of the Clan MacDonald Society.

4.—Relieving distressed clansmen at a distance from their native homes.

5.—The employment of discharged or reserve soldiers and sailors of the clan.

6.—Promoting the improvement and general welfare of the clan territory and its inhabitants.

7.—The formation of branches in all centres where clansmen are found willing, or can be induced, to assemble.

These objects are largely pursued by most clan societies already, and indeed the scholastic object has become a main one with some, large sums being expended in granting bursaries to Highland students of the clan. This is much appreciated and is a worthy and excellent work. If, however, it absorbs the greater part of the financial resources, these are devoted to extracting Highlanders from their homes to better themselves elsewhere, and this object is hardly compatible with promoting the improvement and developing the resources of the clan territory.

For it is by the clan territory, the grave of our forbears, and the cradle of many generations of future clansmen that the clan must stand or fall in the future.

No formation of societies in Glasgow, London,

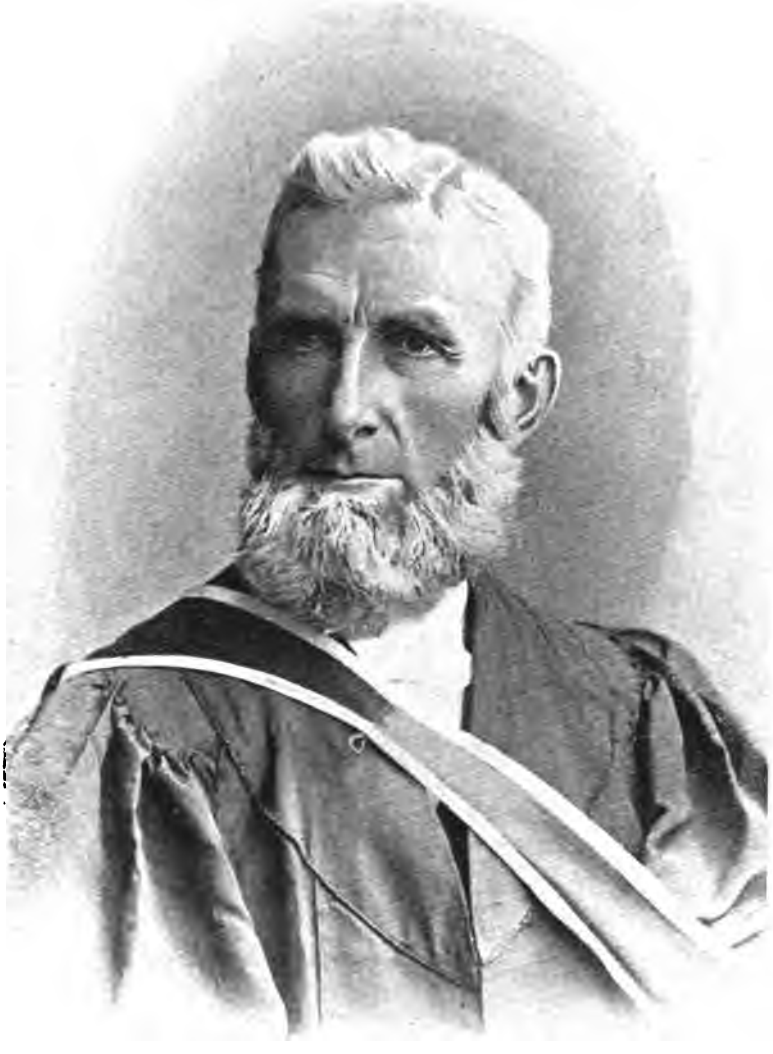
DUNTULM CASTLE, ISLE OF SKYE—AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF TH MACDONALDS.

Melbourne, Montreal, and New York, however well conducted these be, can provide a future for the clan, if the home and cradle which formed and still forms its character is allowed to decay and perish, and eventually to be depleted of its children, after their characteristics have been watered away by every form of importation which tourists and non-resident stranger proprietors bring into the Highlands.

The resident clansmen do not possess the means or the knowledge to resist the tendencies threatening them, and if they are to be preserved and directed to truly national advancement it can only be by the united action of their own more powerful clansmen, resident away indeed, but it is hoped still in touch with all that concerns the welfare of the home land.

It is obvious indeed, that by each clan society attacking its own district, Highland prosperity may best be advanced piecemeal. The work is thus apportioned, and apportioned in the manner best consonant with the ancient tradition, love for which forms the mainspring which we have already spoken of as the initial enthusiasm which prompted the original clan movement.

(*To be concluded*).



SMITH & SAGE

A. C. CAMERON, LL.D

A. C. CAMERON, LL.D., FETTERCAIRN.

ARCHIBALD COWIE CAMERON, M.A., LL.D., Parochial Schoolmaster of Fettercairn, Kincardineshire, was born at Cambuskenneth, near Stirling, on the 12th February, 1826. His father, John Cameron, a native of Rannoch, was also a teacher, and his knowledge of Gaelic and Gaelic literature was well known and appreciated by the Celtic scholars of his time. Dr. Cameron got the rudiments of his early education—specially his thorough knowledge of Gaelic—in his father's school, and at the age of seventeen, after a few years' varied occupations, found his way to the Parish School of Fortingall—five miles from Invervar, Glenlyon—then tanght by a famous classical scholar, Mr. Duncan Campbell. In 1845 Dr. Cameron entered Marischal College, Aberdeen, and graduated in 1849. He decided to adopt teaching as his profession, and after serving for some time at Fraserburgh and Meikleour, Caputh, he was elected by the Heritors of Fettercairn to fill the post of Parish Schoolmaster in January, 1852, where he has since laboured with such outstanding success, that his name is a household word among the Teachers of Scotland. Dr. Cameron at present holds the unique position of being one of the two oldest acting Government Certificated Teachers in Scotland, having sat at the first Examination for Certificates at Aberdeen, conducted by Messrs. John Gordon and John Gibson, the first Government Inspectors for Scotland, in 1848.

Dr. Cameron has devoted a great part of his leisure hours to the study of the Celtic language and literature, so that on the "folklore and place names" of Perthshire and adjoining counties he is regarded as an authority. In 1873 he received the Highland Society's premium for an Essay on "Ancient Farming Customs in Scotland," in which his thorough knowledge of Gaelic stood him in good stead. Dr. Cameron is also the author of several of the class-books and manuals issued under the auspices of the late Scottish School Book Association, of which the special Geographies of Forfar and Kincardineshires may be cited as examples. He has also written numerous articles in "Notes and Queries," and delivered lectures locally on the Antiquities of Perthshire, Angus and Mearns. Dr. Cameron's professional brethren, in recognition of the intense interest he has invariably manifested in all educational matters for the last forty years, have conferred on him the highest honours in their power to bestow, and these honours, together with Dr. Cameron's success and eminence as an Educationist, his Alma Mater acknowledged by conferring on him, in 1888, the degree of LL.D. As might be expected, during such a long and eminent career as Parish Schoolmaster his pupils occupy positions of trust and honour in all parts of the world.

Since 1856, Dr. Cameron has been local observer for the Meteorological Society of Scotland, and in this important branch of science he is quite an adept and authority in the district.

In 1852 Dr. Cameron married Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. John Fawns, farmer and merchant, Laurencekirk, and has had a family of seven, of whom six survive. His eldest son has been minister of Blairingone since 1885; his second son occupies a very important commercial position in Melbourne; a daughter has gained literary distinction in the United States; and the others, in their respective spheres, occupy positions of trust and respectability.

"*Saoghal fada dha.*"

LIOBHANACH.

SHINTY.—INVERARAY *versus* GLASGOW COWAL.—An exciting game between these famous clubs was played at Inveraray on New Year's Day. The Inveraray men have never been defeated on their own ground, and from their display on New Year's Day it would require a very smart team to beat them. They had the upper hand in the game from the first, and scored 7 goals before the Cowal men had a chance. Towards the end of the game the Cowal seemed to awake to the fact that they were getting handsomely drubbed, and commenced to play with something of their old dash and combination. Two goals were scored by them in a few minutes, but the game was virtually at an end, Inveraray winning by 8 hails to Cowal's 2. The Cowal men are not content to rest satisfied with this result, and have asked Inveraray to play a return in Glasgow, which will be probably in March. The members of the rival clubs dined together in the George Hotel, and the best feeling prevailed. Mr. Anderson, Dalmally, acted as referee, and gave the greatest satisfaction to all concerned.

GLASGOW COWAL RESERVES *versus* GREENOCK.—This match took place on Old New Year's Day, at Moray Park, Glasgow, and resulted in a win for the Cowal by 6 goals to Greenock's 1.

DR. JOHN STEWART, R.N., PERTH.

DR. JOHN STEWART, L.R.C.S., Edin., Staff Surgeon, Royal Navy, and member of the Medjidie, is a Highlander of whom his countrymen may well be proud. Born in Perth in 1810, his mother being also a Stewart of the Athole branch of the clan, Dr. Stewart, in his twenty-sixth year, went to London with a view of securing an appointment as an army or navy doctor, and in a short time received an appointment on board H.M.S. Bellerophon. In view of the war at present in progress between China, and Japan, it is interesting to note that the doctor's vessel, during the first Chinese war, in 1841, took part in the bombardment of Woosung. Accepting an engagement in another of H.M. Ships, the Osprey, Dr. Stewart saw some active and exciting service in New Zealand, during the troubles with two of the native chiefs. A little latter the Osprey was totally wrecked, and while all on board were saved, the peril was great, and the subject of our sketch, in common with his fellow shipmates, suffered great hardships, which were borne with true Highland courage and fortitude. He was also present at the bombardment of St. Jean Dacre and Beyrout in 1840, and later on at the Siege of Sebastapol, being at the time on board H.M.S. Sphynx.

For distinguished service Dr. Stewart received no fewer than five medals, the Sebastapol Clasp, the Order of the Medjidie, the Greenwich Hospital Pension, and the Chinese Prize Money.

Notwithstanding his long absence from his native country, and the many absorbing experiences through which he has passed, Dr. Stewart's love of the Highlands and Highlanders, from the first most deep and fervid, has uniformly dwelt enthroned in his heart, and while his countrymen may well take pride in looking at his distinguished and very honourable record, he himself is ever ready to own that very much of his success in life is due to the vast preliminary advantages afforded by his Highland origin and upbringing.

Though now in his eighty-fifth year, the doctor, for a man of his advanced age, is singularly vigorous and active, a circumstance, no doubt due in no small measure to his sober and temperate habits of life; and his personality and career, combined with the modest and unassuming manner in which all reference to his Naval services are couched, invest this loyal and patriotic Highland veteran with an interest of a most creditable and pleasing nature. Dr. Stewart resides in Perth, where he is well known and popular in Highland circles, and enjoys the friendship of the most prominent Gaels in the "Fair City." We sincerely hope he may yet have many long and profitable years before him.

"*Is cliùitiche an onair na 'n t-òr.*"

Inverness. D. MENZIES.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

BRIOGAIS MHIC RUARAIDH—MACRORY'S BREEKS.

IT is told of Rob Donn, the bard, that he made the song which gives its name to the tune now known as *Briogais Mhic Ruaraidh*, on the occasion of the marriage of a certain Isabel Mackay to Kenneth Sutherland. Owing to some cause or other a coolness had arisen between the bride's father and Rob, and he was not bidden to the wedding. On the second day of the rejoicings the father of the bridegroom arrived and, missing the bard, suggested that he had better be sent for in case they might hear of the wedding in a way they might not like. Some of the guests went in quest of Rob and invited him on their own account to the festivities. He accepted their invitation and went with them quite agreeably. On the way he enquired if any incident of note had occurred on the preceding evening and was told that nothing particular had happened except that "Little MacRory" had lost his breeks. This was enough for the bard and, although the distance he had to go was only two miles, he had the song made by the time he had reached his destination and sang it to the company immediately after sitting down.

The first line, *An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich, no 'n cuala sibh*, has no doubt been suggested by the first line of another song called *An d' fhidir, no 'n d' fhairich thu Ruaraichean*. The tune of the latter is in Gunn's book of Pipe Music; is there called "Gruinard's favourite;" and the Gaelic name is translated "Saw ye Reynard?" The measure is the same as that of *Briogais Mhic Ruaraidh*, and the two tunes are very like one another. There are several sets of *Briogais Mhic Ruaraidh*. Fraser of Knockie has one; in *Am Filidh* is another; and Gunn has a third. Gunn's is perhaps the best although it is a pipe set; and it is his which is here given. Rob Donn's song—like most of his songs, unfortunately—is not of general interest and in its place is given a good song by S. M. (Seumas Munro) from *Am Filidh*.

C. M. P.

AN GEARAN GUN RATH.—THE MAIDEN FORLORN.

KEY D.

CHORUS.

: l | s : m : s | d : - : d | m : r : m | d : - : l | s : m : d | r : m : s | l : - : r | r : :

Gur truagh, gur truagh bhi 'm shuidhe fo smuar, Gun duine 'gam luaidh mar chéile dha!

: l | s : m : s | d : - : d | m : r : m | d : - : m | r : m : f | m : f : s | l : - : r | r : : ‖

FINE.

Mo bhròn, mo bhrón, a h-uile bean òg Ach mise, 's a h-òigear féin aice!

VERSE.

: l | d' : r' : d' | d' : t : l | l : t : d' | r' : t : s | d' : r' : d' | d' : t : l | r' : - : l | l : :

Ged théid mi do'n chlachan, An sgìreachd air astar, Fear idir cha'n fhaic mi le 'n ceutach mi;

: l | d' : r' : d' | d' : t : l | r' : m' : r' | r' : d' : l | d' : t : l | s : m : s | l : - : r | r : : ‖

D.C.

Ged bhios mi gach uair 'S an deise a 's uaisle Gheibh mi 's taobh-tuath, g' am sgeudachadh.

Ged théid mi gu banais,
Na fir cha dean m' fharraid,
Ged bhios mi ro bhanalta beusachail;
'S 'nuair chi mi fear tlàth,
Ged nì mi ris gàir,
Cha nochd e dhomh càir a dheudaiche!

Gur mi bhios fo aimheal
'Bhi faicinn nan caileag,
'S na fir dol 'nan caramh gu pléideiseach,
Ri briodalas caoin
Ri gillean an gaoil,
'Us mise 'am aonar, éisleineach.

Cha 'n urrainn mi thuigsinn,
(Mur d' rinneadh dhomh buidseachd)
Ciod chum iad o ruigsinn gu réiteach rium,
'S nach d' rànig mi aois
'Chuir smalaich air m' aoidh,
'S nach urrainn an saoghal beum thoirt domh!

Cha 'n uireasbhuidh oilein
No ionnsachaidh eile,
'Us deireas nach eileas an déighe orm,
Ach tuairisgeul sgleò
'Thog Anna nan cnò,
Gu'n robh mi treis mòr 'us Eirionnach!

O! 's truagh bhi gun leannan!
Gu 'm b' fhèarr bhi gun anail,
Na laidhe fo sgainnil nam beurradair!
Gu 'm falbh mi gun dàil
An coinneamh mo dhàin,
'S cha till mi gu bràth gun chéil' agam!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.— The CELTIC MONTHLY will be sent, post free, to any part of the United Kingdom, Canada, the United States, and all countries in the Postal Union—for one year, 4s.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY

FEBRUARY, 1896.

CONTENTS.

CAPTAIN A. RONALD MACGREGOR, GLASGOW (with plate), 81
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part VI. (illustrated), 82
CLAN ORGANISATION (illustrated), 85
A. C. CAMERON, LL.D., FETTERCAIRN (with plate), 87
DR. JOHN STEWART, R.N., PERTH (with portrait), 88
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—BRIOGAIS MHIC RUARAIDH—MAC RORY'S BREEKS, 89
TO OUR READERS, 90
THE SPANISH PRINCESS.—A Legend of Mull (illustrated), 91
LETTER TO THE EDITOR.—THE CLAN SINCLAIR, 93
DONALD MUNRO, MANCHESTER (with plate), 94
THE RUINED CASTLES OF KINTYRE (illustrated), 95
KILDUICH VISITED (poem), 97
A' GAILIG NAN AM PLATHADH—The Gaelic in a Trance (poem), 98
THE JACOBITE MINSTRELSY OF BURNS, 99
THE DYING PILOT (poem), 100
OUR CANADIAN LETTER—The Centenary of the First Highland Settlement in Glengarry, Canada, 100

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WE will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland; Major Fraser, of Bunchrew, Inverness-shire; and Mr. J. MacGregor, Heaton, Newcastle-on-Tyne, with biographical sketches. Portraits of Rev. Dr. Henry Ross, LL.D., Lancaster (of the Monaigie branch of the clan), and Mr. William C. Mackenzie, the popular Secretary of the London Ross-shire Association, will also appear. In addition to these our next issue will contain several interesting illustrated articles, including "Songs of the Sheiling" by *Fionn*; "John 'Roy' Stewart" by W. Drummond-Norie; "Strathnaver Law two centuries ago" by Thomas Sinclair, M.A.; "Flora MacDonald in America" and "Colonel Allan MacLean" by Professor J. P. MacLean; "A Hospitable Highland Chief" by Alexander Stewart, Glenlyon; continuation of the valuable papers on the "Highland Brigade" by John Mackay, Hereford, and "The Ruined Castles of Kintyre" by J. H. Mitchell, and other attractive contributions in prose and verse.

THE BARD OF LEDAIG.

WE beg to thank the many friends who so kindly sent us Christmas and New Year Greetings. We were honoured with an unusually large selection of these this season, some in the orthodox form of tastefully painted cards, while in others the senders conveyed their good wishes in verse. But the most interesting greeting which we received on Christmas morning was a small box of fresh and lovely flowers, grown in the garden of John Campbell, the aged bard of Ledaig, under the shadow of Dunvalanree. The following lines were also enclosed, and we feel sure they will interest Iain the bard's friends, at home and abroad :—

Another year is added
To my three score year and ten,
Another milestone now is pass'd
That leads unto the end.
But while the journey lasteth
May friendship's anchor hold,
And may our hopes grow brighter
With joys that ne'er grow old.

A remnant of bright summer bloom
Still fresh mid winter's darkening gloom.

Mr. Patrick MacPherson, bard to the Caledonian Society of New York, and one of the most enthusiastic Highlanders in the United States, sends us a few verses which are doubtless intended for our readers as well as ourselves. Here they are—and we reciprocate the bard's good wishes :—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MONTHLY."

A lay from "The Land of the Free,"
All hail! worthy son of the Gael;
The pledge of the season to thee,
And greeting to Highlanders hale.

The magazine "*Celtic*" to me,
Is brimful of food for the mind;
A notice from over the sea,
Of friends and of haunts left behind.

Its advent's a red-letter day,—
With the key-note of feeling it chimes;—
To such as have drifted away,
And tarry in far distant climes.

Like luminous solar-beam glory
The pathway of life it makes light;
With poetry, music, and story,
And sketches of Highlanders bright.

It fairly annihilates space,
When viewing the scenes of our dreams;
The heritage grand of our race,
And the wastes where the curlew screams.

A truce then to worry and care,—
I'm thankful for being alive;—
Of blessings may all have a share.
In the ensuing year Ninety-five.

No. 1. *Celtic Monthly*.—We shall feel greatly indebted if any of our readers could oblige us with copies of our first number. We will gladly pay 6d. for each copy sent to the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.—There are still a number of our subscribers who have not yet forwarded their contributions for Volume III. We trust that they will favour us by sending remittance at once, and obviate the necessity of reminding them in every issue. Their prompt attention to this notice will save us a great deal of unnecessary trouble. The annual subscription is 4/- post free.

BOUND COPIES OF VOLUME II.—There are now only one or two of these handsome volumes left, which can be had from the Editor, price 10/- post free.

THE SPANISH PRINCESS.

(A Legend of Mull).

THE following highly-romantic and thrilling traditional tale may possibly throw some light on the cause of MacLean's waning love for his fair spouse, which formed the subject of my sketch in last issue. It is a long story, but the gist of it is somewhat as follows:—A daughter of the King of Spain, named Clarssaina Viola, one night had a vivid dream, in which she beheld a hero of such a noble form and stately mien as to fill her whole heart with the most ardent love. She knew that he was not of her own people, but wist not what his race, his language, nor his country was. She had no rest by night nor by day seeking for the noble-looking hero of her dream, but sought for him in vain.

At length she resolved to visit other lands, and got a great ship built, with four masts, and sails as white as snow one night old. She then left her native shores, and sailed to many distant foreign lands, and when she entered a port or harbour she sent invitations to all the nobility and chiefs of Highland clans in the surrounding country to come on board the great ship with the four masts and snow-white spreading sails, where they were royally entertained. All were pleased and glad to be her guests, and many gave her the warm love of their hearts, but

DUART CASTLE, MULL—THE ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MACLEAN CHIEFS.

among them all she found not her love, the hero of her dream. She sailed from one kingdom to another, and from harbour to harbour, and made feasting and music wherever she went. Around her all was gaiety and gladness, but within her heart all was dark, cold, and empty.

At length, while returning from the far-distant north, and passing the land under the wave—the flat island of Tiree—she came near the kingdom of Sorchi—Ardnamurchan, and after this to 'Mull of the great mountains,' to the harbour of all harbours, curved like a bent bow, and sheltered from all the winds that blow. Here the great ship with the four masts and the white sails cast her anchors, and here, as in all other ports, the beautiful, dark-eyed Spanish Princess sent invitations to the nobility of the neighbouring country to visit her on board her ship. Here many a brave swordsman who rejoiced in the field of slaughter, and many a leader of numerous hosts who never turned their faces from the foe came on board; but all were strangers to her until at length the gallant, handsome Lord of Duart, the chief of the numerous, the warlike, the renowned MacLeans, shone upon her sight. Then did her heart leap with joy, and soon turned to rest in gladness, for he was the hero of her bright dream,

in quest of whom she had travelled to so many lands.

It was then that there was the magnificent entertainment. There was music of sweetest sound. The daughter of the King of Spain had a sunbeam in her heart and lightness in her countenance. The Lord of Duart was so completely blinded with her great beauty and nobleness that he saw not the great black gulf that lay before him. He surrendered himself entirely to her loveliness, and great was the happiness of their converse. He quite forgot that in the strong, dark-frowning Castle of Duart he had left a youthful fair spouse. On board the great ship days passed like moments in the midst of unalloyed enjoyment; but not faster flew the happy days on board than rumours flew to Duart proclaiming to the forsaken lady of the castle the faithlessness of her lord. The colour left her usual rosy cheeks, sleep departed from her eyes, gnawing jealousy entered her heart, and fierce revenge filled her whole mind. Often as she turned on her pillow, as often turned a new plan in her head for the destruction of her who had robbed her of her love, but none of these did satisfy her.

At last she resolved to take into her counsel and confidence a noted Mull witch named

TOBERMORY BAY, MULL.

Cairistine Chrubach-a-Ghlinn—*i.e.*, Cripple Kirsty o' the Glen, who, after listening to the lady's doleful tale, immediately summoned to her assistance all the weird sisterhood in the island, including *Ealasaid Ruadh-Claon-fiar-shuileach*—*i.e.*, Squint-Eyed Betsy, but it is needless to give the long Gaelic names of the others, as they were all as Hielan' as Mull. They immediately set about the fearful and uncanny job they had taken in hand, namely, to sink the great Spanish ship with the four masts and snow-white sails, then riding securely at anchor in Tobermory Bay. They first made a wax figure of the beautiful, dark-eyed Spanish Princess, which they hung before the fire in order to melt it slowly down, every now and then piercing it with sharp-pointed needles. They then tied a stout rope to a charmed stone, and passed it over the highest joist of the house; all seized the rope, and pulled with might and main, and as the charmed stone rose the wind rose, but with all their united strength they could not raise it high enough. At length, seeing their work was like to fail, they called on *Seumas mór làidir*, the strongest man in Mull, to come to their assistance, and hold the rope, and keep the stone from falling to the ground. *Seumas mór* seized the rope in his powerful

grasp, and held the stone up firm and fast close to the rafters. Several of the weird sisters then mounted their swift broomstick steeds, and flew to different distant places for assistance—one to Tiree, one to Kintyre, and one to Lochaber, to plead for the assistance of the celebrated *Morag Mhor-Cham chasach—i.e.*, Big Morag with the bowly legs, whose marvellous power was known to be more than any one of the sisterhood. She yielded to the pressing request of *Cairistine Chrubach*, and no sooner did she mount her favourite broomstick, and fly through the air, than a tempest began to blow the sea into roaring, curling white sea-horses. Morag-Mhor soon reached the great ship with the four masts and snow-white sails in Tobermory Bay, in the form of a huge grey cat, larger than was ever seen before, with a strong grey beard, every hair the size and sharpness of a tooth of a lint heckle, and a prodigious long tail. She at once scrambled up the rigging to the very pinnacle of the highest mast, and was immediately joined by her companions on evil deeds intent, numbering thirteen all told, and began to scramble hither and thither amongst the rigging, muttering their incantations and mystic charms. The wind now veered suddenly round to the north-east, blowing straight from Lochaber, and across the dark, heather-clad hills of Morven with great velocity. Tobermory Bay being less protected from the north-east blasts than from any other point of the compass—Calve Island, which forms its breakwater on the north-east side, being comparitiveiy low, probably less than twenty feet at its highest point—so the great ship, with its lofty masts and rigging, was exposed to the full force and fury of the terrific hurricane, and soon began to lurch and stagger hither and thither on her heavy iron chains, the tall masts bending and creaking, the wind whistling with an eerie, ominous, noisy sough amongst the rigging. At last the great ship with the four masts and snow-white sails heeled over on her broad-side, and began to sink—the piercing shrieks of those on board mingling with the howling, weird moan of the fierce storm. Several clinging to the sinking ship threw themselves into the raging waves, but the great suction of the huge vessel as she gradually disappeared drew them all after her—down, down, down to the bottom, so that all on board the great Spanish ship with the four masts and snow-white sails perished in Tobermory Bay. The evening preceding the sad disaster the Lady of Duart had contrived a well-laid scheme, which proved successful, to induce Duart, and him alone, to withdraw from the doomed ship.

Some two weeks after the sinking of the great ship the disfigured lifeless body of a female was found along the dark, ragged, rocky beach of Mull, which was readily indentified as the mortal remains of the beautiful but unfortunate Princess by the numerous precious jewels with which her person had been adorned. Duart at once engaged some masons or stone cutters, and had a strong stone coffin prepared, into which the remains were carefully laid, and one evening shortly after sunset the coffin was put on board Duart's galley, and conveyed across the Sound of Mull to the Morven shore. From thence it was carried up a long steep brae to the ancient kirkyard of Cill or Columb-Cill, where, as some say, rest the mouldering dust of the Holy Saint Columba. The coffin was laid down at the base of the beautiful Iona Cross, which still stands outside the parish burying-place of Morven, and notwithstanding its great antiquity is in a wonderful state of preservation. The coffin, after resting for a short time at the foot of the stone cross, was then carried three times—according to the course of the sun—round it, then taken to the consecrated ground within the ancient chapel, and there committed to the dust, silently and secretly during the dark midnight hours, without priest or prayer or solemn hymn of repose. The spot has ever since to this day been known and pointed out to strangers as the tomb of the unfortunate Spanish Princess,

Callander. MALCOLM FERGUSON.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE CLAN SINCLAIR.

SIR—I was very pleased to see from an Editorial note in a recent number of your excellent *Celtic Monthly* that one of your correspondents has written you to advocate the formation of a "Clan Sinclair Society." That is a very good idea, and I am sure every one worthy of bearing the name of Sinclair will hail the proposal with delight.

Such a society would be of great service in many ways. For one thing it would be the means of throwing more light on the origin, history, and achievements of the clan, as such, and on the more distinguished members thereof.

Although I am myself a Sinclair and a native of Caithness (which is erroneously supposed to be the cradle of the clan) I am sorry and ashamed to own that my knowledge of the race is very limited indeed; not extending much beyond a general outline of its history—such as that the first founders of the clan appeared in England at the time of the Norman invasion, and afterwards in Scotland. There is a small town still to be seen in Normandy called St. Clair, from which it is supposed they came over with William the Conqueror, and from which it is also supposed they took their name: or

the town may have taken its name from them, for there is an old tradition that the race sprung originally from the Santo Claros of Assisi in Italy. If this tradition be true then it is evident the clan is of ancient Roman origin.

From England an offshoot of the race migrated at a very early period into Scotland, where the rich lands of Roslin were bestowed upon them by the then King of Scotland, and where they flourished immensely. Their name still lives in the person of the present Earl of Roslin. From there some of them passed into Fife, where they held large possessions (part of which is still in the hands of the Earl of Roslin), and where they built Ravenscraig Castle (their principal seat in Fife)—the picturesque ruins of which are still to be seen on a rocky peninsula between Dysart and Kirkcaldy. Later on, whether by purchase, Royal grant, or exchange I am not quite sure, they—that is the Fife branch—came into the possession of vast estates in Caithness and the Orkney Islands, and the title of Earl of Caithness was then bestowed on the head of that branch of the clan, which soon became the predominant branch of the race. Consequently Caithness has ever since been, as I have said, erroneously regarded as the cradle of the Sinclairs. The present Earl of Caithness is the seventeenth or eighteenth Earl of that name.

Now so ancient a race, as might well be expected, must have played a prominent part in those ancient times in matters connected with both Church and State; some of them, no doubt, with much credit, and some of them with quite the reverse—as, for instance, "Oliver Sinclair" to whom was attributed the disaster of the Scottish army at Solway Moss near Carlisle. A Sinclair was the last Roman Catholic Bishop of Brechin. And, if I remember right, one of the same name was the last Catholic Bishop of Dunkeld. But of this I am quite certain, that a "William Sinclair" was the Bishop of Dunkeld at the time of the Battle of Bannockburn (A.D. 1314), and as he was a very *militant* Bishop, in more senses than one, it is very probable that he took a part in that great affair.

In modern times, with the exception of the late famous Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, the author of that great work, the "Statistical Account of Scotland," etc., and founder of the Scottish Agricultural Society, and several other members of that same gifted family, including Miss Catherine Sinclair, the Novelist, and the present venerable Archdeacon of London, Very Rev, W. MacDonald Sinclair, I am not aware of many of the name who have of late years shone very conspicuously in science, literature, or art; in Church or in State. But it is to be hoped that one result of the Society proposed would be to throw more light upon, and focus, such matters.

If you could induce a "Fraser-Mackintosh" to write upon this subject you might have a very interesting article on the Sinclairs every month for some time to come.

Apologising for taking up so much of your valuable space, and wishing the *Celtic Monthly* may flourish, and obtain all the success it so richly deserves.

I am, etc.,

Glasgow. JAMES FARQUHAR SINCLAIR.

DONALD MUNRO, MANCHESTER.

THE Parish of Golspie, Sutherlandshire, has produced many Highlanders who have distinguished themselves in many professions and in all parts of the world, and of these the subject of our sketch is a notable example. Mr. Donald Munro, Civil and Mining Engineer, was born at Backies, on 6th November, 1846, and was educated in the General Assembly School of his native place. He was preparing for the Civil Service, but in 1865 his cousin, Mr. Thomas Bantock, J.P. of Wolverhampton (whose portrait appeared in our October issue), offered him an opening in connection with his Staffordshire Collieries. This opportunity was gladly embraced and benefited by, and ultimately he became the General Manager of the Great Wyrley Collieries.

After a service of upwards of eighteen years, and after having developed the above collieries from a small concern to being one of the largest and most important in Staffordshire, Mr. Munro retired at the end of 1884 from the management, and on his retirement the staff and employés presented him with an address and a very valuable gold watch, with the inscription:—

"Presented to Mr. Donald Munro by the employés at the Great Wyrley Collieries as a token of respect and esteem. October, 1884."

Mrs. Munro was at the same time presented with a valuable gold pearl ring, with her monogram engraved theron.

While at Great Wyrley Mr. Munro was the founder and the means of getting built there a Working Man's Institute, the foundation stone of which was laid by Colonel John Harrison, J.P., of Norton Hall, Staffs, in July, 1870. This institute has ever since proved of great benefit to the working men of the district. Also during his residence Mr. Munro filled various public offices, and was for five years a member of the first School Board.

In 1885 Mr. Munro took charge of the collieries and works of the Chesterton Coal and Iron Co., in North Staffordshire. About the end of the year an accident to the winding gear occurred at one of the pits, by which about 600 men and boys were entombed and placed in great peril. In connection with this accident the following is an abstract of an address which was presented him by the staff and workmen of the Company:—

"Especially to record our appreciation of the devotion to our safety which you displayed on the occasion of the accident to the winding cages, when for so many hours you remained on duty, and in person conducted the withdrawal in safety of the men and boys of the mine."

Afterwards Mr. Munro started business in Manchester as a Civil and Mining Engineer on his own account, and has met with considerable success. He is the pioneer of an important mining enterprise now being conducted in the North of Ireland.

In 1872 Mr. Munro married Mary, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Greensill of Great Wyrley, Staffordshire, by whom he has two daughters.

EDITOR.

SMITH & SEE

DONALD MUNRO

TARBERT CASTLE, LOCHFYNE.

"The walls are mouldering in decay,
The merry guests! ah, where are they?"

THE stranger who, for the first time, visits the rugged and weather-beaten peninsula which forms the "Land's End" of Scotland must have noticed studded along its shores the ruins of many ancient castles. Their picturesque position and ivy-clad walls form one of the finest and most striking of its landscape features; and their historic associations lend a charm and interest to all who desire a glimpse into the by-paths of ancient Scottish history. A brief insight into the annals of these venerable buildings—monuments of the stormy days in which they were required—must ever prove interesting to all genuine lovers of historical research. They present us at once with an idea of the style of architecture employed, and also reflect in some degree on the character and social condition of the people during the different ages in which they flourished. The legends and traditions associated with them also constitute an attraction, and if not instructive they are at least amusing. Time, however, overcomes everything, and though the castles of Saddell and Skipness are still extant the others have almost entirely disappeared only leaving behind them the legends and traditions to which I now introduce my readers.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF KINTYRE.

Kintyre at one time formed part of the "Sudrey" isles—a name strange to say only now found in the appellation of the Bishop of "Sodor" and Man—and figured as one of their islands in history. This was established first in 1093 when the sovreignty of the Isles was granted by Donald Bain, King of Scots, to Magnus the Barefooted ,King of Norway, who after conquering the neighbouring islands had his barge under sail drawn over the isthmus of Tarbert—a distance of half a mile—and in this way brought Kintyre under the compass of the grant, and fully established it as one of the islands of the Lords of the Isles.

The custom of taking boats across the isthmus of Tarbert was not an uncommon one in ancient times, and was resorted to sometimes by mariners to avoid the possibility of a stormy passage in rounding the Mull of Kintyre. Sir Walter Scott, in the "Lord of the Isles" thus refers to Bruce and his friends dragging their galleys across the peninsula :—

"Ever the breeze blows merrily,
But the galley ploughs no more the sea.
Lest, rounding wild Cantyre, they meet
The southern foeman's watchful fleet,
They held unwonted way ;—
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragged their bark the isthmus o'er,
As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,
Upon the eastern bay.
It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves,
By cliff and copse, and alder groves.
Deep import from that selcouth sign,
Did many a mountain Seer divine ;
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail
O'er Kilmaconnel moss,
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail
Before her silver Cross."

Kintyre for long remained one of the possessions of the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, who were the ruling power in the Western Highlands. This family, says Professor MacKinnon, were of mixed blood—Gaelic and Norse. In feeling, sympathy, and culture these men were wholly Gaelic. It used to be said of some English families that settled in Ireland that they were more Irish than the Irish themselves. So among ourselves the Norman Bruce was the most patriotic of Scots; and so also of the Macdonalds, as of other Highland chiefs in later times, such as the Frazers and Chisholms, it might be said that they were more Highland than others whose Gaelic descent was purer.

Tarbert Castle.

In our journey round the ancient castles of Kintyre we start with the northmost one, Tarbert Castle, the ruins of which stand on the summit of a lofty and precipitous rock situated at the entrance of the Eastern Loch. Its important position made it the key of Kintyre and one of the chief strongholds on the coast; and its strength must have been at one time very considerable. It is said to have been built by King Robert the Bruce in 1325, though some authorities hold that it existed prior to his reign, and that he merely strengthened and increased it. At anyrate within its walls King Robert held his court in 1326 when he was visited by Bishop Lamberton and Lord James Douglas. Here also the Lords of the Isles held many a merry feast: James II. resided in it for sometime, from which event down to the year 1494 it seems to be lost to history. In the last named year, however, the castle again emerges from obscurity and we read of it being repaired and provided with artillery by James IV. on the occasion of one of his visits to the Western Highlands.

During the usurpation of Cromwell, Tarbert Castle was garrisoned by the Roundheads till 1652 when it was captured by the Royalists. The next year that it comes into prominence is 1685 when it was the rendezvous of the Earl of Argyle in his abortive attempt to raise a rebellion in Scotland in support of the Duke of Monmouth's claim to the throne. From this time downwards we lose trace of anything important occurring in its history; and at the present day all that remains of the once stately mansion of the lion-hearted Bruce is a crumbling ruin—a sad memento of the stormy days of old—

"Where princes oft at wine and wassail sate
. . . . . There silence reigns,
Save that, beneath, amid the danky vaults,
Is heard, with fitful melancholy sound
The clammy dew-drops plashing.
. . . . . And now,
Embattled pile, farewell! to solitude
I leave thy ruins; though not more with thee,
Oftener than on the highways of the world,
Where throng the busy multitudes astir,
Dwells Solitude.

Skipness Castle.

Wending our way southwards along the coast the next castle we come to is that of Skipness, situated on the eastern shore of Kintyre. This castle is of great antiquity and is supposed to have been built by the Macdonalds. In 1261 it was held by Dugald, son of Sween, Prince of Denmark. According to Anderson's "Guide to the Highlands" it is the most perfect and interesting of the Argyllshire castles except Kilchurn. Its outer wall is 7 feet thick and 33 feet high, and measures 450 feet in circuit. At each of the two opposite corners is a small projecting tower of square shape. The main tower which occupies four stories in height stands within the wall and is protected on the north-east corner by a mid wall by which an inner court is formed. It had a regular warders' tower on the top and platforms ranged along the outer battlements for the defence of bowmen; while the outer gate was protected by two flanking towers and a portcullis worked in a small tower above it. Proofs of its great antiquity are also found in the fact that there are no corner turrets and that the stone stairs are inserted in the body of the walls.

The castle of Skipness does not appear to have figured much in history for practically nothing is known regarding it in this respect. Its beautiful and lonely situation, however, renders it particularly interesting to all who know it, and we trust that it may long remain one of the notable land marks of the rugged and stormy shore which forms its eastern boundary.

(To be concluded).

Clan Colquhoun Society.—A Meeting of this Society was held on 15th January, Mr. Neil C. Colquhoun, in the Chair. Mr. H. Colquhoun Hamilton, M.A., LL.B., read a very interesting paper on "The History and Traditions of the Clan Colquhoun," which we hope to publish in our columns shortly.

Gaelic Vocalists To The Front.—Many of our readers will be glad to learn that in the Competition for the Gold Medal (open to all Scotland) for the best amateur vocalist, which was held in the City Hall recently, two Gaelic Vocalists head the list, and are to take part in the final competition in March. These are Miss Lizzie B. Mackay, of the St. Columba Gaelic Choir, and Mr. Angus Brown, of the Glasgow Gaelic Musical Association. The revival of our Gaelic music is showing very encouraging results.

KILDUICH VISITED.

How pleasant the spot by the shore of Loch Duich
Where Mackenzies, Macraes, and Maclennans do rest:
They hear not the roar of the torrents that pour
From the mountains gigantic to east, south, and west.

A rare place of sepulture for the leal-hearted
Who loved the dear country in which they had birth,
Were I a Macrae, of Kintail, I would pray
To sleep my last sleep by the shores of this Firth.

Here Angus Macdonell, young heir of Glengarry,
In Death's narrow house lies bereft of his mail:
He came once too often Clan Choinnich to harry.—*
"Go not," said his sire; "heroes live in Kintail."

Mackenzie's proud Lady, from dark Eilean Donan,
Sent forth a fine birlinn,† with brave *Cabar Feidh*,‡
Who watched through the night, 'neath Macfarlane's blue light,§
On the black swirling tides of Alsh and Kyle Rhea.

"A boat heaves in sight; nay, disturb not its sailors,
But let them slip by—an advanced guard are they.
Here comes the chief galley, its crew are no quailers,
But give them a broadside! Lay on, *Cabar Feidh*!"

Behind are more galleys; the Mackenzies can see them;
In this one they hope, though, young Angus doth sail:
The brass dogs have bitten! Clan Donuil is smitten
Or drowned, near the *Cailleach*,** by crafty Kintail!

Fled, fled are the rest of Macdonell's wild clansmen:
They know not what ambush Kyle Rhea hath in store!
In this plight they abandon their ships when they land on
The coast of Strathardle.—Their ships, quite a score!

Of all who had manned the Clan Donuil's chief birlinn,
No member survived, save Glengarry's young heir;
And *he* breathed his last, before Kirkton†† was passed,
No priest by to shrive him, or offer a prayer.

The words so prophetic, yet scorned by young Angus,
Came speedily true: "You'll return not alive."
The wounds on his head, in his side, as they bled,
But told him the turbulent never can thrive.

Sad, sad was Mackenzie's fair Lady on seeing
Her foeman and kinsman brought dead to the hold.
"Let us pile to him cairns, and, with my own bairns,
He shall rest in Kilduich, that peaceable fold."

"Clyth," Newbury, ROBERT MACKENZIE COUPER.

[NOTES].

* In the year 1601, or 1602, Angus Macdonell, younger of Glengarry, against the wish of his aged father, made a raid on the Mackenzies of Lochcarron. Some of the Mackenzies *(Clan Choinnich)* hurried across the hills to Eilean Donan Castle, reported the raid, and, securing at Inverinate a fine new birlinn, were, with other heroes, equipped (in the absence of her husband, the chief) by Mackenzie's Lady, and sent forth to intercept the Macdonalds *(Clan Donuil)* as they returned in some twenty galleys through Kyle Akin.

† Birlinn—a barge or pleasure boat.

‡ *Cabar Feidh* (Caber Fey)—The Mackenzies.

§ The moon is called Macfarlane's lantern because, by its light, that clan used to descend from their Loch Sloy fastnesses to "lift" cattle, etc.

** The *Cailleach* (old woman) is a rock near the shore, between Kyle Akin and Kyle Rhea, on which the Macdonalds, mistaking it for the shore, attempted too hurriedly to land. This upset their birlinn.

†† Kirkton, of Loch Alsh.

A' GHAILIG ANN AM PLATHADH,

(THE GARLIC IN A TRANCE).

SIR—In reply to your kind letter just received, I now send you another Gaelic poem, which I hope will interest your Gaelic speaking readers, especially when I tell them how it came to be written. Some seven or eight months ago, while I was travelling through the remote interior of the Kingdom of Siam, we started one fine day from a river port named Pechim on our overland journey to Cochin-China. On the first night out, I and my few native followers had to encamp in an open field with only the blue skies for canopy. While lying quietly on my mattress that night, and gazing at the twinkling stars, the novel idea of *A' Ghàilig ann am plathadh*, or *The Gaelic in a Trance*, suddenly came into my head. It would not be true to tell your readers that I composed the whole of this rather long poem during the silent watches of that same night. But I did imprint the first three or four verses on the scroll of my memory, and conceived or *dreamt* (?) the whole idea of the poem which was afterwards filled in as the spirit moved.

Writers are said to be seldom good judges of their own productions, and this remark, they say, is particulary true of the poets—because poets are so vain! Otherwise I should feel inclined myself to put down *A' Ghàilig ann am plathadh* as the best Gaelic song I have ever written or am ever likely to write, and though your readers will probably differ as regards the intrinsic merit of the poem itself, yet I am sure many of them will feel amused by its somewhat romantic origin, especially those of them, who, like the writer, spend the best part of their lives in distant lands, while still clinging fondly to the heroic language of the Highland Gael.

Yours,

JOHN MACGREGOR, M.D.,

India, *Surgeon-Major, Indian Medical Service.*

A' GHAILIG ANN AM PLATHADH.

Am bruadar neonach a chunnaic am Bodach Odhar anns na h-Innsean, agus e faicinn na Canain Ghailig ann an riochd boirionnaich ro sgiamhach, agus ro cheanalta. Ach leubh agus faic.

AIR FONN:—

"Chunnaic mise bruadar 'dh' fhag luaineach an raoir mi.

SEISD:—

O, togaibh, togaibh fonn, togaibh fonn air a' Ghailig,
A' chanain ro uasal 'thug buaidh thar gach canain,
Bi'bh dileas d'ur sinnsear 's do'n dileab a dh'fhag iad,
'San subhachas no'n eiginn na treigibh gu brath iad.

Air oidhch'-eiginn araid air blar anns na h-Innsibh,
Air uachdar an fhuinn air mo dhruim na mo shineadh,
Gu 'n thoisich mi sealltuinn air dealradh nan speuran,
'S na rionnagan 'bha stiuradh an curs' feadh nan neamhan.
O, togaibh, etc.

Gu 'n bheachdaich mi geur air na reultan ro oirdhearc,
'S air morachd an Triath 'gan riaghladh cho gloirmhor,
Gach aon aca 'g imeachd gun sgios mar is miann leis,
'S a' seoladh feadh a' chuain 'tha gun uachdar gun iochdar.
O. togaibh, etc.

Fadheoidh thionndaidh m' inntinn gu beanntaibh nan Gaidheal,
An tir a rinn m' arach 's a b' fhearr leam thar ceudan,
'S air tuiteam an suain dhomh, 's mo smuain air tir m' eolais,
Gu'n thoisich mi ri bruailean le bruadar ro neonach.
O, togaibh, etc.

Air leam mi bhi 'n gleann leis na beanntaibh mu 'n cuairt air,
'S am fraoch frasach, boidheach, ri comhdach nam bruachan,
Tre iochdar a' ghlinn bha sruth binn cumail cursa,
Le torman ciuin ri seinn, 's ri cur m'inntinn fo thursa.
O, togaibh, etc.

Bha caoraich le 'n al anns gach aite ri meilich,
'S gu leor chearcan-fhraoich air feadh aonach nan sleibhtean,
Bha feidh air feadh bheanntan 'us ghleanntan mo dhuthcha,
'S an sluagh air fas ro ghann 's iad cho fann, bochd, fo thursa.
O, togaibh, etc.

Bha arda nan stucan gu muirreach, mar b' abhaist,
'S bha sgiamhachd nam frithean gu riomhach, glan, aluinn,
Ach O. faicinn caochladh nan raointean 'bu bhoidhche,
'S iad uil' air fas nam fasach gun aiteach, gun chomhnuidh.
O, togaibh, etc.

Oir O, bha na Gaidheil mar spreidh air am fuadach,
'S iad sgapte bho cheile mar threud bhochd gun bhuachaill,
'S an t-iarmad nach d' fhalbh, bha iad balbh anns a' chanain,
Bha blasda, binn, le 'n sinnsear feadh linntean gun aireamh.
O, togaibh, etc.

(Ri leantuinn.)

THE CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL SOCIAL GATHERING takes place in the Queen's Rooms, Glasgow, on Tuesday, 14th February, Mr. Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, in the Chair. Prominent members of the clan from all parts of the kingdom have promised to attend, and the Gathering promises to be the most successful ever held under the auspices of this flourishing Society. The programme is an extremely attractive one. The Tickets for this "Great Gathering of Clans" can be had at the following prices :—Concert, Adults, 1/- ; Juveniles, 6d. ; Assembly, 2/6. Apply, John Mackay, Hon. Secy., 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

THE JACOBITE MINSTRELSY OF BURNS.

By John Muir, F.S.A., Scot.

(*Continued from page* 78).

IN language very similar to that just quoted, the poet wrote to Lady Winnifred Constable:—

"With your Ladyship I have the honour to be connected by one of the strongest and most endearing ties in the whole world. Common sufferers, in the cause of heroic loyalty! Though my fathers had not illustrious honours and vast properties to hazard in the contest, though they left their humble cottages only to add so many units more to the unnoted crowd that followed their leaders, yet what they could they did, and what they had they lost: with unshaken firmness and unconcealed political attachments, they shook hands with ruin for what they esteemed the cause of their king and their country. This language and the enclosed verses are for your Ladyship's eye alone. Poets are not very famous for their prudence; but as I can do nothing for a cause which is now nearly no more, I do not wish to hurt myself."

The verses enclosed were copied from those sent to William Tytler, of Wordhouselee, the defender of Mary, Queen of Scots, from which we quote the following stanza:—

My fathers that name have revered on a throne,
My fathers have fallen to right it;
Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
That name should be scoffingly slight it.

The name the poet professes to hold in such high estimation is that of Stuart. In his poetical "Address to Edinburgh," he says retrospectively:—

Ev'n I, who sing in rustic lore,
Hap'ly my sires have left their shed
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold following where your fathers led.

Of nothing evidently was Burns more certain than that his ancestors had suffered in the cause of the Stuarts. Apparently the thought gave him considerable satisfaction; and he does not fail to give the fact due prominence when he thinks it may redound to his credit or that of his family. Politically speaking, it is here that Burns shows least to advantage: to-day, lamenting that "There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame;" to-morrow, proposing the health of George Washington at a banquet. He passes from pole to pole of politics but remains untouched by the equatorial splendour of "Heavenly Hanoverianism." It was the romance which even in his time attached to the personalities of the Stuart kings, and, no doubt, their misfortunes, sufferings, and heroic daring, that kindled his enthusiasm and set his heart on fire. But his intense patriotism would of itself be almost sufficient to account for his Jacobite predilections; and, as we have shown, the conviction that he himself had suffered through his fathers having been out in the '15 and '45, would accentuate his feelings and give that personal tone to his Jacobite minstrelsy which must not be confounded with the mere art of the poet. It is altogether distinct, autobiographic, and in no way related to the dramatic element so prominent in the best Scottish songs.

Our last quotation, which is also perhaps the most important of all as bearing directly on the subject, has not yet found its way into any life or edition of Burns. It is from the pen of Mr. Ramsay of Auchtertyre:—

"Burns, the poet, told me here in [the autumn of] the year 1787, that the Ayrshire clergy were in general as rank Socinians as himself. That poor man's principles were abundantly motley—he being a Jacobite, an Arminian, and a Socinian, The first he said was owing to his grandfather having been plundered and driven out in the year 1715, when gardner to [the] Earl Marishal at Inverury; the second to his great-grandfather, by the mother, having been shot at Airds Moss while with the Covenanters. His father, of whose sense and worth he spoke feelingly, was about to have turned Antiburgher Seceder, when Dr. Dalrymple was settled at Ayr. He was so much pleased with that gentleman's strain of preaching and benevolent conduct, that he embraced his religious opinions. But his son added, that for all that, he continued a Calvinist in practice, being as sober, and devout, and as attentive to the instruction of his children and servants, as formerly."

After perusing the foregoing historical and geneological notes, the reader will not be surprised to learn, that from a list drawn up by the writer it appears that Burns contributed in all twenty-nine songs to the Jacobite Minstrelsy. Like the "Jacobite Reliques," they might with profit be arranged and edited in a manner to yield all the light they are capable of throwing on the character of Burns and the events and persons which he celebrates. Hogg's volumes are not only inadequate, but, what is worse, inaccurate; aud, so far as Burns is concerned, they are as apocryphal and as useless as the Shepherd's labours as an editor of the same poet's works.

It is our intention, in the present series of articles, to arrange Burns' Jacobite songs in chronological order, accompanied by the music, and such historical and literary notes as are necessary to enable the reader to appreciate the poet's contributions to the Jacobite Minstrelsy.

THE DYING PILOT.

Open the window wide, guidwife,
Let me hear the sough o' the sea,
Let me watch aince mair the boats on the tide,
An' the snaw-white sea-gulls flee;
In the lang, lang years gane past,
Wi' the daur o' youth in my blood,
In the simmer win' or the wintry blast,
On its breist I aft wad scud :—
To pilot the ships comin' hame frae afar,
Owre the bar, Owre the bar.

The sun is settin' noo, guidwife,
An' the sea has left the sand,
But its caller breath fa's licht on my broo,
Like the touch o' an angel's hand;
Oh! it's dune, dune is the day,
An' the nicht lies low on the sea,
Nae mair I'll gang out in the mornin' grey
To the ships that wait for me:
An' pilot them hame as they come frae afar,
Owre the bar, Owre the bar.

My een are growin' dim, guidwife,
An' my heart is sinkin' doon,
An' I hear a sang like a bairnie's hymn,
Comin' sweetly frae aboon;
I maun sune, sune sail awa,
To the port whaur the weary rest,
Hush! I hear thro' the gloom my Pilot's ca'
As He comes frae The Harbour blest,
To pilot me there, whaur the angels are,
Owre the bar, Owre the bar.

Sunderland. WILLIAM ALLAN.

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

THE CENTENARY OF THE FIRST HIGHLAND SETTLEMENT IN GLENGARRY, CANADA.

MORE than one hundred and thirty years have passed since the Battle of the Plains of Abraham gave Canada to Britain, but it was not until the outbreak of the American War of independence that Canadian territory west of the Province of Quebec as bounded at the present day, became the home of the hardy Highlander. The first settlement of Gaels in the County of Glengarry was effected in 1775 on account of the war. The Highlanders remained loyal to Britain and left their homes in the beautiful and fertile Mohawk valley, driven by the fortunes of war to Glengarry. These settlers were joined by an influx of immigrants and men from disbanded regiments, and the foundation of a Gaelic country was speedily laid. In 1794 a shipload of Highlanders from Glenelg, Ross-shire, mainly MacLennans, MacLeods, MacMillans, MacGillivrays—40 odd families in all—landed on Canadian shores and travelled inland until they reached Glengarry where they settled. The centenary of this settlement was celebrated this Fall at Alexandria, Glengarry, in a manner befitting the interest and importance of the occasion. There was a large gathering. the leading men of the country were present, old inhabitants, one, old Christy MacLeod, 92 years of age, being an interested spectator. She was married to Ewan MacMillan in 1821. Their marriage was the first recorded in the township and it was celebrated by a grand Highland wedding.

A great many interesting relics of the last century, some of them having being brought in 1794 from Glenelg, were exhibited, and others, the rude makeshifts for utensils, tools, and implements made by the pioneers in the hoary woods of Canada.

The speeches were patriotic and reminiscent; the music of the great bagpipes and the costume of the Gael; as well as the spoken Gaelic. were evidence that the hearts of the descendants of the stalwarts of Glenelg are still Highland and that they remain true to the traditions of their race.

EVAN MACCOLL, THE LOCHFYNE BARD.

Bard Evan MacColl (Lochfyne) entered his 87th year on the 22st of September last. He is hale and hearty, his years lie lightly on him, and he does not look more than seventy. Here are a couple of verses composed for the occasion by that leal-hearted Highlander, Lieutenant Duncan MacGregor Crerar of New York :—

PRIOMH BHARD NAN GAIDHEAL.

BELOVED MACCOLL!

Inscribed with leal affection to Evan MacColl, on his Eighty-Seventh Birthday.

God bless this natal day to thee
A record new on thy life's scroll,
Now Eighty-Seven, 'charaid mo chridh'
Priomh Bhard nan Gaidheal, beloved MacColl!
When first to music oped mine ear
In classic, beauteous Amulree,
Thy chaste strains then voiced sweet and clear,
Blent with our fireside melodie.

They still are sung, and to thy fame,
As time rolls on, add lustre new,
Revered will be thine honoured name
For aye by loving hearts and true.
God bless this natal day to thee
A record new on thy life's scroll,
Now Eighty-Seven, 'charaid mo chridh',
Priomh Bhard nan Gaidheal, beloved MacColl!

Toronto, Canada. SGIAN DUBH.

THE AIRDRIE AND DISTRICT HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION held their Annual Gathering on 24th December, Mr. George F. J. Fenton-Livingstone, J.P., in the Chair. The hall was crowded, and the proceedings were characterised with the greatest enthusiasm. The Association is doing excellent work, and we hope all our readers resident in the district will become members. We intend giving a portrait of Mr. MacNab, president, in an early issue.

PAISLEY GAELIC CLUB.—We beg to remind our readers in Paisley that the Annual Gathering of this Club takes place on Friday, 1st March.

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

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DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

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THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

AMONG the grand old Scottish territorial titles, that of "Sutherland" enjoys the proud pre-eminence of representing the most ancient peerage in Britain, while Dunrobin—the ancestral castle—is the oldest inhabited house in the Kingdom.

There is every reason to suppose that King Malcolm Canmore, about the year 1097, conferred the newly introduced dignity of Earldom, on the Thane of Sutherland; but authenticated history dates from 1236, and William the great grandson of the traditional Thane, is generally styled the first Earl. From that noble sire,

DUNROBIN CASTLE, SUTHERLAND—THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

life and honours have been transmitted in unbroken succession to son or daughter, down the centuries to the present amiable nobleman, Cromertie-Sutherland-Leveson-Gower, the fourth Duke and twenty-third Earl of Sutherland—names at once suggestive of an ancient lineage. "Cromertie" recalls the late Duchess, who had restored to her by royal favour, the dignity of the Earldom of Cromartie forfeited by her ancestor in 1746—Prince Charlie's fateful year: "Sutherland" dates back to a very remote period, and embraces descent from the Royal House of Bruce: "Leveson" is the English line through the first Duke, which goes back as far as the beginning of the thirteenth century to Richard Leveson of Willenhall, Stafford: the "Gower" descent is from Sir Allan Gower of Stittenham, a contemporary of William the Conqueror; a later branch connects the family with the Royal House of Tudor. Indeed, so

interwoven are the relationships of the House of Sutherland with the great families of the Kingdom that nearly all the nobility might be addressed with truth "their beloved cousins."

The Duke was born at Dunrobin Castle in July, 1851, and spent his childhood between his Sutherland and Staffordshire homes, and their princely palace, Stafford House, London. Dunrobin with its grandeur of scenery, and Trentham Hall with its unrivalled gardens and stately Park divided his affections, but he ever evinced a partiality for the far north. He was educated at Eton, and on leaving it entered the 2nd Life Guards as Lieutenant. He continued to take an interest in military affairs, and eventually rose to be Lieutenant-Colonel of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs, Duke of Albany's Own), and on resigning was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel and Honorary Colonel of the Staffordshire Yeomanry Cavalry.

When twenty-three years of age, he entered the unreformed Parliament of 1874 by the easy door of the Sutherland constituency, which numbered then only 325 electors. But the Marquess of Stafford (by which courtesy title he was at that period addressed) at once became an earnest student of social and land reform, and by the close of the next decade had become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the times, and was in advance of any of the great landowners of the country. The following extract from the newspapers of 1884 illustrates the liberal policy which he was willing at this time to urge on the legislature:—

"The Marquess of Stafford has written on the grievances of the Highland Crofters what will probably prove to be an 'epoch-making' letter. The heir to the estates on which took place the far-famed Sutherland clearances pronounces the holdings of the crofters to be inadequate in size, and their security of tenure to be insufficient. He is ready to co-operate in removing the first of these grievances and in procuring full compensation for the improvements of outgoing tenants. This, he is of opinion, would check both arbitrary evictions and augmentations of rent."

When the extension of the County Franchise took place in 1885, and the electorate of Sutherland was thereby increased nearly tenfold, the Marquess contested that most democratic of all counties, and unhesitatingly asked the suffrages of the electors on his advanced programme, and his personal wish to carry it out, at least on the Sutherland estates.

On his return to Parliament, he at once introduced a Crofters' Bill, which was far more radical than the measure the Government eventually framed and passed.

The House of Sutherland have ever been on the side of religious and civil liberty, and liberal in politics. The Marquess was true to its traditions, but the Irish question of 1886 caused much heart searching; and he, doubtless with the shadow over him of his great ancestor who signed the Solemn League and Covenant, took rather the religious than the national view of that burning question. For this, and other weighty reasons, he retired from Parliament, having represented Sutherland for twelve years.

The ancestral estate of the Bana-Mhorair-Chat—the Duchess-Countess—was extensive, but, when the first Duke largely added to it in the beginning of the century by purchasing the adjoining properties (some of which had temporarily passed from the House of Sutherland under wadset; and others had from an early date, been held under the Earls as feudal superiors), until he had bought nearly the whole county, it resembled in size and management a petty kingdom. The Duke was the Autocrat, the Commissioner was his Prime Minister, the three Factors were great divisional governors and members of his Privy Council, and the estate offices were miniature government departments. Such paternal administration, however well-intentioned, could not escape criticism, and here again the Marquess showed how well abreast he was of the spirit of the age, if not actually in advance. He courted enquiry into the management of his great estates by the Crofters' Commissioners, was solicitous that fair rents should be determined after the fullest enquiry, that holdings should be enlarged where practicable, and that all the benefits of the Act should be given to his tenantry.

Since his accession to the Dukedom, he has initiated another most interesting land movement, whereby his tenants may buy out their holdings, thus redeeming the promises he made in 1884, to establish if posssible a peasant proprietory in Sutherland.

On 20th October, 1884, His Grace married Lady Millicent Fanny St. Clair Erskine, daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn. In Her Grace the Duke has a partner who forwards all his schemes for the advancement of the people, and who recognises the grave responsibilities attaching to their exalted position and opportunities.

Last September, the royal burgh of Dornoch for its own sake, and as interpreting a sentiment which was shared in by the entire county, presented the freedom of its ancient town to the Duke.

The limit of space prevents reference to His Grace's recent movement for increased harbour accommodation along the coast, and the practicability of constructing light railways in the North of Scotland and Midlands of England.

The Duke of Sutherland is now in his forty-fourth year, and will, we trust, have a long and

useful life before him. As an instrument in God's hand, he will endeavour faithfully to discharge his part "without fear," acting up to the family motto; and may not the great communities on his vast estates, both in England and Scotland, co-operate and "fear not?"

D. W. KEMP.

COAT OF ARMS OF DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

IN this happy country where pleasant social intercourse may be enjoyed unfettered by arbitrary customs, there is rarely awanting in all ranks of society some romantic incident during that interesting period which precedes betrothal.

The engagement of Lady Millicent Fanny St. Clair Erskine to the Marquess of Stafford was not without its little romance.

There was to be a dinner party at her father's—the late Earl of Rosslyn's—but when the guests arrived, among whom was the Marquess, it was observed that the company consisted of that unlucky number—thirteen. Of course, nobody readily admits being superstitious, yet it was thought advisable to have a fourteenth at the table, so a younger member of the family, Lady Millicent, was introduced, then only in her seventeenth year. The Marquess it would appear found the *fourteenth* by no means the least interesting member of the company;—the Fates had planned it, and Cupid did the rest,—shortly thereafter they were engaged.

The marriage took place on the 20th October, 1884, by special licence in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, London, when a brilliant company graced the ceremony, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, and a large number of the nobility.

Tne Earl of Rosslyn seemed quite sad parting with his beloved daughter, and remarked, "They are taking my clever child from me; I had so looked forward to educating her." He came of a cultured race, and was himself a highly accomplished and quite a literary man. He married Blanche-Adeliza, second daughter of Henry Fitz-Roy, Esq., and widow of the Hon. Charles Maynard.

The Rosslyn family have had an illustrious ancestry; they can trace (although remotely,) lineage from

"the lordly line of high St. Clair,"

and from many of the ancient Scottish nobility. The title was bestowed on the late Earl's great-grandmother's brother—that prince of partisans, Lord Chancellor Loughborough—Alexander Wedderburn.

In 1885 when the Marquess of Stafford contested the County of Sutherland, the Marchioness assisted in the election campaign with conspicuous tact and energy.

From October, 1886, to June, 1887, the Marquess and Marchioness travelled abroad, and visited India, Ceylon, Burmah, China, Japan, Australia, United States, and Canada. The Marchioness is a keen observer, and kept a minute and interesting diary. In 1889 she yielded to the pressure of friends to become an Authoress and published the Tour, under the attractive title of "How I spent my Twentieth Year." Verses in *Blackwood* and articles in other Magazines have from time to time appeared from her pen, but chiefly under a 'nom de plume.'

The Marchioness from the very first has taken the greatest pleasure in fostering the Sutherland Home Industries, and at the recurring annual Exhibition and Sale of Work, whether in the Town Hall of Inverness, in the Countess of Dudley's London mansion, or in Golspie, she was the foremost saleswoman, and from the platform delivered earnest addresses on behalf of the objects of the Exhibition. In pushing the sale of tweeds, etc., in all seasons for the benefit of the cottage workers, she has been most successful, and did it in a thoroughly business-like manner.

Since her Ladyship became Duchess of Sutherland in 1892 she has been even more devoted in devising schemes for ameliorating the condition of the people of Sutherland, Staffordshire, and some parts of London. One of the latest movements of Her Grace is that of raising funds for supplying District Nurses in all the parishes of Sutherland. For this purpose a Bazaar is to be held at Dunrobin in the autumn of this year, and the writer of this sketch would commend the scheme to any of the readers of the

Celtic Monthly who may be able to help so praiseworthy an object, either in money or articles for sale.

The Duchess loves work, and true to the Sutherland motto, says to her self-imposed labours:—

"You may break, but shall not bend me."

D. W. KEMP.

CLAN ORGANISATION.

By MAJOR MARTIN MARTIN, R.E.

(*Continued from page* 86).

THERE is nothing inherently absurd in a modern clan with a future before it, as well as a past clan with a history behind it.

In fact the absurdity is the other way. It is impossible to have a firm and prosperous state without the existence of family ties to rest the superstructure upon, and the clan is merely a local and intermediate, but highly valuable and practical community midway between the family and the state, and fostering and furthering the solidity of both the relations of kinship and citizenship. It is to the new world that we must look for the regeneration of the old. It is to the newer race of Highlanders who have acquired some power, wealth and resource abroad that we must appeal if the Highlands are to be preserved to the original inhabitants.

Hence, whenever a clan society advances in power sufficiently to attempt to put its ideas into stone and mortar—in modern language to build an institute or club, it is in its own clan territory that such a nucleus of future power will best find a theatre for its exercise, and a rallying point for the prosecution of its objects.

If then the argument has been consistent so far, we have arrived at one definite and concrete object among those aims that have been set forth, viz:—the erection of a Clan Institute, free to all clansmen according to their means, capacity, and position, placed in the clan territory it is hoped to reconquer for the clan mainly.

Such institutes are at once erected by other societies.—

The Salvation Army, which aims at the cure of souls, finds it necessary to begin with Barracks; the Primrose League which only converts political opinion seeks early a Home for its habitations; Conservative, Liberal, and Masonic bodies all run into stone and mortar as soon as they begin to feel their way, and surely the claims of clanship are no less worthy of being given a substantial form in the shape of a roof tree.

Around such an institute, which would be the gathering place of clansmen who wished to return home from the colonies or abroad, would be formed a township of smaller houses, and an occupation for minor industries.

At present, returning clansmen with small fortunes or a modest independence have no footing in their old homes.. Only the very rich can afford a Highland estate—only the very poor are required in small numbers to minister to the small trade encouraged. And yet it is the substantial resident with some, but not necessarily large capital, who is most required in the Highlands.

The Highland crofter has obtained many benefits. He still wants others. Among others, will any here deny that he needs, 1st.—Steady employment and the wages this brings. 2nd.—A market for his simple productions. 3rd.—An example to stimulate his energies? All these are favoured by clansmen electing to live in their ancestral homes.

Far more the resident with all the old sympathy for his countrymen, which arises from community of blood and instinct,

This object of course demands money, but it is more in the way of venturing capital and enterprise in the Highlands that these can now be benefitted, than in the old fashion of buckling on sword and target and following the chief to the field. That even may be wanted still, but the present enterprise most needed is financial sacrifice. The provision of means for all objects mentioned will be dealt with under the head of organisation. The objects and aims must precede and ordain the means to be adopted.

THE CONSTITUTION OF A CLAN SOCIETY.

The Society is presumably constituted of all the members of the clan who can be induced to give their adhesion—that is to say all MacDonalds, M'Donnells, MacConnells, MacCalls, MacEachans, MacIsaacs, MacIlwraiths, MacInnes, MacIans, MacKeans, some Martins, etc.

The first step in this, as in every other organisation, is registration. A vast amount of clerks' work is required to circularise and bring in the outlying members of so large a clan—said to number 36,000 of the name of MacDonald alone in Scotland.

As a first step to obtaining members and their subscriptions a large proportion of the floating balance of money available (apart from

NOTE,—There are more MacDonalds in Canada probably than any other part of the world.

MAJOR RICHARD AGNEW FRASER.

the funded property of the society) must in the beginning be spent on printing and circulars. The clerkly labour would it is hoped be largely unpaid, and indeed might in a measure be undertaken by lady volunteers—to borrow again from our example of the "Primrose League" or "The Women's Liberal Federation," as we feel disposed.

There appear to be some 460 MacDonald householders in Glasgow by the directory, there are probably 300 in Edinburgh, as many in London and important sections in Melbourne, Sydney, Calcutta, Bombay, Cape Town, Montreal, New York, etc. All city directories have to be searched and clansmen circularised

Again there are about 80 Clan Officers in the Army, Militia, and Volunteers, besides Colonial and Indian Forces not included. There are the Navy, Clergy, Law, and Civil Service lists to be searched and clansmen to be ferreted out. If the Society searches and cares for these, many will respond to a Society which they find to be active and energetic as well as possessed of definite aims.

Special value would attach to a bureau where discharged or reserve soldiers and sailors of clan names could apply for employment and situations.

PROPOSED CLAN MACDONALD INSTITUTE.

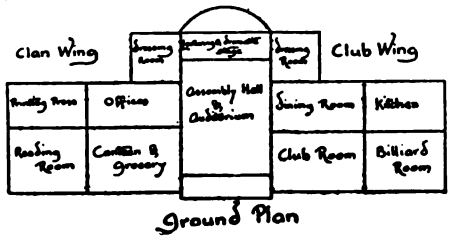
A small secretariat would be needed for this, and to be in communication with all regiments and ships, and posted with the names and characters of clansmen presently serving.

These would fight no less well for being remembered by their kin, in fact it is the homeless scallywag that turns out unsatisfactorily, not the man who values his home and is esteemed in it.

Second only to registration comes the question of

FINANCE.

It is of course impossible to estimate the resources of the clan until all the members have been brought in that is practicable to gather in the meshes—out of the 60,000 it probably comprises.



Some such rule as the following, which is in force in one of the oldest Highland Societies (with a capital of some £11,000) seems desirable.

One half of all subscriptions (whether £2 or 2/6) to be funded. Only the remaining half to be spent in propoganda, bursaries, relief of distressed clansmen, prizes at schools, and for pipe music, dancing, etc., of course under strict rule, through the authorised executive officers, and subject to audit. The funded half continually increases therefore, until spent in some grander enterprise by general consent. If spent on an Institute for instance, provision might be made that the Institute was self-supporting. Some at least of the enterprises undertaken by the clan might prove productive and remunerative.

The bursaries, charity, etc., can only very indirectly be considered remunerative. Most people regard charity as outgoing, and though in a sense it is returned four fold it is not in a commercial sense usually! Neither financial nor any other clan business can be conducted without regular and business like meetings, both of the working committees and the main body of the clan.

Hitherto no mention has been made of Glasgow. Many clansmen regard Glasgow as the main centre of Highland residence. No question of the precedence of one centre over another should be permitted however to mar the unity of the clan in its furtherance of the objects it decides to pursue, and the actual Head-Quarter might easily shift annually between Edinburgh, Glasgow, Inverness, etc., or be settled by general vote.

If a general line of action is decided on it is best to leave local branches great latitude in minor proceedings. Besides acquiring funds it might be necessary for the Society to contract loans for its objects in connection with railways or other companies interested in developing the Highlands.

But this paper has now reached the limit of suggestion, and details can be filled in readily by those competent to judge of the practicability of the courses indicated. One thing is certain—many look to Clan Societies to achieve some of the promise they shewed. Governments and our southern countrymen are somewhat weary of tirades about the poverty and helplessness of the Highlanders, and expect an effort from within the body.

Does the division by clans still promise a concentration of effort on each clan territory conveniently organised for such action, the sum of the efforts being the amelioration and preservation of the whole?

It is for you, gentlemen, to decide the question. [CONCLUDED.]

A HIGHLAND LOCH.

Of all the lakes in foreign lands
There's none so dear to me;
As the loch that lies at the foot
of the hills
Close by the western sea.

It mirrors the radiant sunshine fair,
And the moon's soft, silvery light;
And the throbbing stars love to gaze in its depths
In the breathless hush of night.

It is fair in its pure, white loveliness
When the hills are robed in snow,
When the winter winds sweep o'er the loch,
And wail in the glens below.

'Neath the glories of the summer skies,
It glows like molten gold,
And the mountains high encompass it
Like the holy city of old.

And a holy place it seemeth to me,
For the beauty of God is there,
And the waves' soft sound, and the whisp'ring
winds
Seem the voices of praise and prayer.

Grand are the lakes in foreign lands!
But dearer far to me
Is the bonnie loch at the foot of the hills
Near the shores of the western sea.

Beauly. LIZZIE ROSS.

CLAN MACDONALD ALMANAC.—We have been favoured with a copy of this handsome Clan Almanac, which is certainly one of the most curious and useful novelties that have yet originated from the Clan movement. On it are displayed in colour the Arms of the various branches of the great Clan Donald, as well as correct representations of their tartans. It may be mentioned that the Almanac is due to the enterprise of Major Martin, R.E., assisted in the historical portion by the Rev. A. MacDonald of Killearnan; and by Mr. J. G. Mackay, Portree, who is one of of our best authorities on the Clan tartans; and the whole have been carried out with very great pains and artistic ability by Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, Edina Works, Edinburgh, from whom copies can be had, price 2/6. Only those who are acquainted with the difficulties of colour printing, especially as regards representing tartans, can appreciate the accuracy and heavy work involved in the drawing required. We feel assured that the "Clan Almanac" will have a large sale.

MAJOR RICHARD AGNEW FRASER, BUNCHREW.

MAJOR RICHARD AGNEW FRASER, who was born on 22nd January, 1858, had from his earliest years a leaning towards the profession of a soldier, and on his completing his twentieth year he entered the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. From there he was gazetted on the 11th May, 1878, to the 78th Highlanders, in which regiment he saw active service in Afghanistan, and received the medal for that campaign.

On returning home he was for a time stationed at Fort George, and while there he was selected as one of the officers to accompany the detachment, consisting of a hundred picked men, chosen to represent the Seaforth Highlanders at Windsor, on the occasion of the marriage of the late Duke of Albany, and in the same year was further honoured by being appointed one of the officers

BUNCHREW HOUSE.

of Her Majesty's Guard of Honour at Balmoral.

Although he retired from the Army two years later, the Major did not cease to take a warm interest in military matters, and was induced to accept a commission in the 1st V. B. Cameron Highlanders, as Captain of "G" Company, Beauly, in 1884.

In July, 1889, he was promoted to the rank of Major, which position he filled so successfully that on the 21st June, 1890, Brigadier General Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Commanding the Highland Volunteer Brigade, selected him as his Brigade-Major, and as such he has won for himself golden opinions from all ranks during the encampments of the Brigade both at Fort George and Invergordon.

The post of Brigade-Major during Camp is an onerous one, that officer having to be on duty early and late, looking after the multifarious details which devolve on him, and although the gallant Major had more than his share of work, much of the success which attended the Brigade encampments was due to his cheery disposition and unvarying good temper. In connection with the Highland Brigade Camp at Invergordon in 1893 it may

be mentioned as a fact interesting to Highlanders, and one which the Major is very proud of, that the Volunteers possessed a band of 79 pipers—the largest number of pipers brought together, so far as the writer knows, since the days of the "Hundred-Pipers and a'," famed in song.

A splendid horseman, Major Fraser is seen to advantage when riding, and in the uniform of a Brigade-Major he looks a typical officer.

In the Army as well as in the Volunteers the Major's urbanity and good nature have won for him many friends, and at his residences at Bunchrew and Dunlichity he is held in the greatest respect and esteem by all classes.

He is an excellent performer on the bagpipes, and his familiar figure is always to be seen at Highland Gatherings where his services are much in request as a judge of pipe music.

"*Gu ma fada beò e.*"

Inverness. ALEX. FRASER.

CADAL.

An do thréig thu' nochd mo chluasag
'S mi 's an t-seòmar fhuar leam fhìn?
Thig air sgiathan sèimh do shuaimhneis,
'S dùin mo shùil an suain na sìth.

Tàlaidh mi gu tìr nam bruadar
Far nach cluinn mi fuam na strìth;
Far nach fhaic mi bròn no buaireas,
'S amhgharaibh an t-sluaigh 'g an claoidh.

Treòirich mi gu tìr mo shòlais,
'S dachaidh m' òige an tìr nam beann,
'S anns an taisbeanadh mi 'còmhradh
Ris an òigridh chaomh a bh' ann.

An an aisling chiùin na h-oidhche
Foillsich dhomh mar ann an dealbh,
Laithean sona, subhach, aoibhneach,
'Bh' agam leis a' chloinn a dh' fhalbh.

Sinn a mireag mar a b' àbhaist
Air an àilean fhalain ùr;
'S mu na preasan duilleach blàthmhoi,
Eoin nan àrd a' seinn dhuinn ciùil.

Thus' a charaide nan truaghan,
A thiormaicheas bho 'n gruaidh na deòir,
'S tù bheir furtachd bho gach buaireadh,
Agus uallach a bhios òirnn.

'N uair bhios trioblaidean mu 'n cuairt duinn,
'S na neòil ghruamach os ar cinn,
Mar an long air feadh nan stuadhan.
Air ar luasgadh anns na tuinn.

Thig thu 'n sin mar léigh nam buadhan,
'S bheir thu fuasgladh dhuinn 'n a thràth;
'S cha bhi cùimhn' air strìth nan cuantan
N a do chluainibh tairis tlàth.

O! na tréig an nochd mo chluasag,
'S mi cho tiamhaidh fuar leam fhìn,
Thig air sgiathan sèimh do shuaimhneis,
'S dùin mo shùil an suain na sìth.

N. MACLEOD.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

THE MACFARLANES' GATHERING.

('THOGAIL NAM BO).

SIR.—On page 39 of one of your back numbers, which I cannot quote, you give the urlar of this piobaireachd, and a note thereto by "C. M. P." informs us that it was reputedly composed by Andrew, chief of the clan, son of Sir John who fell at Flodden.

The similarity of the air to "Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen" must strike everyone. If it was composed shortly after Flodden it must have been taken south by the Scottish Court of James VI., and possibly became popular in England. Sheridan seems to have adopted it in its English form, and used it to his words "Here's to the maiden," which was one of the songs in his "School for Scandal," written in the 17th century.

This is not the only instance of a Highland piobaireachd becoming thus anglicized, for about 1857 the English Music Hall Song "Kayfoozlum" made its appearance as a novelty, though in reality nothing but the piobaireachd "Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor," which I am told is the Stuarts' Gathering to Sheriffmuir, and am introducing it as such in my coming book of piobaireachdan "Ceol Mor." I shall be glad if any of your correspondents, knowing better, will betimes correct me as to the title, because I have also heard it has been claimed by the Macintyres as their Gathering.

Do you think you could manage to get me the two following pibrochs, viz:—"Teachd Chloinn Donnachaidh" said to have been composed at Bannockburn, and "Cruinneachadh nan Camronach." They both seem to be extant, but I cannot get them. Keith Cameron of the 74th H. L. I., son of the famous piper Donald Cameron, told me that he thought the Gathering of the Camerons was "Cnocan Ailean Mhic Iain," which I have found among D. Macdonald's MSS., and am publishing in "Ceol Mor."

India. yours, CEOL MOR.

FALKIRK HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION.—The Monthly Meeting of this Association was held in the Masonic Hall—Mr. D. MacPherson, Postmaster, in the chair. There was a large attendance. Provost MacPherson of Kingussie gave a most interesting lecture on "Highland Customs," dealing specially with the period of the '45, which was listened to with much delight by the large audience, who showed their appreciation by frequent applause. The Annual Social Gathering of this Association takes place on 8th March.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

OIGH MO RUIN.—THE MAID OF MY HEART.

KEY G. *Moderato.* AIR, "SKYE BOAT SONG."

CHORUS.

: s_1 | s_1 :-.l_1: s_1 | d : — : d | r :-.m: d | s : — : m | m :-.r: m | l_1 : — : l_1 | s_1 : — : — | — : —

An Eilean a' cheò, Fo sgàil nam beann mòr, Tha tuineachas òigh mo rùin.
Over in Skye, Where mountains are high, The maiden dwells I love best.

: | s_1 :-.l_1: s_1 | d : — : d | r :-.m: d | s : — : m | m :-.r: m | l_1 : — : l_1 | s_1 : — : — | — : — ‖ FINE.

Séid, a ghaoth luath, G'am ghiùlan gu tuath Air bharraibh nan stuadh a nùnn.
Blow, ye swift gales, And fill the white sails That carry me to the west.

VERSE.

: m | m : d : m | m : — : r | r : l_1 : r | r : — : d | d : l_1 : d | d : — : d | l_1 : — : — | — : —

Bha m' aigne ach fann, Air talamh nan Gall, Gun ise bhi ann fo m' shùil—
The Lowlands out here Were dismal and drear What time she was far away—

: m | m : d : m | m : — : r | r : l_1 : r | r : — : d | d : l_1 : d | d : — : d | l_1 : — : — | — : — ‖ D.C.

Caomhag nam beus D' an d' thug mi mòr-spéis—Co gheal ris a' ghréin a cliù!
The gentle, the sweet, The tidy, the neat, Whose heart was as clear as day!

Bruadar an raoir—
Mi 'laidhe 'san fhraoch
'Nam aonar aig taobh a' chùirn,
A' feitheamh mo ghràidh,
'S i 'tighinn 'nam dhàil—
'S e neartaich mo chàil as ùr.

I dreamed yesternight
I lay on the height
And looked away down the glen;
There saw I my dear,
And when she came near,
It made my heart light again.

Na 'n robh mi mar eun,
Gu 'n siùbhlainn troimh 'n speur
Air sgiathaibh bu déine lùgh,
Gun mhoille, gun tàmh;
'S nuair ruiginn a làth 'r,
Gu 'm fillinn mo ghràdh rium dlùth.

If I could but fly
Afar through the sky,
This moment would I depart;
To Skye I would fare,
And when I got there,
I'd press my love to my heart.

Na 'm faighinn mo mhiann,
Gu 'm bithinn 'nam thriath,
'S gu 'n togainn air sliabh mo dhùn;
'S gu 'n riaghlainn ri m' bheò
An Eilean a' cheò,
'S 'gam chòmhnadh bhiodh òigh mo rùin.

If fate would accord
To make me a lord,
I'd build on a hill my tow'r;
In Skye I would stay
And exercise sway,
With her as my guiding pow'r.

Gu 'n trusainn an sluagh
Do 'n fhearann mu 'n cuairt,
'S gu 'm fógrainn gach uaill o 'n ùir;
'S gu 'm fàgainn do m' ghràdh
Bhi leigheas gach cràidh
Le solus caoin, blàth a gnùis.

The people who toil
I'd put on the soil;
To pride I would give no place;
My love I would leave
To soothe those who grieve
With the light of her lovely face.

LE CALUM MAC PHARLAIN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MARCH, 1895.

CONTENTS.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND (with plates), - 101
CLAN ORGANISATION (illustrated), - - - - - - - 104
A HIGHLAND LOCH (poem), - - - - - - - - 106
MAJOR RICHARD AGNEW FRASER, BUNCHREW (with plate), - 107
CADAL (poem), - - - - - - - - - - 108
LETTER TO THE EDITOR—THE MACFARLANES' GATHERING—'THOGAIL NAM BO, - - - - - - - - - 108
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—OIGH MO RUIN—THE MAID OF MY HEART, 109
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - - 110
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part VII. (illustrated), 111
JAMES MACGREGOR, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE (with plate), - - 114
FAMOUS HIGHLAND BARDS—No. V. "JOHN 'ROY' STUART," 114
W. C. MACKENZIE, LONDON (with portrait), - - - - - 117
THE RUINED CASTLES OF KINTYRE (illustrated), - - - - 118

THREE NOTABLE HIGHLANDERS.

SINCE our last issue three notable Highlanders have passed away. The aged chief of the Clan MacLeod died in Paris, and has been laid to rest in the family burying place in the Isle of Skye. He is succeeded in the chiefship by his son, Major Norman M. MacLeod, of Dalvey, who is a worthy descendant of a long line of noble ancestors. The Rev. Alexander Mackay, LL.D., F.R.G.S., a kinsman of our own, died in the Isle of Wight. The Dr. was a native of Caithness, and author of a standard series of geographical works popularly known as "Mackay's Geographies." To many he will be best known as the father of the noble young "Mackay of Uganda," the missionary, whose memoir from the pen of his talented sister, recently attracted a great deal of attention. Mr. Robert Fergusson of Stirling (whose portrait and biographical sketch appeared in our issue of Nov. '93, Vol. II., No. 2.) has also passed away. He was a most enthusiastic Highlander, and loved the Gaelic dearly. To both Dr. Mackay and Mr. Fergusson we were indebted for encouragement and valuable assistance in originating the *Celtic Monthly*, and they have been its hearty supporters ever since. Their death will be regretted by a very large circle of our readers.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WE will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Mr. and Mrs. W. Dalziel Mackenzie, of Farr, Inverness-shire; Mr. G. J. Campbell, Sheriff of Lewis; and Mr. William Grant, Manchester, a prominent member of the Clan Grant; with biographical sketches. Portraits and sketches will also appear of the late Colonel Skinner of Hamilton, Canada, a native of Tain, Ross-shire; and Rev. Henry Ross, LL.D., Lancaster, held over from this issue. We regret that we have had again to hold over several contributions which we hoped to insert this month, but will endeavour to publish these in our next number.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Seventh Annual Gathering of the Clan was held in the Queen's Rooms, on Thursday Evening, 14th February—Mr. Alexander Mackay, Charing Cross, in the Chair, and was supported on the platform by Messrs. George J. Mackay, J.P., Ex.-Mayor of Kendal, President of the Society, J. W. Mackay, Treasurer, George Mackay, Blairmore, Vice-President, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, Hon. Secretary, John Mackay, Vice-President, Lieutenant William Mackay, Major Martin Martin, R.E., Surgeon Major J. MacGregor, M.D., of India, Provost Cameron, Kirkintilloch, W. G. Davidson, Ranald W. MacDonald, John S. Mackay, Thurso, George Mackay, Perth, A. Græme MacLaverty, of Chanting Hall, Neil C. Colquhoun, Miss Annie Mackay, Clan Bardess, etc., and representatives from kindred societies. The chairman gave a most interesting address, dealing specially with the influence which the society has wielded in furthering the interests of the people of Sutherland in connection with harbours and railways, and advocating a system of light railways for the north Highlands to assist the fishing industry. Mr. George J. Mackay, Kendal, also gave a stirring address, strongly urging the necessity of starting a Charitable Fund to be devoted entirely to the relief of the poorer members of the clan. He also referred to Mr. Mackay, Hereford's, generous offer to contribute £100 to the Clan Bursary Fund if other members raised £200, and hoped that this would speedily be done. He considered that an Institute and Reading Room for all the clans should be opened in Glasgow, where clansmen could meet for mutual benefit. Mr. Mackay appealed to every Mackay to join the society, for it had already done good service, and he hoped to make his year of office a record one in the history of the society, and he would leave nothing undone to bring this about. Surgeon Major J. MacGregor, a native of Lewis, also addressed the gathering. He expressed his great delight at being present at a social gathering of the Mackay clan, for whom he had always the highest respect, for they ever proved themselves thorough Highlanders. He urged them strongly to keep alive the dear old Gaelic language, and gave some interesting personal reminiscences of his experiences in India.

The musical programme was an excellent one, and the gathering proved a great success. The dance which followed was also largely attended, and a very enjoyable night was spent.

It may be mentioned that Mr. G. J. Mackay, President, has put down his name for a donation of £10 toward the Bursary Fund.

SHERIFF CAMPBELL ON THE "CELTIC MONTHLY."—We are indebted to Sheriff Campbell of Stornoway, who recently presided at the Sutherlandshire Gathering in Glasgow, for his flattering reference to the *Celtic Monthly* in his opening address. In speaking of Sutherland men he said—"Then we have Mr. John Mackay, Kingston, Glasgow, the Editor of the brightest, most energetic, and most successful *Celtic Monthly* in the country." If other friends would take an example from the learned Sheriff the circulation of the "brightest *Celtic Monthly* in the country" would soon be doubled.

PART VII.—(*Continued from page* 84).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

THE very first shock disordered them. In less than ten minutes they were heaped together, forced back into Genappe, through and beyond Genappe, with such loss that they gave Uxbridge no further molestation that day. It was a brilliant feat of arms, a prelude to what the British cavalry were to do next day.

The whole of Wellington's disposable army for the morrow's contest was now in position in front of Mont St. Jean by five o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th. Two hours afterwards the French were seen arriving at Rosomme, on the opposite heights, and before sundown a magnificent array of them of all arms could be descried taking up their positions for the night, in formidable numbers, a little more than a mile away.

The bivouac on the night of the 17th was the most cheerless and dreary that can possibly be imagined. No sooner did the troops compose themselves to obtain the rest they so much needed, after nearly forty hours' marching and fighting, than the weather became most inclement, furious gales of wind, heavy bursts of rain, vivid flashes of lightning and re-echoing peels of thunder-crashes rent the air, lasting all night long, a fitting prelude to the stormy and fiery work of the next day. It was such a night as few of the veterans of the Peninsula ever recollected or experienced.

Fortunately that night, however discomforted by the inclemency of the weather, however tired and fatigued officers and men were, they were elated by the success of the resistance they made to the French at Quatre Bras, they were fully aware of what they had to do on the morrow, and aware too, of what their country expected them to do. Every man, forgetting all privation and fatigue, nerved himself for the occasion; there was too much excitement of spirit, too strong a determination in every breast, to minimise discomfort. Hopes were high, old veterans recounted the number of times they had beaten the enemy in Spain, in the south of France, in Egypt, and in Sicily, and to-morrow they would beat "Boney" himself, give him a sound thrashing, add new laurels to their colours, additional glory to the arms of their country, or die to defend them.

The morning of the 18th June, 1815, "Waterloo Day," broke gloomily and slowly, watery clouds hovered around, but towards eight o'clock it gradually brightened into sunshine. Scarcely had morning dawned than numerous groups of men rising from their sodden and uncomfortable "lairs" of the dreary night were seen in motion; making fires, drying of clothes, cleaning of arms, and cooking became general. Drums, trumpets and bugles, and the war pipes of the Highland regiments could be heard all around. Inspections, tellings off, and other preparatory arrangements went on for the coming contest of heroes,—a contest, the severity of which everyone was aware would be of the most trying kind, but every Briton was determined to give a good account of himself in the fray, prove true to his regiment, true to the colours under which he would fight. A struggle which was to decide the fate of Europe,

whether to remain under the thraldom and domination of France ruled by Napoleon, or have peace and tranquillity by his defeat and downfall.

The French were also early astir, making their arrangements, bands playing, generals marshalling their brigades and divisions, and taking up their assigned positions, artillery coming to the front, cavalry in squadrons and columns, taking their posts in the rear and on the flanks of the infantry divisions. The Imperial Guards, in two grand divisions, well in the rear of all. A magnificently grand sight! Napoleon made a great display of his forces, as if to intimidate the British. Riding along in front of their ranks, he addressed his men in those concise pithy sentences he so well knew how to use. The Waterloo veteran's ballad has it thus:—"Bonaparte to his men did say, before the day began, if we do lose this day, my heroes, our nation is undone, the Prussians we've already beat, we'll beat the British too, and display our victorious eagles on the plains of Waterloo."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

No doubt Napoleon did address his soldiers "before the day began," in the strain the old soldier gives in the ballad. Whether or not his brave Frenchmen required their courage to be roused on the eve of an important battle; it was a habit of that great commander of men to give them a stirring address before entering on a campaign, and when they were arranged in battle array in presence of the enemy; nor did he omit it in the four days' campaign on the plains of Belgium. On the sands of Egypt, when about to engage with the Mameluke cavalry near the Pyramids, he told them that "forty centuries were beholding them." At Austerlitz he animated them by saying they were to fight "in the presence of three Emperors." Roman historians tell us that Roman and other commanders of armies were wont to do the same, from "Scipio to Hannibal at Zama," "Galgacus and Agricola at Mons Grampius." Wellington was a different minded commander. His officers and men were not accustomed to such fanfaronade, but between Napoleon and Hannibal, and Wellington and Scipio, are singular similitudes in their careers and fortunes. In the comparison the British hero comes out first, his military honour being untarnished by a single defeat, surviving to extreme old age, dying the hero of his country, and his obsequies honoured by military representatives from every European army.

The battle-field of Waterloo was chosen with excellent judgment for defence. It was of limited extent, and so simple that a conception of it may be gathered and taken in from a mere description. The oppposing armies occupied high grounds parallel to each other, and about a mile apart. These high grounds gently sloped on each side to an intermediate valley or plain, half a mile wide, the whole

cultivated, and at the time bearing rich crops of corn ready for the sickle.

Wellington with his British, German, Dutch, and Belgians, occupied the northern high ground from Braine-la-leud, and Braine-le-Merke on his right to Ter-la-Haye on his left, a distance of one-and-a-half miles. In rear of this position lay the forest of Soignies, near the entrance to which stands the village of Waterloo; half way to the battlefield is Mont St. Jean hamlet, and a little nearer is the farm house of Mont St. Jean. The right of this position was near Braine-la-leud, and the left at Ter-la-Haye, were both protected from cavalry flank attacks by ravines. The paved road from Charleroi to Brussels ran at right angles through the centre of both armies. Wellington's right centre ran westward from this road to Braine-le-Merke; low down the slope and a little westward of this road lay the historic Chateau de Gomont, or Hougomont, with its walled orchards and gardens. All these walls and the chateau walls were on the morning of the 18th loopholed for musketry fire, which during that day proved terribly destructive to the enemy. His left centre eastward ran from the same road to the hamlets of Papelote and Ter-la-Haye, both of

CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS AND 92ND HIGHLANDERS.—"SCOTLAND FOR EVER."

which were fortified and loopholed. In front of the left centre, fifty yards down the slope from the ridge, stood the farm house of La-Haye-Sainte, the walls of which were also loopholed. These advanced positions were strongly held by riflemen, and strenuously defended throughout the day.

The French on the southern slopes extended, fronting Wellington, to about a distance of two miles, their right and left centres, like Wellington's, resting on the Brussels road, the small hamlet of La-Belle-Alliance in their immediate front by the roadside, the hamlet of Rossomme in their rear, and the village of Planchenoit on their right, the Bois-de-Paris a little further to the east.

The British army and its allies were posted in two lines on the ridge of the slope rising from the valley separating them from the enemy. Along the whole of this ridge ran a road from Braine-la-leud to Ohain and St. Lambert; behind this road the first infantry line was posted; the second line in rear of the first; the cavalry in brigades in rear of all. The artillery was distributed along the whole front on the edge of the ridge.

(To be continued).

JAMES MACGREGOR,

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

AS a representative of the Colony of Highlanders established on Tyneside there is probably no man better known than Mr. James MacGregor. There is certainly none better deserving of the respect which he has won for himself, not only in the Highland circle but among all sections of the community with which he has intercourse, whether socially or in the way of business.

Mr. MacGregor is of the true Highland stock. His father's family emigrated from Glenlyon several generations since, and settled at Kinlochewe, in the neighbourhood of Loch Maree, Ross-shire. Mr. John MacGregor, the father of the subject of this sketch, was for thirty years in the service of General Baillie, of Lochloy, Nairnshire, acting as general manager on the estate. He was a stalwart Highlander of the old school, loyal and upright; and in this respect the son assuredly partakes of the father's character. The Celtic blood is of no ordinary purity in Mr. MacGregor's veins, his grandmother on the father's side having been a MacLean, and on the mother's side a Munro. His own mother was a Grant of Inverness.

While yet a boy, being only sixteen, Mr. MacGregor enlisted in the 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, serving with his regiment in India and elsewhere, under Colonel F. W. T. Borroughs and Colonel William MacBean. The spirit of adventure was strong in him from his early years, and not many have turned to better account the soldier's opportunities for observing and acquiring knowledge when on duty in distant lands. The experience gained abroad enlivens his conversation, and contributes to make him one of the most entertaining and instructive of companions. Mr. MacGregor first came to Newcastle in 1880 as traveller for a firm of brewers; and for the past ten years he has held the responsible position of agent in this district for Messrs. William Whitelaw & Son. A competent and active man of business, Mr. MacGregor takes a lively interest in public affairs. With the Highlands and Highlanders generally he is heart and soul in all that concerns their well-being. Skilled in Highland lore, he has been from his youth up an adept at Highland games and amusements. An admirable Highland dancer, he is a piper of no mean order. Formerly, he used to be a successful competitor at Highland games; and at the gathering at Bridge of Allan, in 1878, he carried off, among thirty-five competitors, the second prize for dancing the Highland Fling and Gillie Calum, and also the third prize for the best dressed Highlander present. His success on that occasion was all the more remarkable, since it was Mr. MacGregor's first appearance at a Bridge of Allan gathering. At the local Highland games at Hebburn-on-Tyne and elsewhere, he has repeatedly figured among the prize-winners. He was one of the moving spirits at the origin of the Newcastle "Comunn nan Gaidheal," an organisation for promoting social intercourse among, and the mutual improvement of, Highlanders settled in Newcastle and Gateshead.

Mr. MacGregor was married in 1887 to a Newcastle lady, who, though *Sasunnach* by parentage, is as Highland as her husband at heart; sensible, amiable, and sympathetic—the worthy helpmate of as worthy a clansman as ever answered to the call, *Ard choille*!

ARCH. E. MACDONALD.

FAMOUS HIGHLAND BARDS.

No. V.—JOHN "ROY" STUART.

BY W. DRUMMOND-NORIE.

AMONG the small band of brave and determined men who supported the gallant young Prince, Charles Edward Stuart, in his bold but fruitless endeavour to recover the throne of Britain for his exiled father; his namesake John Stuart, was by no means the least conspicuous. Although he appears in this article under the title of a famous bard, it is rather as a soldier of fortune and as an actor in the tragedy of the "Forty Five," that he is best known to history and to his fellow-countrymen; but as we shall see, his poetical effusions were of no mean order, and fairly entitle him to a prominent position among the song writers of his native Highlands. John Stuart, called "Roy," from the colour of his hair, was born at Kincardine in the parish of Abernethey, Strathspey, of respectable parents; his father being a well to do tacksman in that district who claimed descent from the royal branch of the clan, and was in consequence a strong partizan of the "King over the water."

It was therefore quite natural that young John Roy should have learnt to believe, at a very early period of his career, in the divine right of the Stuarts to the throne which force of circumstances had torn from their grasp. The Jacobite spirit was inherent in his nature, and he imbibed its principles with his mother's milk.

As a lad, he was chiefly distinguished for his adventurous and fearless disposition, traits of character which frequently got him into serious trouble with those put in authority over him. He could not brook restraint of any kind, and except when engaged in the harmless pursuits of hunting and fishing, both of which he loved with true Highland fervour, he was generally plotting mischief of some sort or another. His

natural abilities were considerable, and when attending the school at Inverness, he made rapid progress in acquiring a sound knowledge of the genteel arts, and such other subjects as were taught at that period. John Roy always had a somewhat exaggerated idea of the dignity of his family, and thus it was that when he left school he could not find it consistent with his ambitions and aspirations, to settle down to the hum-drum life of a tacksman like his father. Unfortunately his means, unlike his ideas, were limited, and finding that his father was not prepared to provide the werewithal to keep him like a gentleman at home, he determined to carve out a career for himself elsewhere. Being a youth of spirit, fond of dare devil escapades and always ready to crack a crown, or a bottle; kiss a pretty girl, or chaff an ugly one; John Stuart of the auburn locks, soon attracted to his side other congenial spirits from Strath Spey and Badenoch, and a merry time they had of it. Cattle disappeared in the most mysterious fashion, and their value in the coin of the realm found its way into the sporrans of John and his companions. So reckless did he become, that he planned a daring scheme to waylay Lord Braco, who was on his way to pay a visit to his brother-in-law the Chief of Grant, and relieve him of his superfluous cash. Intelligence of this audacious plan having been brought to Grant, he assembled a large body of his clan and sent them to meet and escort his expected guest; thus upsetting all our hero's arrangements. Shortly after this episode, John Roy Stuart finding that all his best endeavours to earn an honest (?) living were of no avail, decided to seek a "reputation at the cannon's mouth," and enlisted in the famous cavalry regiment of Scots Greys. He was now in his element, for he had strong military instinct and dearly loved all that pertained to the practice and profession of arms. Through the interest of his friends, and it is only fair to state, by his own merits, he quickly rose to the rank of Quarter Master, a position he might have held for some time, had it not been for his mad pranks, which at length became so notorious, that he was dismissed from the regiment and narrowly escaped severe punishment.

The particular misdeed that caused his dismissal from the Scots Greys is not positively known, but it is generally supposed that the active part he took in promoting a *mesalliance* between the Earl of Murray's brother and a Miss Barber of Inverness so enraged the Earl, that he brought all his interest to bear against Stuart, securing not only his ignominious discharge, but a term of imprisonment as well. The probability is, that the military authorities had strong reasons for suspecting John Stuart's Jacobite sympathies and were glad of the opportunity afforded by this notorious scandal, to inflict punishment upon the offender. Another reason given by some of John Roy Stuart's biographers for his removal from the Scots Greys, is, that having been sent with a detachment of the regiment to apprehend Munro of Novar, who was suspected by the Government of secretly favouring the Jacobite party, he allowed him to escape, and could give no satisfactory account of his apparent neglect of duty to his superior officers upon returning to headquarters without his prisoner.

Whatever the cause, Stuart found himself uncomfortably lodged in Inverness gaol whilst his enemies rejoiced at his downfall. To such a man, the restrain of a prison was intolerable, and setting his wits to work he soon discovered the means of showing his gaolers a clean pair of heels. From Inverness John Roy Stuart set out for London, and from thence made his way to the Court of his rightful monarch, who was then at Rome. The King is said to have welcomed him somewhat coldly, but he found consolation for this neglect in the cordial reception he obtained at the hands of Prince Charles, who was then deeply engaged in maturing his plans for an expedition to Scotland.

Stuart entered heart and soul into the work and took every opportunity of urging the Prince to make the attempt without a moment's delay.

The story of "*Bliadhna Thearlaich*" is too well known to be recapitulated here, and the part played by John Roy Stuart and his heroic leader are matters of history with which every Highland school-boy is, or should be, acquainted. From the time when "Bonnie Prince Charlie" first raised his father's standard on Scottish soil, until that terrible 16th April, 1746, when Culloden's moor was dyed crimson with the best blood of the Highlands, and the last hopes of the royal Stuarts were extinguished for ever; John Roy was always to the front,* helping forward the good cause either with his trusty claymore, or by his sound military advice. It has been said, that at the Council of War held on the morning of Culloden, Stuart put forward some suggestions as to the disposition of the Highland army which had they been adopted might have entirely turned the fortunes of that disastrous day. It was due to Lord George Murray that Stuart's advice was not carried out, and much bitter feeling was engendered between the two in consequence; which found vent on Stuart's part in a direct charge of

* Stuart held a Colonel's Commission in the Highland army.

treachery against his opponent. Reference to this incident will be found in two of the bard's poems, viz.—"*Latha Chuilodair*" and "*Oran eile air latha Chuilodair.*"

After Culloden, John Roy Stuart took refuge in a cave not very far from his native place, where every morning and evening his son brought him some provisions. Some inkling of his whereabouts appears to have reached the commander of the English troops stationed in the neighbourhood, and a strong party was sent out to arrest him. It happened that the soldiers overtook young Stuart as he was on his way to his father's hiding place, with a pitcher of milk in his hand. The lad (who was fortunately unknown to the soldiers), fearing lest his father should come and meet him, and so fall into the hands of the English, feigned idiocy, and offered his milk to the drummer boy, if he would let him know the use of the curious thing he carried on his back. The lad's strange gestures attracted the attention of the officer, who being of a good-natured disposition ordered the drummer to beat. This was all young Stuart desired, as the noise of the drum gave his father warning to keep close hidden. Shortly after this narrow escape John Roy Stuart found the means of eluding his pursuers and fled to France, where he eventually died.

The character of this remarkable man was of the most complex nature, good and bad being apparently equally balanced in its composition. During his years of adolescence he sowed his wild oats freely and gave full play to his passions, but with all his faults there was at the bottom some sterling good qualities which brought many within the sphere of his influence, and gained him hosts of friends. He was a pleasant and jovial companion, and few could excel him in singing a song, dancing a reel, or emptying a bottle. His talents as a poet were of a very high order, and it is to be regretted that so few of his verses have come down to us. Unlike many of his brother bards John Roy Stuart had, as we have seen, received a good education, and in consequence his poems are of a more classical type, lofty in sentiment and full of military enthusiasm and fire. The two compositions already mentioned may be regarded as the best of his martial lays, and are especially interesting on account of the minute description given of Culloden's bloody day, and all the terrible details of the fight in which he took an active and courageous part. During the flight, Stuart had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, and it was whilst he was engaged in bathing the injured foot in a mountain burn, that he composed the extraordinary parody known as "John Roy Stuart's Psalm," of which the following verses are extracts:—

"The Lord's my targe, I will be stout,
With dirk and trusty blade;
Though Campbells come in flocks about,
I will not be afraid.

The Lord's the same as heretofore,
He's always good to me,
Though red-coats come a thousand more,
Afraid I will not be.

* * * * *

Let me proclaim both far and near
O'er all the earth and sea,
That all with admiration hear.
How kind the Lord's to me.

Upon the pipe I'll sound His praise,
And dance upon my stumps;
A sweet new tune to it I'll raise
And play it on my trumps."

There is also a composition of the bard's in Gaelic couched in much the same style and said to have been produced by him at the same time. It is entitled "*Urnaigh Iain Ruaidh.*" Space will not allow of any more extracts from Stuart's poetical works being given here, all his poems are good and reach a high standard of excellence, and quite entitle him to rank as a famous bard side by side with his compatriots Duncan Bàn Macintyre and Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair.

NOTE.

Since writing the above article, I have had the privilege of seeing a letter written by John Roy Stuart during the time he was actively engaged in beating up recruits for Prince Charles. It is dated from Moffat, November 7th, 1745, at the time the Highland army were marching towards England. The letter was probably addressed to Lord John Drummond, and is as follows:—

My Lord,

I expect men from different corners of the North to come to Perth to join my regiment: his Grace the Duke of Athole, Commander in Chief under the P. R. (Prince Regent), commands me to write to your Lordship, that when such men appear, that you be pleased to give them proper advice how to proceed, and the necessary money to bear their charges to join the army, taking receipts from their officers for the same; my most humble respects attend your Lordship, and am

Your Lo'ship's most obedient
and most humble servant,

Jo. Roy Stuart

Mr. & Mrs. JAMES MACGREGOR.

W. O. MACKENZIE, LONDON.

PRIDE of Highland birth is a valuable instinct when regulated by judgment and tempered by cosmopolitanism, and there are few more patriotic and warm hearted Highlanders than the genial subject of our sketch, a worthy representative of the noble clan whose name he bears. His interest in his compatriots is amply testified to by his contributions to the press of the Highlands—whether in clever character sketches of Northern Members of Parliament or in masterly expositions and elucidations of crofter and land questions, which in the Lewis at any rate, puzzle the economist and dismay the optimist.

Born at Stornoway, third son of the late Mr. Colin Mackenzie, (Gruinard branch of the Mackenzie family), Mr. Mackenzie received his early education at the justly famed Free Church Academy there.

Realising that,

"Whene'er a loon has pairts ava', for Lun'on he's sae keen,"

he reached the centre of the commercial world in 1879, and entered the service of Messrs. Gray, Dawes & Co., Agents for the British India Steam Navigation Co. His training in that well-known house admirably fitted him for his subsequent career. A sojourn of four-and-a-half years in Queensland further enlarged his experience. Returning from Australia in 1888 he is now permanently settled in London in that great grain and shipping mart known as "The Baltic," of which he is a popular member.

His administrative skill and diplomacy became apparent in his successful control of the affairs of the London Ross and Cromarty Association in particular, carrying out during his tenure of office as Honorary Secretary, the important *temporary* federation of Highland Societies (representing Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, and Argyll) for the better provision of larger and more attractive meetings, and endeavouring, as far as practicable, to help in preserving a knowledge of the history, poetry, music, and traditions of the Highlands, as well as the Highland spirit—not of exclusiveness but of mutual helpfulness—in such a maelstrom of humanity like our London of the present day. The protracted and delicate negotiations, conducted with much tact, brought Mr. Mackenzie's name prominently before the Highland community in London, among whom he now enjoys that mark of respect and admiration shown towards capable men by their compeers. He is also a member of Gaelic Society of London. Whilst in Australia he showed the same patriotic spirit, being an active member of several Scottish organisations in Brisbane.

Apart from Highland affairs, he has won a name for himself as an original lecturer on modern topics at the important Literary Society of Crouch Hill, where his crisp and up-to-date literary contributions always command a large and appreciative audience.

"Gu'n robh buaidh leis na sèoid."

London. JOHN M. MACLEOD.

TARBERT CASTLE, LOCHFYNE.

Saddell Castle.

SADDELL CASTLE is built on a rock by the seaside ten miles north-east of Campbeltown. The date of its erection is unknown, and like Skipness such details of its history as have descended to us are very meagre. It also is said to have been built by the Macdonalds, and in it the gallant Bruce was sheltered by Angus, Lord of the Isles and Kintyre, while a wanderer in Kintyre after his defeat at Methven.—

"Now autumn past, approached the wintry sway,
And night's black shades usurped upon the day;
The north's chill breath comes keener o'er the plain,
And sharper, thriller, scuds the thickening rain.
The noble Bruce, unable now to bear,
Amidst a desert clime, the inclement year,
His legions warns, resolving to retreat,
And in Kintyre to tempt his future fate.
* * * * *
The Hebridean chief who stretched his ample reign,
Wide o'er the islands of the western main,
The monarch welcomes to the friendly coast,
And generous entertains the royal host."

Inside the door of the castle is a large flagstone, about six feet square, and resting in such a way as to revolve when a certain pin was removed. Underneath this flagstone is a deep well, which ebbed and flowed with the tide, but at all times contained sufficient water to drown a few scores of an enemy who were bold enough to force an entrance.

There are many traditional stories connected with Saddell Castle, and for those that follow I am indebted to Mr. Peter M'Intosh's "History of Kintyre," a quaint little volume now out of print and of little real historical value, but remarkable for the many legends, traditions, and superstitions recorded within its covers.

At Saddell Castle resided the famous "Righ Fionghal." This man was very tyrannical and claimed despotic power over the inhabitants of Kintyre. He knew the use of gunpowder and for sport would shoot people even though they did him no harm. Being once in Ireland he fancied a beautiful married woman and took her away to Saddell. Her husband followed; but Macdonald had him seized, and desiring to put him to death without his wife's knowledge, shut him up in a barn. The poor man, however, kept himself alive by eating the corn he found there. Macdonald removed him to another place, but a hen which frequented the spot kept him alive with her eggs. Macdonald was anxious that he should die, so he had him again removed to another cell, and here the wretched prisoner was starved to death, but not before he had eaten away his arm to the elbow. When they were burying him his wife was on the top of the castle, and asked whose funeral it was. She was told it was Thomson's. "Is it my Thomson?" she inquired. "Yes," was the reply. She then informed them to wait a little and she would be with them. So saying, she threw herself over the walls and perished. Her body was interred beside that of her unfortunate husband.

Another story of Saddell is to the effect that some Irish gentlemen came to visit Macdonald, and he, after entertaining them in a friendly

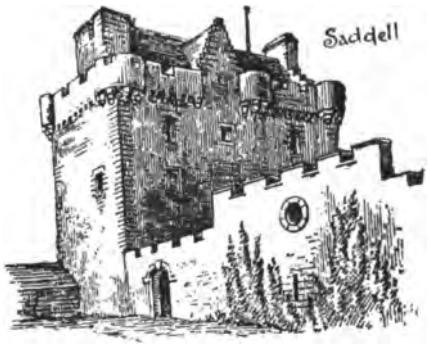
manner, put them to sleep in a barn. Next morning he got up early and went to salute his friends, but found them all asleep. Their necks being bare he thought of trying his strength of arm in decapitating them with one stroke; he drew his sword and with one terrific blow severed the heads of his guests from their bodies.

Macdonald was often at war with MacLean of Mull; but MacLean being superior in strength Macdonald was obliged to yield, and gave MacLean his son as hostage that he would remain at peace. Sometime afterwards Macdonald with a great show of plausibility and flattery invited MacLean and some of his chief adherents to a sumptuous entertainment. MacLean and his men came, but were seized by Macdonald's followers who had lain in ambush, and thrown into the dungeon of the castle. Macdonald to amuse his men had one of the MacLeans taken out next morning and hanged. This tragedy was repeated day after day; and had the King of Scotland not got notice, all the MacLeans must have perished.

A Parliament was afterwards held in Campbeltown, at which the King of Scotland was present. Macdonald was summoned to appear and answer for his conduct, which he did in a very humble manner, and swore his loyalty to the King. But as the King and his retainers were leaving Campbeltown Macdonald went home and spread out the flag of defiance, an act which drew from the monarch a remark to the effect that it was useless to try to pacify this unruly subject.

Macdonald is buried in Saddell Churchyard, under a flagstone with the figure of a warrior in armour on it.

The castle is still in good preservation, but is now unoccupied.



KILKERRAN CASTLE.

At the head of the Main Street, Campbeltown, and on the spot now occupied by the Castle Hill Church once stood a stronghold of the Macdonalds of the Isles. Its history seems to be pretty much bound up with that of Kilkerran, another castle of the Macdonalds, situated on the southern shore of the harbour. Little trace of this ancient fortress now remains, and of its history very little is known. There is, however, a general belief that it is of respectable antiquity, and was occupied by Haco, King of Norway, while on his expedition to Scotland in 1263. It afterwards fell into a state of decay, and remained in this condition till 1536 when James V. caused it to be repaired in order to more effectually curb the power of the Macdonalds in that part of his kingdom. But before the King had got clear of the harbour, Macdonald sallied forth from his castle on the hill, took possession of the fortalice of Kilkerran, and showed his contempt for the royal authority by hanging the governor over the walls. The hero of this conquest was James Macdonald, who was succeeded by his son, Angus, who resided chiefly here, but occasionaly also at the castles of Largie and Dunaverty, the latter of which he strengthened and repaired.

The Macdonalds held their possessions in this district till the reign of James VI., when they were forfeited to the Crown, and afterwards gifted by that fickle monarch to the Marquis of Argyll.

Thus the old castle of Campbeltown saw its fierce and stormy days, and on the spot where the Lords of the Isles once issued their stern and arbitrary commands the ministers of the Church of Scotland now "enjoy the satisfaction of preaching that gospel which speaks peace on earth and goodwill to the sons of men." The old fortress of Kilkerran has also long fallen to the ground, thus removing another monument of the troublous days of the past when over the rugged and storm-beaten peninsula of Kintyre the race of "mighty Somerled" ruled in princely state—

"The fretted roof looked dark and cold,
And tottered all around;
The carved work of ages old
Dropped wither'd on the ground;
The casement's antique tracery
Was eaten by the dew:
And the night breeze whistling mournfully
Crept keen and coldly through."

DUNAVERTY CASTLE.

On arriving at Dunaverty we come to the end of our tour round the ancient castles of Kintyre. This castle, which is situated on a rocky promontary in the south end of the

peninsula is another similar to the last—a stronghold of the Macdonalds of the Isles and one to which an interesting history is attached. As, however, I have already given a detailed account of it in these columns, it will be enough to state here that the most noteworthy event in its history is the terrible massacre of 1647. During the great Civil War in the reign of Charles I., the Marquis of Montrose, a brave and devoted cavalier, led the Royalists, while the Marquis of Argyll, a nobleman of Presbyterian tendencies, threw in his lot with the Covenanters. The Macdonalds, who were staunch adherents of the King, garrisoned the castle of Dunaverty, and General Leslie and Argyll led an army of Covenanters into Kintyre, and laid siege to the stronghold. For a time the Macdonalds with that bravery and courage so characteristic of their race defended themselves against all attacks, but the pipes which conveyed water to the castle were stopped, and its heroic defenders had in the end no alternative but to surrender. A dreadful massacre then ensued. The Covenanters, not content with victory, threw some of the unfortunate Macdonalds over the high precipice into the sea, where they received a watery grave, or worse still, were dashed to pieces by the raging billows, on the rocks beneath. Those who escaped this penalty were butchered in cold blood—in all numbering three hundred. Argyll and Leslie at the same time razed the castle to the ground, and it has never been reconstructed. Little trace of it now remains.

Practically all that is known regarding the history and traditions of the ruined castles of Kintyre has now been told. In our sketch of these interesting old landmarks we have travelled over a period of some six centuries—from the time of Magnus Barefoot's journey over the Isthmus of Tarbert to the final destruction of Dunaverty—and have noted, so far as history records, the various incidents occurring in their annals. There remains now but one thing more to add: while we may regret that their once stately walls are fast crumbling to dust, yet we can congratulate ourselves that it is our privilege to live in a better age than that in which they were required, and to enjoy the unspeakable blessings of that glorious freedom which is now the birthright of every Scot, whether Highlander or Lowlander. With the present march of democratic progress many of our old and valued institutions are fast disappearing, and it is perhaps but fitting also that these ancient monuments of the days of tyranny and oppression, of foray and feud, should perish with them—

"Hoary walls, farewell!
Since first ye rose in architectural pride,
Since first ye frowned in majesty of strength,
Since first ye caught the crimson of the dawn,
Old Time hath wrought on thee strange revolutions;
Thy lords have passed away; and thou their home
Is now a desolation."

[Concluded.]

"Farewell to Glen-Nevis" is the title of a new and charming song written by our esteemed contributor Mr. W. Drummond Norie, which has just been published by Messrs. Willock & Co., Ltd., London, W., and which has already become very popular in Scotch musical circles in London. The music is composed by Mr. Colin M'Alpin, and is sweet and tuneful, and appropriate to the sentiment of the song. We hope that it will be taken up by our Scotch vocalists throughout the country, for the song is one that will readily become a great favourite at our Highland gatherings. Mr. Drummond Norie, it may be added, is a popular member of the London Inverness-shire Association, and the Gaelic Society of London. To our readers he requires no introduction, a valuable contribution from his pen appearing in this issue.

Clan Gregor Society.—The Annual General Meeting of the Clan Gregor Society was held in the Religious Institution Rooms, Glasgow, recently—Mr. Duncan Macgregor of Arngask in the chair. The Report by the Council on the administration of the Society during the past year was submitted and approved, as was also the Report by the Treasurer. These showed that the Society was still progressing in a satisfactory manner, the funds having now reached all but £3100. Office-bearers for the current year were appointed. The Quarterly Meeting of Council was held earlier in the day, when several grants from the provident and charitable branch were awarded, and the other ordinary business transacted.

Govan Highland Association.—The Annual Social Gathering takes place in the Broomloan Halls, Govan, on 28th February—Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, in the chair. A large gathering of Highlanders is expected.

The Late Captain Donald MacDonald, Ayr.—Many of our readers will regret to learn of the death of Captain MacDonald, who for forty years occupied the position of Superintendent of the Ayr Burgh Police. He was a native of Lochaber, and took an enthusiatic interest in all Celtic movements, and was an active member of the Ayr Celtic Association. His presence at the Highland Gatherings will be missed by a large circle of friends.

Airdrie Highland Association.—At the last Meeting of this Association Mr. John Mackay, Kingston, delivered an interesting lecture on "Highland Laments," in illustration of which Miss Lizzie B. Mackay sang laments relating to the Macdonalds, Macgregors, Mackays, Mackintoshes, Macleods, etc. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed by all present, and hearty votes of thanks were awarded the visitors.

W. DALZIEL MACKENZIE.

MRS. W. DALZIEL MACKENZIE.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

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WILLIAM DALZIEL MACKENZIE, OF FARR, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

THERE is perhaps no more striking feature in the character of the Scottish Highlander than his love and reverence for the past and all that belongs to it. The men and manners of the days of old are a delight to his soul; and, notwithstanding apparent indications to the contrary within recent years, nothing yet grieves him more than to see so many of the old Highland families disappear from among the lairds and landlords of his native land. Occasionally his regret is tempered by the fact that the new man who takes the place of the old is of his own race—for although it is difficult to surpass the Saxon as a landlord the Gael still yields to sentiment, and if the old Highland landlords must go he likes to see them succeeded by men of Highland blood. Among the few who have been able to gratify this clannish feeling is Mr. William Dalziel Mackenzie, a large landowner in England and the South of Scotland, who has within the last fifteen years acquired Farr and Glenkyllachy in Inverness-shire, and Inchbae and Brae in Ross-shire.

FARR HOUSE, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Mr. Mackenzie was born in 1840, at Eastbank, on the southern banks of the Clyde, and his early years were spent in view of the hills of the southern Highlands. To this he attributes his intense love for the Highlands, no less than to his Highland lineage, long and honourable though it be. He is descended from the Mackenzies of Muirton of Fairburn in Ross-shire, and, through them, from the Mackenzies of Kintail (Earls of Seaforth), the

Mackenzies of Kilcoy, the Grants of Grant (Earls of Seafield), and the Lords of Lovat. His grandfather, Alexander Mackenzie, son of Alexander, 4th of Muirton, was the first to leave the old home. Trained under Telford on "the Highland Roads," he made his way into England, where he made a name for himself in connection with the construction of canals. His son William became famous as an engineer and contractor. As partner of the firm of Mackenzie & Brassey—of which his brother Edward, father of Mr. Mackenzie of Farr, was also a partner—he took an active and practical part in the construction of many railways and other works, both in the United Kingdom and on the Continent. Dying without issue he was succeeded in his estates by Edward, who, on his death in 1880, was succeeded by the subject of our notice.

Mr. Mackenzie, who received his education at Harrow and abroad, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, and who is an M.A. of Oxford, and a barrister of the Inner Temple, is perhaps one of the best business men connected with the Highlands. He farms largely—about 4000 acres at Fawley on the banks of the Thames, about the same extent in Norfolk, and the home farm of Farr in Strathnairn, where he has established a herd of Highland cattle which is becoming famous. The numerous transactions which continually arise in connection with the management of his affairs receive his closest personal attention. But busy though he is he finds time for public duties. He is a Deputy Lieutenant of Inverness-shire, J.P. for the Counties of Inverness, Dumfries, Oxford, Bucks, etc., Past Master of the Thames Lodge of Free-Masons, Honorary Major of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, President of the Inverness Farmers' Society, Vice-President of the London Inverness-shire Association, and Chairman of a District and various Parish Councils. Nor does he neglect lighter callings and recreations. He is a keen sportsman, and an ardent supporter of athletics. He is a member of the Henley Regatta Committee, and Steward of the Northern Meeting, on whose ground at Inverness he is seen season after season enthusiastically assisting in the arrangements connected with the various competitions.

In 1863 Mr. Mackenzie married Mary Anna, daughter of Mr. Henry Baskerville of Crowsley Park, a lady who enters heartily into all that interests him, and who contributes in no small measure to his great popularity among his tenants and employés. Among the poor she is continually doing good. Their family consists of two sons and four daughters, one of the latter being now Mrs. Davidson of Tulloch. His sons are officers in the Second Batallion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

Although Mr. Mackenzie is not an old man, some of his reminiscences are not without interest to the present generation. One or two may be mentioned. As a boy he travelled much with his uncle William, seeing a good deal of railways in their infancy, and travelling by canal boats and diligences which are now things of the past. He saw Louis Philippe when King, and was kissed by his Queen, who admired his Highland dress! He was in Paris in 1848, and saw many of the scenes of destruction that accompanied the revolution of that year, And during the Crimean War he was at Boulogne, and used to see Napoleon and his Empress visiting the great camp near that town, where there were 40,000 French soldiers, among whom were many wounded sent home from the Crimea.

The extent of Mr. Mackenzie's improvements at Farr, which he acquired in 1854 and has made his Highland home, is almost beyond belief. The mansion house has been added to, grounds laid out, an artificial lake made and stocked with fish, handsome new farm buildings and cottages erected, the electric light introduced, and meal, saw, and threshing mills made to go by electricity. All this has, doubtless, given himself pleasure, but it has also given the people work, and benefitted the district.

"*Gum a fada beò e agus ceò dhe thigh.*"

Inverness. WILLIAM MACKAY.

PART VIII.—(*Continued from page* 113).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

PICTON'S division formed the left centre, its right brigade, commanded by Kempt, was composed of the 28th, 32nd, 79th, and 95th regiments, and its left by Pack, composed of the Royal Scots, 42nd, 92nd, and 44th, extending eastwards from the Brussels road. These regiments suffered so severely at Quatre Bras, that they only mustered 3000 officers and men at Waterloo. The three Highland regiments were only 1000 officers and men, all told (Picton led his division to Quatre Bras upwards of 5000 strong), but though his gallant regiments stood before him this day in such reduced numbers they were animated with the same ardour, the same sense of duty, and the same courage, that enabled them on many a sanguinary field to surmount every difficulty and danger, and emerge from them with the highest credit to themselves, and honour to their country. Wellington, to strengthen Picton's division in numbers at any rate, placed a brigade of Dutch and another of Belgians at his disposal. These he placed in the front line, the place of honour for brave men and true, his own reduced regiments in the second line, decimated as they were, he could depend upon, in case of emergency. He was right.

The battle virtually commenced at ten o'clock (Wellington's Despatch)—he ought to know best, although accounts differ. The real fighting did not begin till 11-30, but as soon as Napoleon got a number of guns in position to the front he commenced his artillery fire on the expectant British ranks, and multiplied it as fast as he could get his guns forward, and in less than half-an-hour 250 guns played on the British position from right to left. This thundering fire was heartily responded to by the British artillery, from every one of the 150 guns that could be brought to bear, and never throughout this eventful day did the brave British artillery fire with greater precision nor fight with greater bravery and courage. Skilful, brave, and stern, were the men who handled those British guns that day, which, with ball, canister, and grape, carried destruction into the deep and close columns of the French, in position, in attack, and in retreat, every shot told, but they in turn suffered severely. In the terrible cavalry charges made during the battle those brave gunners had to abandon their pieces several times and run for shelter into the infantry squares in the rear, and as the cavalry were forced to retire the artillerymen ran back to their guns, loaded, and sent shot after shot into the columns of the retreating foe. Conspicuous amongst these daring and gallant men was Major Norman Ramsay's battery, of Peninsula fame, a hero amongst heroes. On this hard fought and sanguinary field, the British artillery excelled all its previous performances in daring audacity, and before the end of the day Norman Ramsay met with a hero's death. Exposed as it was throughout the day to the fire of the French artillery, and oft repeated attacks of infantry and cavalry, the horses were detached from the guns and sent out of fire to the rear, but the brave fellows by force of arm and limb, advanced and retired their guns nearly all day, and though they lost heavily, when Wellington at half-past eight in the evening ordered a general advance of all arms, the horses were soon taken from the rear, harnessed to the guns, and off they were, foremost in the final attack and in the pursuit of their discomfited foes. French historians admit in their accounts of Waterloo that the British artillery fire that

day was most destructive, and played an important part in the ultimate success of the eventful struggle for victory. All honour to such gallant and daring men! whose eminent services are apt to be overlooked. Let us here put it on record.

There has been a great divergence of opinion as to the exact hour at which the battle began. It is given here at 10 a.m., according to Wellington's despatch, and it is presumed the artillery fire did begin then and continued for an hour to try the steadiness of the British troops before any infantry or cavalry attack was hazarded by Napoleon.

Experts have regarded the battle of Waterloo as a sanguinary drama in five distinct parts, or acts, with more or less notable and lengthy intervals, beginning with Napoleon's ordering his brother Jerome to attack the British right, which was its strongest point, with an overwhelming force of infantry, which lasted as a distinct operation all day, and cost the French thousands of men. Hougomont was in the way. It was occupied by the Guards, commanded by Lord Saltoun, Colonels MacDonell Hepburn, Mackinnon, and Home, and such gallant subalterns as Sergeant Graham and others. Here the strife of hero warriors was terrible, the tide of battle ebbed to and fro. The gallant defenders, time after time were forced to yield a space, and as often reforming, repelled the assailants, and recovered the ground previously lost. The French on their side renewed the strife again and again, bringing forward fresh

CHARGE OF THE 79TH CAMERON HIGHLANDERS.

reinforcements, but after fierce fighting and severe losses, Jerome had to retire about 1-30 p.m. This was act No. I. of the drama which lasted two hours, to be recommenced as we shall see.

Napoleon seeing the little or no impression his left wing under Jerome made upon Hougomont and the British right by this infantry attack, ordered his artillery to play upon Wellington's right, and his howitzers to shell the chateau of Hougomont and burn the Guards out of it. At the same time he directed Ney, with four massive columns of infantry numbering nearly 20,000 men, to attack the British left centre and left, to carry out his favourite movement,—an attack in force, to pierce his opponent's centre, which, as at Wagram, and elsewhere, had so often succeeded against troops less steadfast than the British. The attack if successful, would place the French in possession of the road to Brussels, divide the British forces into two parts to be dealt with in detail. Ney at once brought forward 74 guns which he posted on a ridge in advance of his columns, to play upon the British position as soon as he passed them with his columns of infantry and cavalry across the plain, and waited for Napoleon's order to move forward. The fiery Ney, getting impatient for the fray, sent his aide-de-camp to Napoleon for final orders, whom he found with Soult scanning the horizon on the east. Napoleon thought he

saw some troops appearing, and giving his glass to Soult asked him to look and see what troops they might be, whether Russians or Grouchy. Soult after carefully looking, replied he could see a column about 6000 strong which might be one of Grouchy's. Upon that, he told the aide-de-camp to return and tell Ney to advance, and that Grouchy was approaching from the east to fall upon the British left. Now was to be enacted No. II. scene of the drama. It was about 2-30 p.m.

Ney, receiving his final order, promptly put the columns destined for the great and decisive operation in motion. They descended majestically from the French lines on the high grounds into the plain past the guns, with bands playing, drums beating, and with shouts of "Vive l' empereur," supported on the rear flanks with Kellerman's "invincible" cuirassiers and lancers. Having passed into the plain, the 74 guns commenced firing over their heads upon Picton's division from right to left. Under cover of this fire, Ney directed his right column to diverge towards the left of the British line, and the left column to pass by La Haye Sainte, attack it in passing and make for the right of Picton's division, while he led the two centre columns in person upon Picton's centre. While this was being done the British artillery was not idle, every gun that could be brought to bear was directed on the advancing foe, sharpshooters from both sides were sent forward, and the din of battle became fearful. The French rapidly advanced shouting "En avant! en avant!" while the drums beat "the pas de charge." The British skirmishers retired, step by step, before the approaching avalanche, and took post with their regiments. The French skirmishers came on and fired into the front line composed of Dutch and Belgians, who immediately turned and fled. Ney with his columns advanced and gained the ridge. They immediately began to deploy into line.

Picton was at hand, and seizing the critical moment, ordered his attenuated batallions to advance, two deep, to the hedge bordering the road, and fire a volley, then another, and the roar of it having passed, in his stentorian voice, "Charge! hurrah!" was the order last given by the gallant commander of the "*fighting Fifth.*" Leaping his horse through the hedge he was struck in the temple by a ball, and fell dead off his horse, but Kempt went on with his men, and struck into the French front with the 32nd and 79th, while the 28th and 95th galled them with volley after volley on each flank. This column was thrown into confusion and forced to retire into the plain to reform.

(To be continued).

THE GLASGOW GAELIC MUSICAL ASSOCIATION held their first Annual Concert in the Blythswood Rooms, on 13th March—Surgeon-Major John MacGregor, of India, in the chair. The chairman is a thorough Highlander, and his speech on this occasion was quite a masterpiece of its kind. Perhaps one of the most amusing passages was that in which he described the kilt, the bagpipes and the Gaelic as being the Faith, Hope and Charity of the Highlanders—"and of these," the Major added, "I consider the Gaelic the most important. The Concert was a splendid success.

CLAN MACKAY SOCIETY.—The Monthly Meeting was held in the Sauchiehall Rooms, on 21st March. There was a large attendance. Mr. John Mackay, Hon. Secretary, delivered a lecture on the Songs and Music of the Mackay Country, and Miss Lizzie B. Mackay rendered in her usual tasteful manner several of the most beautiful of Rob Donn Mackay's songs, the music of which is also understood to have been composed by the famous Reay country bard. A number of applications for relief were considered by the council, and other important business transacted.

THE CLAN COLQUHOUN SOCIETY completely crowded the large hall of the Assembly Rooms on the 19th ult., to hear a lecture from Mr. John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, on "The Songs of the Highlands." Miss Mackay gave excellent renderings of the various classes of songs treated of, and the entertainment gave the greatest pleasure to the large audience.

THE FALKIRK HIGHLAND GATHERING was held in the Oddfellows' Hall, on Friday, 8th ult.—Mr. D. Macpherson, President, in the chair. The chairman referred to the great progress the Society was making, and to the valuable papers which had been read at the meetings. An excellent programme was then gone through, the Gaelic songs specially being most enthusiastically applauded. A very successful dance followed.

CLAN MACKINNON GATHERING.—The Annual Gathering of this Clan was held on 8th March, in the Waterloo Rooms—Mr. Allan M. MacKinnon, B.A., in the chair. There was a large attendance. The chairman, in the course of a most interesting address, referred to the ancient origin of the clan, the part it played in the history of the Highlands, and the many distinguished clansmen who had reflected honour upon the name.

THE PASSAGE OF THE GARE.

"BYDAND."

Cold ran the swift and swollen Gare,
Fierce stormed the cannonade,
With might and main upon the bridge
Ceaseless destruction played.
Upon the right bank ranged the French,
The British on the left
Before them saw their only mode
Of passage almost cleft —
What mortal man could do or dare,
In danger's hour, stood ready there,
The lads who on their colours bore
The passage of the Nive!

Then spake the gallant Cameron,
Who led the Gordon men:
"Lads, we have stemmed a colder stream,
In many a snow clad glen;
Say, was the wild and foaming Spey,
In cold December's frost,
Less chill, when following far the stag,
Ere Laggan's loch he cross'd?
Deem but the bristling gun's report,
The hounds that bay to invite the sport,
Forward, my lads!—yon armèd shore
Of croaking frogs relieve."

As sunshine ripples o'er a stream
The light derisive laughter ran;
Well did they read brave Cameron's thought,
He knew and trusted every man.
Had they held back with valiant Moore,
In Egypt's fierce campaign?
There, waved the colours that they bore,
Throughout the length of Spain!
Then tighter drew each man his belt,
For broadsword or for bayonet felt,
Flashed gleams of shining steel on high,
Ready, to conquer or to die!

Dark ran the cold and sullen Gare,
Treacherous the currents lay.—
Nor foeman's steel, nor icy stream,
The Highland blood could stay.
Hissing around them shot and shell,
From musket and artillery fell;
The seething waters round them rose
With high and heavy swell.
Shoulder to shoulder thro' the wave,
Steadily held each Gordon brave,
Till, on the startled foemen burst
The skirl of pipes, the bayonets' thrust!

As autumn winds the forest leaves
Drive with the rising blast;
As sheep upon the mountain side
Huddle in terror past.
Not deeper in the snowdrift lay
Than lay the heaped up dead,
Not surer than the shrivelled leaves,
The scattered foemen fled.
Back from the town, back from the bridge,
With flashing steel, and crimson brow,
Chased far beyond the outposts ridge,
The passage freed!—pass soldiers now!

Linked with the name 'Arriverette,'
Twined with the laurel crown;
Brave Cameron bore upon his shield,
That glorious day's renown.
Long, long, the list of honours borne
Upon the Gordon scroll;
The dangers of the Pyrenees,
Not least upon the roll.
The double charge, the double praise,
Earned by the Gordons and the Greys;
The Afghan war, the dark defile,
The hurried passage of the Nile!

Brave, and firm, are the Gordon lads,
Their hearts are true as steel;
In danger's hour their country's cause,
Their country's fame reveal.
"Cocks of the North," raised by a kiss,
On the summit of fame they crow,
These are the lads, who never yet
Have turned their backs on a foe.
Next to the passage of the Rhine,
None but a Scot might dare:
Come the gay and gallant Gordon lads,
In the 'Passage of the Gare.'

ALICE C. MACDONELL,
OF KEPPOCH.

London.

HIGHLAND NOTES AND QUERIES.

THE BAIRDS.

SIR.—I would feel very much obliged if you could inform me anything you know about the name Baird. Was there a clan or family of that name? If so, what were its badge and tartan, and had it any territory? I should like to know something about the name. Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh. A. H. SHEFFIELD.

LOCH-AN-EILEIN CASTLE.

SIR.—Will any of the readers of the *Celtic Monthly* kindly inform me, through its columns, as to they ear when Loch-an-eilein Castle, Rothiemurchas, was built; and whether the island on which its stands has been artificially formed?

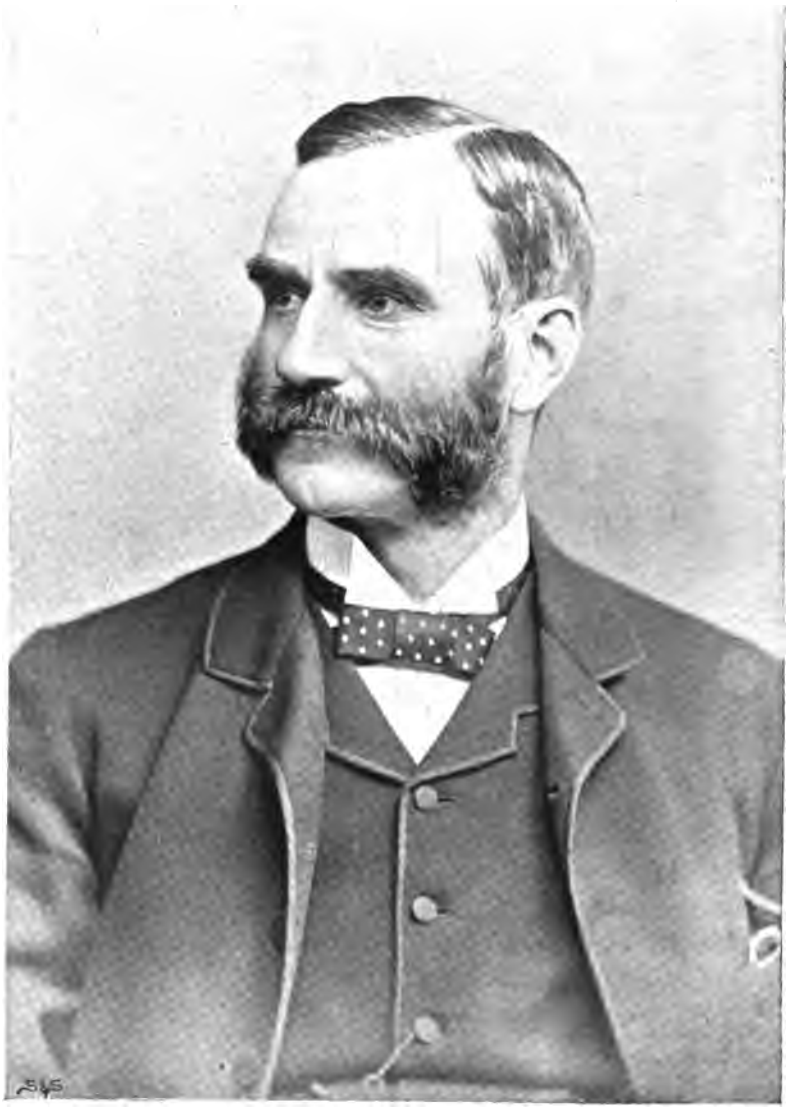
I am, yours etc., WOLF OF BADENOCH.

THE SPANISH PRINCESS, AND THE MACLEAN CHIEF.

SIR.—The first sentence in Mr. Ferguson's excellent article—A Legend of Mull—is misleading in so far as it would indentify Lauchlin Catanach MacLean with the noble and gallant Chief who is supposed to have been the hero of the romance of the "Spanish Princess." The crime of the "Lady's Rock" must have been committed, if at all, about A.D. 1515, whilst the "*Florida*" supposed to contain the Princess, was not wrecked until 1588-9.

Yours respectfully,

Bridgetown, Nova Scotia. HECTOR MACLEAN.



SHERIFF CAMPBELL.

SHERIFF CAMPBELL, STORNOWAY.

THE Island of Lewis was famed in ancient times for its hereditary Morrison *brieves*, or judges, and though that race has long since ceased to adorn the office we can confidently affirm that all that was worthiest in their character and genial in their native sympathies is reproduced in the subject of our sketch, the "Britheamh Leodhasach" of the present day, Mr. George J. Campbell.

Mr. Campbell is a native of Farr, Sutherlandshire, where his father, Mr. George Campbell, was a merchant and took an active and intelligent part some half century ago in the Disruption movement and in the establishment of schools in connection with the Free Church. When but a very young lad Mr. Campbell went to the town of Inverness where he served his apprenticeship in the office of Mr. William R. Grant, Solicitor. After undergoing the customary scholastic and legal curriculum in Edinburgh he returned to Inverness and began practice on his own account. Here his sterling christian character, his professional abilities, his admirable business capacity and his inobstrusive energy soon gained for him universal respect and confidence. With the sure and steady growth and development of his business, increased and multiplied also the opportunities for the exercise of his benevolent, philanthropic, and patriotic activities—so much so that merely to mention the various institutions and movements in which he warmly interested himself were to name almost all the agencies for promoting the public good which exist in the Highland capital. Very shortly after commencing business he took the leading part in establishing the North of Scotland Heritable Investment Company and Building Society, which has proved of material benefit to so many artisans and others, enabling them to build and purchase their own houses. Mr. Campbell served for a short period as a member of the Inverness Town Council; he was for many years one of the managers of the Savings Bank, while his heroic action in opposing in the Court of Session the proposed liquidation of the Caledonian Bank during the City of Glasgow Bank crisis was mainly instrumental in saving that useful institution from extinction. For several years he acted as president, and for a much longer period as a director, of the Inverness Choral Union. Into the Volunteer movement he entered with spirit and enthusiasm, receiving the coveted Victoria Decoration, and rising by degrees to the full rank of Colonel of the Highland Volunteer Artillery. In Mr. Campbell the Free Public Library, the Gaelic Society, the Field Club, and the Young Men's Christian Association found a willing and appreciative supporter; and it may be noted that in the Gaelic Society he held successively for many years the offices of Treasurer, Honorary Secretary, and Chieftain. His splendid services as Secretary of the Inverness Farmers' Society, which he rescued from impending dissolution, showed that in agricultural jurisprudence no less than in every other sphere to which he directed his capabilities he was destined to achieve his invariable success. This is not the place to speak as a partizan of

MRS. CAMPBELL.

a man's political creed, but we believe all parties will agree with us when we say that to Mr. Campbell's admirable tact and untiring energy in organisation as Liberal agent, was largely due the success of Mr. Gilbert Beith at the last general election. Ecclesiastically Mr. Campbell is a Free Churchman, having acted for a number of years as an office-bearer in the Free High Church of Inverness. In this connection it may be mentioned that in 1888, when the Free Church General Assembly held its sittings in the Northern Capital Mr. Campbell acted with marked efficiency and acceptance as Purse-bearer and Secretary to the Moderator, Dr. Aird of Creich. Mr. Campbell, it is but right to mention, is no mere nominal Highlander who has outgrown his generic sentiment and sympathies. His absence from Sutherlandshire has in no way cooled the ardour of his affection for the best interests of his native county, for he is a life member of both the Edinburgh and Glasgow Sutherland Associations, and no more patriotic address could be heard than that which he delivered while presiding over the forty-second Annual Social Meeting of the latter Society in Glasgow in January last. He is a fluent speaker of the Gaelic language, which he is proud to regard as not by any means the least important element in his equipment for the efficient and intelligent discharge of the honourable duties to which he has been called as "Sheriff of The Lews."

Any biographical sketch of Mr. Campbell would be incomplete, indeed, were we to leave his "better half" out of account. In all that pertains to the amenities of his position and the beneficent tendencies and activities of his life, Mr. Campbell is willingly and effectively seconded by his genial and amiable lady, and the high appreciation and esteem with which Mrs. Campbell was regarded by all who came into contact with her in Inverness will, we are quite confident, be extended to her in the new sphere which she has gone to brighten by the sunshine of her presence.

Edinburgh. JOHN WHYTE.

THE FROST KING.

The Frost King comes from realms of snow,
In vestments white comes he;
With sparkling gems bedecked, aglow,
His empire, land, and sea.

Imperial lord whose train appears,
In boreal radiant rime;
Precursor he—for countless years—
Of nature's slumb'ring time.

The twinkling stars, the moon by night,
Are glorious in their shine;
The "Milky Way" of blended light,
Attests the power divine.

On lurid wastes, on desert ground,
A mantle pure—in white,—
Wraps scenes and things in calm profound,
As if a sacred rite.

No sound except a weary moan,
Borne from the trackless sea;
So weird and sad of dismal tone,
A dirge in minor key.

'Tis brief the reign of winter's king,
Collapsed his crystal bowers;
The bonds released, the voice of spring,
Wakes verdure, leaves, and flowers.

The orchard trim, the cultured field,
The waving ears of grain,
Are bounteous gifts the seasons yield,
'Till the Frost King comes again.

New York. P. MACPHERSON.

REV. HENRY ROSS, D.D., LL.D. LANCASTER.

THE subject of this sketch was born in Lancaster on 24th April, 1834, and is the eldest son of Mr. Stephen Ross of Southfield. In the "Scottish Antiquary" is a genealogy of the Rosses of Morangie, cadets of Balnagown, and from this branch Mr. Stephen Ross was descended, and his lineage dates from one Alexander Ross, chaplain of Dunskaith, a chaplaincy founded by James II. in the Parochial Church of Tain between 1456 and 1458. Having a predilection for chemistry, the subject of our sketch studied that science under several eminent professors, and in 1859 was elected a Fellow of the London Chemical Society. He shortly afterwards entered the Mauritius Civil Service, and was appointed to the Royal College, at that time affiliated with London University. While a Master of the Royal College he read with the Lord Bishop of Mauritius, and having 'creditably passed' the requisite examination was ordained in 1862.

In this year he married Amelia Rachel, second daughter of the late Rev. John Gallienne Bichard, Civil Chaplain, Seychelles. In 1863 he was appointed Junior Civil Chaplain, St. James Cathedral, Port Louis. He also held the post of Acting Civil Chaplain, Mahebourg, and became Garrison Chaplain, and founded the "Mauritius Soldiers' Scripture Society." In that year H. M. transport ship "Echunga" put into Port Lewis in consequence of a virulent cholera epedemic, and he was the only Clergyman who would act as Chaplain during her stay and remained on board till ordered to sea again, in consequence of the numerous deaths. In 1866 he entered the Diocese of Goulburn, New South Wales. On leaving the Diocese the Lord Bishop presented him with a Bible Commentary, and the Parishioners with a Purse and Silver Pocket Communion Service. In 1869 he held the sole charge of Halton Rectory in the Diocese of Manchester; and in the end of the year became Vicar of Dolphinholme. In 1881 he was Chaplain of Penny's and Gillison's Hospitals, Lancaster, and while acting as such he furnished the Hospital Chapel and threw it open to the public. Since 1888 up to 1893 he became voluntary evening preacher at St. Anne's Church, Lancaster, and on resigning received the cordial thanks of the Vicar and Parishioners, and is now enjoying *otium cum dignitate*. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by Richmond University, U.S.A., for exceptional Church work in the Colonies, and D.D. by Greenville and Tusculum University, founded in 1794, on presentation of Thesis and recommendation by several Doctors of Divinity and Clergy.

Dr. Ross was also Surrogate for the district of Gunning, New South Wales. He is an Honorory Corresponding Member of the Victoria Institute, London.

The family Arms are:—Gules, three Lions rampant, accompanied with as many estovers in chevron ar. Crest—A Fox's head couped proper. Motto—Speo aspera levat. FIONN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

APRIL, 1895.

CONTENTS.

WILLIAM DALZIEL MACKENZIE, OF FARR, INVERNESS-SHIRE (with plates), - - - - - - - - 121
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part VIII. (illustrated), 123
THE PASSAGE OF THE GARE (poem), - - - - - - 126
HIGHLAND NOTES AND QUERIES, - - - - - - - 126
SHERIFF CAMPBELL, STORNOWAY (with plate), - - - - 127
THE FROST KING (poem), - - - - - - - - - 128
REV. HENRY ROSS, D.D., LL.D., LANCASTER (with portrait), 129
TO OUR READERS.—THE LATE PROFESSOR J. S. BLACKIE, - 130
THE LORDS OF LOCHABER (illustrated), - - - - - - 131
A HOSPITABLE HIGHLAND CHIEF, - - - - - - - 133
WILLIAM GRANT, MANCHESTER (with plate), - - - - - 134
JOHN GRANT OF GLENMORISTON (illustrated),- - - - - 135
A' GHAILIG ANN AM PLATHADH—The Gaelic in a Trance (poem), 136
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH—MACKINTOSH'S LAMENT, - - - - - - - - - - - - 137
GAELIC PRONUNCIATION, - - - - - - - - - - 138
LETTER TO THE EDITOR—"GABHA DH SINN AN RATHAD MOR," OR "THE MACINTYRE'S MARCH," - - - - - - 139
REVIEWS, - - - - - - - - - - - - - 140

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WE will present our readers with life-like portraits of Cluny Macpherson of Cluny Castle, Inverness-shire; Mr. Allan Maclean of Dochgarroch; and the late Mr. Robert Cameron, Chieftain of the Macmartin Camerons of Camusericht and Kinnachlachar; with biographical sketches. Portraits and sketches will also appear of the late Colonel Skinner of Canada (held over from this issue); and the celebrated Tug-of-War Team of the Govan Police. Several interesting illustrated contributions will also appear.

"THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA."—This valuable and attractive historical work will be published shortly, and as the edition is not to consist of more than a hundred copies, those who wish to secure one should apply at once, so as to have their names entered upon the printed list of subscribers which is to be given in the volume. The entire edition is already nearly subscribed for, and we expect to have the list complete before going to press. Those desiring copies should apply without delay to the Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 17 Dundas Street, Kingston, Glasgow. The price is 10/-

BOUND VOLUMES.—We are able to supply a few bound copies of the *Celtic Monthly* for 1894 (January to December), price 10/- post free.

THE CLAN FERGUSON held their Social Gathering in the Sauchiehall Rooms, on 12th inst.—Rev. Fergus Ferguson, D.D., in the chair. There was a good attendance. Interesting addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. Ferguson, (younger) of Kilmundy, and other clansmen, and an enjoyable programme of music was submitted. It may be mentioned that the Society intend publishing shortly an interesting work dealing with the history, traditions, genealogy, etc. of the clan.

THE ANNUAL CONCERT OF THE GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB was held in the Waterloo Rooms, on 5th March—Mr. William Graham, of North Erines, Hon. President, in the chair. The chairman delivered a most interesting address on the ancient game of shinty, and advocated the necessity of young men taking some form of out-door exercise. A high class concert was given, the artistes being mostly leading professional singers. The hall was crowded, and the gathering proved the most successful yet given by this popular club.

PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE

PROFESSOR BLACKIE was born in Glasgow in 1809. He was educated in Aberdeen where his parents went to reside while he was quite young. He was intended for the church but qualified as an advocate in 1834. In 1841 he was appointed to the Latin chair in Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he remained for eleven years. In 1852 he was translated to the Greek chair in Edinburgh, an appointment which he held till 1882. During his life he wrote much on various subjects, but it is to his Celtic sympathies that we should like more particularly to refer. He was for many years resident at Oban where he turned his attention to the study of the Gaelic language, and from that time forward he took an active interest in all that affected the best interests of the Highland people. Finding their language valuable from a philological point of view, and still a living tongue, he set about securing funds for the endowment of a Celtic chair in Edinburgh. He issued appeals, delivered lectures, and wrote letters till by dint of perseverance and persuasion he completed his ardous task and founded the Chair of Celtic Languages and Literature. Full of genuine sympathies he espoused the cause of the crofters and his fearless public utterances as well as his written treatise on "The Highlanders and their Land Laws" (1885) no doubt helped to bring the question within the lines of practical politics. His own views on the crofter question are fully set forth in the work already referred to, and in "Altavona" which he published in 1883. The measure of knowledge of Gaelic to which he attained was generously employed in submitting the best productions of the Gaelic muse in an English garb for the delectation of the Saxon who might otherwise have remained oblivious of the beauties of Gaelic poetry. How well he executed the task is known to all who have read his "Language and Literature of the Scottish Highlands." The genial Professor passed away at his own residence, 9 Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, on 2nd March, and was buried in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh. The funeral was a public one, and the sad wail of the coronach was heard as his mortal remains were laid in mother earth.

PART I.—INVERLOCHY CASTLE—JOHN OF ISLA—HIS MARRIAGES—ISSUE—ALASDAIR CARRACH—ANGUS OG OF THE ISLES AND THE LORDSHIP OF LOCHABER.

"Badenoch is bad enough,
Lochaber's worse and worse."

I DO not know the origin of this saying beyond the fact that it refers to the time when feuds and forays were the rule; and, undoubtedly, at that time, Lochaber, if it did not lead the way, was at any rate second to none as a centre from which sallied to feud or foray the most daring adventurers of a warlike age. Here it was that the Highland hills first echoed to the notes of "Pibroch Dhomhnuill Duibh," when Donald Balloch's island host came to the relief of Alasdair Carrach, the Lord of Lochaber, who was besieged in his own mountain home like "a lion held at bay." But long before this the Lochaber axes were known and feared; and the embattled walls of Inverlochy's keep kept sullen watch at the base of Ben Nevis. In "Orig. Parroch, Scot., Vol. II., page 178, the castle is thus described:—"Inverlochy, at the mouth of the river Lochy, on its left bank . . . . . consisting of four round towers, 30 feet high; connected by walls 20 feet high, forms a quadrangle, and is surrounded at a distance of ten paces by a moat eight paces wide,"

In the original castle (it having been rebuilt several times), a treaty is said to have been signed between Achaius, King of Scotland, and Charlemagne. According to the chronology of the Kings of Scotland, Achaius succeeded to the throne in A.D., 787. He is described as a "good, godly and peaceable prince." It is further stated that he made a league with Charles, the great King and Emperor of France, which remaineth inviolable and kept to this day (1603.) Inverlochy was the seat of the Pictish Monarchy during the Norse occupation of Dunstaffnage, during which time the famous Scots' Coronation Stone was kept there. But it is not the intention here to deal with the ancient history of this remarkable territory. The who and wherefrom of its warrior lords, from the time of Achaius to that of the "Red Comyn," are matters of too much dispute, if not of mere conjecture, to serve the purpose of the present writer. We will begin with the historical fact that the Lordship of Lochaber was one of the many rewards of which Angus Og of the Isles was the recipient at the hand of King Robert Bruce, in return for the former's unswerving loyalty during the Scottish struggle for independence, which terminated so victoriously on the field of Bannockburn.

Angus Og was succeeded in the lordship of the Isles and of Lochaber, and of the many other dependencies over which the island lords held sway, by his son John, the fourth in succession from Somerled, the great founder of the family. As this John has been the subject of one of the series of very able and interesting articles which appeared in the *Celtic Monthly* last year, and as

the issues of the two marriages contracted by him, as given in the articles referred to, are at variance with all other written authorities, it is deemed expedient to repeat here the all but unanimously accepted account of these two marriages, and their respective issues.

In the year 1342 a dispensation was received from Rome allowing the marriage of John with his cousin, Ami Nic Ruari, heiress of the North Isles. The issue of this marriage was:—

(1) John, who died before his father, leaving one son, Angus, who died without issue.

This John is evidently confounded with John Mor Tanaistar, his half-brother, by the writer of the articles in question.

The Angus here mentioned was named along with his father's half-brother, Donald, the eldest son of John of Isla's second marriage, as a hostage in a deed printed in 1369, and given in full in the appendix to Tytler's His. of Scot., vol. II.

(2) Godfrey, styled of Uist and Garmoran, supposed to have died without issue. No descendants known.

(3) Ranald, progenitor of the families of Clan Ranald and Glengarry.

About the year 1357, or some fifteen years or so after his first marriage, John, by some means, which, for all that can be ascertained, may have been fair or foul, procured a divorce from Ami, but held on to the property she had brought him. He then received another dispensation from Rome allowing him to marry a second

THE OLD CASTLE OF INVERLOCHY.

time within the prohibited degree, this time to the Lady Margaret Stewart, daughter of Robert, High Steward of Scotland, who afterwards ascended the throne as Robert II. This second marriage took place shortly after the return of David II. from captivity, in 1357. [Smibert.] Off it John had issue:—

(1) Donald, who succeeded him in the Lordship of the Isles, and ancestor of the present Lord MacDonald.

(2) John Mor Tanaistar, ancestor of the MacDonalds of Islay, Earls of Antrim. MacDonalds of Sanda, and several other important families.

(3) Alexander, known as "Alasdair Carrach," Lord of Lochaber and Garragach, first chief of Keppoch, and progenitor also of the MacDonalds of Dalchosnie, etc.

The author of "The Last MacDonalds of Islay," with whom the present writer would not willingly disagree, makes "Alasdair Carrach" to be the third son of the first, instead of the second, marriage. But this, as has already been stated, is against the all but unanimously accepted account of the facts, and the writer can find no other authority for it beyond a family history of the Clan Ranald, which bears the name of neither writer or publisher, and which is so glaringly, if not deliberately misleading in many of its other statements as to leave it practically worthless as an authority.

(To be continued).

A HOSPITABLE HIGHLAND CHIEF.

A GRANT of the lands of Glenlyon was given to one William Olifannt in the reign of Robert Bruce; the glen which at that time was called Crom-ghleann was previous to that held by the crown. Olifannt, however, never appears to have taken possession, so we find again in the reign of David Bruce that Glenlyon was given to John Macdougall of Lorn, who was connected by marriage with the Royal family. John of Lorn was a famous warrior, and is still often referred to in the traditions of the glen as "Iain Dubh nan lann," or "Black John of the spears." His descendants in the male line became extinct in the third generation, so that the glen then became the possession through marriage of the Stewart Lords of Lorn, who strange to say also became extinct in the third generation in the male descent, so that this romantic valley fell through the marriage of the heiress into the powerful family of the Campbells of Lochow. It was in the time of the Stewarts that Glenlyon received its present name, but thereby hangs a tale, or more aptly a legend, too long for inserting here, but which may prove interesting on a future occasion.

The first chief of the Campbell race was (Archibald) "*Gilleasbuig Glas,*" a man not unknown to fame in his own day, but of whom the traditions of the district do not make much mention. Very different from this is the case of his illustrious son and successor whose name —Duncan,—was for his bounteous hospitality to rich and poor, turned by his faithful people into the designation by which he is still referred to, as "*Donnachadh Ruadh na fóileachd*" (Anglice, "Red Duncan of Hospitality")! This descriptive title was no doubt well earned, and is characterised by the fitness which always marks the popular nomenclature of our Celtic ancestors. Duncan, who flourished about the middle of the sixteenth century, built the little castle of Carnban upon a beautiful and commanding knoll near the site of a much older fort which tradition says was occupied by the Féinne. At Carnban, which is now a romantic ruin, he dispensed his bounty to retainers and strangers in a style that caused his name to be spoken of far and wide, and had even penetrated into Ireland.

The bard of the chief Gorrie in that country—whose patron was perhaps a representative of the Macguires as known at the present day—to test Duncan's generosity paid him a prolonged visit at the castle. During his stay which extended to a year and a day, there was no curtailment of supplies at Duncan's board. For the support of his numerous followers and visitors a fat bullock or cow was killed and prepared for every day of the year. Suspecting that such prodigal supplies were only given out for purposes of display during his stay at the castle in order that he would still further publish the fame of this great chief the bard resolved to subject Duncan to a further test. With this object in view he set off one morning with the pretence that he was to leave for Erin after bidding the inmates of the castle farewell, but instead of pursuing his journey he hid himself not far distant, and returned at night with the excuse that he had lost his way. Whether his design was seen through or not, at his return he found that two heads of cattle were killed and prepared that day.

The day on which he finally left the castle of Carnban Duncan accompanied him part of the way. At a spot about three hundred yards distant the bard addressed his kind host with the plain hint contained in the words "*'S mi'm bad gu 'n léine 's cha tu*" ("I am the poor shirtless wretch and not thou"). This appeal was too much for Duncan's generous nature who at once stripped and divested himself of his fine linen shirt and gave it to the bard, who then retorted, "*'S tu 'm bad gu 'n léine 's cha mhi*" ("You are the poor shirtless wretch and not I").

While this exchange of vestments was in process the chief's wife, who happened to look out from a window of the castle, seeing her husband in a state of nudity, and not recognising him at such a distance, asked one of the domestics of the establishment, "*Ciod an geadh geal tha mi faicinn an sud*" ("What white goose do I see yonder")? The spot, at which a neat cottage now stands, is still called "*Geadhgeal*" in memory of the goose story, which probably is not sufficient warrant for classing Donnachadh Ruadh with those feathered bipeds. Struck by the matchless generosity which he experienced at Carnban, the Irish bard in the usual professional way expressed his gratitude and wonder in a song of praise, of which the following verse is still current in the oral poetry of Glenlyon:—

"Molar gach duine na thir,
Is Goirridh na thir fein,
Ach na coimeasar duine do 'n t' sluagh
Ri Donnachadh Ruadh ach e fein."

TRANSLATED.

"Let every man be praised
Away in his ain countrie,
And Gorrie in his country too,
But let none of the people be
Compared to Duncan Roy but himself."

For his generous kindness to all, in an age when a rude hospitality was the rule through-

out the Highlands, this chief was distinguished in his own day, and his name is still held up to fame in the traditions of the district where he resided, for this reason alone It was a noble record to leave, and one that it would be well if more of the Highland chiefs' claims to immortality were of the same peaceful kind. Too often their names are linked with creachs and feuds and vengeful warfare.

In the "Chronicle of Fortingall," written by the Dean of Lismore, there are two or three entries referring to Duncan Campbell. One of these alludes to the building of the castle of Carnban there called Duninglas, and one is a notice of his death. Not having this interesting work beside me now, I am unable to give the date, but it was sometime after the middle of the sixteenth century, either in the sixth or seventh decade. The entry is to the following effect and as accurate as I can remember to give it. "Died at his castle of Duninglas Duncan Campbell of Glenlyon. He was one just and good man and kind to the poor. Burit at Finlark. May God have mercy on his soul."

Glenlyon. ALEXANDER STEWART.

WILLIAM GRANT, MANCHESTER.

GLEN-URQUHART has produced from time to time patriotic Celts who have taken a prominent part in furthering the Celtic movement.

The subject of our sketch was born in 1857 in the picturesque glen which the late John Bright referred to in the following significant lines:—

"In Highland glens, 'tis far too oft observed,
That man is chased away, and game preserved,
Glen-Urquhart is to me a lovelier glen—
Here deer and grouse have not supplanted men."

Mr. Grant is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Grant, who still retain their old home of Oakbank, on the slopes of Loch Ness, and who are now on the eve of the celebration of their golden wedding, and they have had the happy experience of seeing their family succeed in a marked degree in various spheres of life—the church and the medical profession, as well as the commercial world, being respectively represented by members of this talented family.

Willie Grant, as his friends like to call him, began his business career in the head office of the Scottish Imperial Insurance Company in Glasgow. Here he remained for seven or eight years when he received an important appointment from the Union Insurance Company, Liverpool. Following thereon he gained further experience in Edinburgh and Birmingham, and subsequently was appointed to the important position which he now holds of Manager of the Manchester branch of the Sun Life Office. Mr. Grant is not only esteemed in his own profession—in proof of which it may be stated he was recently elected a Member of the Council of the Insurance Institute—but he is also known as a popular Scotchman and a genuine Highlander, among a large circle comprising not only his own countrymen but Lancashire men as well.

While in Glasgow he took an active and intelligent interest in Celtic matters generally, acting for some years as Secretary to the Glasgow Inverness-shire Association, and upon his removal to Liverpool he and several compatriots founded the Liverpool Society of Highlanders—a Society which took an active and aggressive part in the advancement of the Crofter cause in the early days of the Land Agitation in the Highlands In Cottonopolis it is equally well known that his heart is true and his sympathies Highland, as exampled by his recent endeavours along with a few other well-known Celts, to found a Highland Society there. Needless to say he is a member of the Clan Grant, of which his eldest brother, Mr. James Grant, is President. While enthusiastic in Highland matters Mr. Grant has all the instincts of the true sportsman, and particularly enjoys himself in the saddle or on the golf course, and his love for his native heath ever draws him thither to roam among the mountains and glens as opportunity offers.

Frank and affable in manner, with pleasing address, Mr. Grant endears himself to all who come in contact with him.

"*Suoghal fuda dha.*"

FIONN.

[As we go to press we learn that Mr. Grant has been appointed to the important position of Metropolitan Manager to the Gresham Life Office, one of the largest life assurance institutions in the world. We heartily congratulate him and wish him every success.—EDITOR.]

SMITH & SEE.

WILLIAM GRANT.

JOHN GRANT OF GLENMORISTON.

(IAIN A' CHRAGAIN).

BY WILLIAM MACKAY, INVERNESS.

NO more interesting figure appears on the pages of Highland story than Iain a' Chragain, Laird of Glenmoriston—the loyal supporter of the Stewarts, the unbending opponent of William of Orange and the Guelphs. Born when Cromwell ruled, he saw the Restoration of the Stewarts in 1660, and their final expulsion in 1688. He fought for them at Killicrankie in 1689, and had his mansion destroyed and his country pillaged for his pains. He fought for them again at Sheriffmuir in 1715, after which his residence was again given to the flames, and his estates forfeited. For a time he was an attainted outlaw, finding shelter in caves or on the Cragain Darraich of Blairie which gave him the name by which he was popularly known; but he saw his estates restored in 1733, and he died in peace in his own bed in 1736. When Dundee raised the standard of King James, Iain a' Chragain joined him with 150 men. Before the battle of Killicrankie began, Lochiel, who was credited with the power of divination as well as with military genius, was consulted as to the issue. "That side will win," he replied, "that first spills blood." "Do you hear that?" said Iain a' Chragain, addressing a noted Glenmoriston deer-stalker who stood by his side, and significantly pointing to an officer who, mounted on a white steed, had galloped out of the enemy's lines to survey the battlefield—"Do you hear that?" The stalker crouched forward, and fired, and down came the rider of the white horse, shot through the heart. The first blood was thus spilt, and in a few moments whigs and tories were in each others throats. Iain and his men fought side by side with Glengarry and his followers, and with Grant of Shewglie and the men of Urquhart—and all gave a good account of themselves in the famous charge down the hill of Rinrory. A Glenmoriston man of the name of Mackintosh especially distinguished himself by passing his sword from the left shoulder to the right loin of a Hessian soldier—one of "the three wonders of the battle." That same Mackintosh's son fought for Prince Charles at Falkirk and Culloden; and his grandson fought for George III. in India and elsewhere, and afterwards settled in his native glen where he was remembered by persons who communicated the Killicrankie tradition to the writer.

SHIELD CARRIED BY IAIN A' CHRAGAIN AT KILLICRANKIE—IN GLENMORISTON'S POSSESSION.

For the part taken by Iain a' Chragain in the war he was sung by Gaelic bards, and immortalized in the Latin lines of "Prælium Gillicrankianum," and "The Grameid." But his loyalty cost him much. Lord Strathnaver marched into his glen with five hundred foot and three troops of dragoons, and blew up his castle, burnt his own and his tenants' corn, and drove their cattle and horses to Inverness. Surrender, however, he would not, and he held out for King James until he and his fellow loyalists were surprised in the dark on the Haughs of Cromdale by Livingston's dragoons and the Mackay and Grant Highlanders, and scattered naked over the moorlands.

When, after the death of Queen Anne, the

Earl of Mar opposed the accession of George the First, he was heartily supported by Iain a' Chragain, who was present at the famous Hunting of Braemar in August, 1715. Along with his old companion-in-arms, Glengarry, he went into Argyll to raise that county—and he did his best for the old Royal Line at Sheriffmuir. But the Fates were against him, and, refusing to follow the example of his friend Glengarry, and surrender, he was attainted, his house again burnt to the ground, and his estates forfeited. His tenantry were, however, loyal, and the rents still found their way into his pocket, while he himself found a rough shelter in the cave of Eas-Iararaidh. But age and infirmity gradually overtook him, and when, in 1721, the Forfeited Estates Commissioners had to be resisted at the fight of Ath-nam-Muileach, he had to allow his son Patrick to lead the men of Glenmoriston. Happier days came, and before his death he had the satisfaction of seeing his estate sold by the Commissioners, and restored to his family in the person of his son John, he himself being still under attainder.

Iain a' Chragain and his wife, Janet, daughter of the famed Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, lie side by side in St. Columba's ancient burying ground at Invermoriston. His tombstone bears the inscription—"This stone is erected here in memory of the Much Honoured John Grant, Laerd of Glenmoriston, who dyed Novr. 30, 1736, aged 79; and his son John Grant, Younger Laerd of Glenmoriston, who departed this life ye 3rd Decemr., 1734, aged 35 years." Hers—"This stone is erected here in memory of the Much Honoured Janet Cameron, Lady to the Honoured John Grant of Glenmoriston, Daughter to the Honoured Sir Ewan Cameron of Lochiel, who departed this life, Febry, 1759, aged 81 years." The *Scots Magazine* of the day records her death, and the fact that her descendants number two hundred. It is therefore possible that this short notice may be of some interest to not a few.

IAIN A' CHRAGAIN'S SWORD—IN GLENMORISTON'S POSSESSION.

A' GHAILIG ANN AM PLATHADH.

(The Gaelic in a Trance).

By Surgeon-Major John MacGregor, M.D.

(*Continued from page* 98).

Gu 'n dh-fhàs mi ro bhrònach, le deòir ghoirt 'nam shùilean,
Ri faicinn an t-àite 's am b' àbhaist dhoibh sùgradh,
'S le inntinn ro bhrùite le cùram ro chianail,
Gu 'n sheall mi null 's a nall feadh nan gleanntan 'bu mhiann leam.
O, togaibh, etc.

Air dearcadh mu 'n cuairt dhomh, le gruaim nach robh neònach,
'S a' caoidh tìr mo ghaoil bhi cho aonranach, brònach,
Gu 'n dhealraich fodh m' shùilean bean chiùin 's i 'na h-aonar,
'S air leam gu 'n robh bhean sgiamhach gu cianail ri caoineadh.
O, togaibh, etc.

Air uachdar an fhraoich, mar bu chaomh leis na Gàidheil
'S an àm ma 's do dh-fhàs iad cho tràileil 's cho féineil,
Gu 'n thriall i tre 'n ghleann le ceum mall, banal, uasal,
'S gu 'n dh-fhallaich mi mi-féin anns an fheur 'bha mu 'n cuairt dhiom.
O, togaibh, etc.

Bha 'ceann maiseach rùisgte fodh dhrùchdaibh nan speuran,
'S a falt trom 'na chuailean mu 'n cuairt air a' chéile,
Bha 'ciochan cho lionta ri ciochan glan òighe,
'S a casan caoin 's a làmhan ro àluinn, gun sòid orr'.
O, togaibh, etc.

Bha trusgan an fhéilidh gu beusach mu 'n cuairt dhi,
Le breacan ro bhòidheach ri còmhdach a guaillean,
Mu thimchioll a leasraidh bha crios de gach seòrsa
De dhathan air an d'-fhuaireadh a riamh luaidh no còmhradh,
O, togaibh, etc.

'Na gnùis gheal bha sùilean gu mùirneach 'nan soillse,
Cho slobhalt's cho sèimh ris na reultan ri boillsgeadh,
'Na beul milis, beusach, bha deud gheal ro bhòidheach,
'S 'nuair chuala mi ri cainnt i bu bhaind' leam a còmhradh.
Oh, togaibh, etc.

Cha b' aon mhaighdean bhòidheach 'chuir sgleò air mo shùilean,
'S a dh-fhàg mi ro ghòrach le 'n còmhradh 's le 'n giùlan,
Oir co riamh a fhuaireadh cho suarach 'na nàdur
'S nach fàsadh cridheil, caoimhneil, le maighdean bhi làmh ris!
O, togaibh, etc.

(To be concluded).

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH.—MACKINTOSH'S LAMENT.

THE story of this pathetic lament was recovered by Mr. A. A. Carmichael, the well-known Gaelic antiquarian, now of Edinburgh. The words were taken down on the 25th day of September, 1872, from the singing of *Mòr nighean Alasdair mhic Ruaraidh bhàin*, Keantangval, Barra. Mr. Carmichael's statement is as follows:—"According to my notes written from the narration of the singer of the lament, there was a prediction prevalent amongst his clansmen that Mackintosh of the day was destined to die through the instrumentality of his beautiful black steed—*an steud dubh àluinn*—whose glossy skin shone as a raven's wing and whose flowing mane and tail waved free as the mountain mist. But whatever he felt, the Chief resolved to show to his people that he treated the prediction lightly, and so he continued to ride his favourite notwithstanding the entreaties of his friends to the contrary. On the day of his marriage, the spirited Chief rode his spirited black steed, which, on the way to church, became more than usually restive. The steed reared and plunged and curvetted and altogether behaved so wildly that the rider, losing control over himself and the horse, drew his pistol and shot him dead. A *gille mòr*, "man nearest to him," as the old people say, handed his chief another horse and they proceeded to church. After the marriage ceremony, the gay party set out on their homeward journey. The bride and her maids, upon white palfreys, preceded, and the bridegroom and his friends followed. In passing, the chief's roan horse shied at the dead body of the black horse, and the rider was thrown to the ground and killed on the spot. A turn on the road hid the accident from those in front, and thus the bride, unconscious of the scene of misery behind her, continued her way home, the happiest of happy brides! She is said to have composed this air and elegy—"*Cumha Mhic-an-Toisich*"—"The Mackintosh's Lament."

There are other versions of the story. They are all traditionary, however, and we would like to know what a skilled antiquarian like Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh has to say on the story of this lament, which is associated with the clan which has the honour of including him among its sons.

The Gaelic words given here are those recovered by Mr. Carmichael. The English words are not a translation and are given merely as a vocal aid to the appreciation of the music.

C. M. P.

CUMHA MHIC-AN-TOISICH.

KEY B♭ *Slowly and with feeling.*

m : — : m | s : — : —	m : — : r | d : — : —	r : — : r | m : — : —	r : — : d | l_1 : — : —
Och nan och!	leagadh thu,	Och nan och!	leagadh thu,
Hark the pipe's	piercing wail	Sounding clear	on the gale,
d : — : l_1 | d : — : l_1	d : — : l_1 | s_1 : — : s_1	l_1 : — : s_1 | m : — : m	r : — : — | d : — : — ‖
Och nan och!	leagadh thu Am	beal - ach a'	ghàr - aidh.
As they bear a-	down the vale My	brave, my noble	marrow.
m :-.r: m | s : — : s	m :-.r: d | d : — : —	r :-.d: r | m : — : m	r :-.d: l_1 | l_1 : — : —
Leag an t-each	ceannfhionn thu,	Leag an t-each	ceannfhionn thu,
Pride o' the Hielans,	Chief o' his Clan;	Ever in danger	leading the van—
d : — : l_1 | d : — : l_1	d : — : l_1 | s_1 : — : s_1	l_1 : — : s_1 | m : — : m	r : — : — | d : — : — ‖
Leag an t-each	ceannfhionn thu An	ion - ad a'	ghàr - aidh.
Death ne'er laid a	fairer man With	- in his chamber	narrow.

Is mise 'bhean mhuladach,
'Giùlan na curraice,
O' n chualas aig gach duine
Gur ann 'na mhulach bha 'm fàbhar.

'S i maighdeann ro-dhubhach,
Nach fhainichear tuilleadh mi,
O 'n taca so 'n uiridh,
O 'n chuireadh am fàinn' orm.

'S mis' tha gu tùirseach,
'S tric snidh air mo shùilean,
'S mi 'g ionndrainn an fhiùrain,
Marcaich ùr nan steud àluinn,

Am fion bha gu d' bhanais,
'S ann chaidh e gu d' fharair';
Gur mise bha galach
'N àm nan gallan a thràghadh,

Cha teid mi gu bainis,
Gu féill no gu faidhir,
Gur an toiseach an earraich
  Fhuair mi 'n t-saighead a chràidh mi.

Gur mise tha tùirseach
O 'n chuir iad 'san ùir thu ;
Thoir mo shoraidh le dùrachd
  Gu tùr nan clach àrda.

Mo cheist air mo leannan,
Fiùran a' chùil chlannaich,
Gur cùbhraidh na 'n caineal
  Leam anail do bhràghaid.

Dhannsadh tu còmhnard
Na 'n seinneadh iad ceòl dhuit,
'S cha lùbadh tu 'm feòrnan
  Fo shròin do bhròig àirde.

Mo cheist air do phiuthair,
Bean òg a' chùil bhuidhe,
Gur maith a thig dhuit rudhadh
  'Tighinn o shiubhal do bhràighe.

Sealgair an fhéidh thu,
'S a bhric air an leumadh,
'S a' choilich dhuibh air bhàrr géige ;
  'S gu 'n reubteadh 'n t-eun bàn leat.

Marcaich an eich leumniach dhuibh,
Leumnaich dhuibh, leumnaich dhuibh,
Marcaich an eich leumnaich dhuibh,
  Reub an t-each bàn thu.

Eobhainn òig ! leagadh thu,
Eobhainn òig ! leagadh thu,
Eobhainn òig ! leagadh thu
  An eabar a' ghàraidh.

Eobhainn òig ! thogadh thu,
Eobhainn òig ! thogadh thu,
Eobhainn òig ! thogadh thu
  Gun fhios domh, 's mi làmh ruit.

Och nan och ! leagadh thu,
Och nan och ! thogadh thu,
Och nan och ! leagadh thu
  Am bealach a' ghàraidh.

'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
'S truagh nach robh mis' an sin,
  'S bheirinn air laimh ort.

Day of dule ! day of woe !
Day that saw Evan low.
Ne'er shalt thou from mem'ry go
  While life's dim lamp is burning.
In the morn a bride was I ;
Wife when noonday's sun was high ;
Ere its light had left the sky,
  I was a widow mourning.

What is life now tae me,
Since they've ta'en ye frae me !
What again can pleasure gi'e !
  What dispel my sorrow !
Life was sweet I was gay ;
Love was short and joy's away ;
Grief has come but grief will stay,
  Renewed with every morrow.

GAELIC PRONUNCIATION.

THE Rules for pronunciation, general and particular, with exceptions, as contained in the grammars, have often been found to present at the outset a task too heavy for young scholars eager to acquire a knowledge of the Gaelic. The rules are altogether good and indispensable, yet their seeming complexity has of itself been enough to turn away many grown-up beginners from further study of the grammatical structure of the language. Experience has proved that a summary of rules for pronunciation is sufficient for the requirements of beginners, a knowledge of the particular rules being more readily appreciated in the course of studying the parts of speech. Some teachers leave dialectic matters wisely aside, and deal with classical Gaelic alone, in the early stages of study. The following rules are cast into metre and rhyme for mnemonic purposes, and they have been helpful to a good number of students: they are given here in the hope that they may be useful to more.

GENERAL RULES.

First Lesson :—Vowels and Aspirated Letters.

The Vowels in the Gaelic are ;—
A, e, i, o, u—five in all ;
A, o. and u, are called Broad,
While e and i are called Small.

When sounded short, they do not need
The vowel-marks ; when long, they do ;
And both without and with their marks,
Their sounds are, *ah, ae, ee, o, oo.*

Of Consonants there are thirteen ;
Nine join with h, and three remain
Which do not need the h at all ;
These, l, n, r, are always plain.

Bh and mh sound like *v* ;*
Ch, when with Broad vowels found,
Sounds as in "loch ;" with vowels Small
'Tis as in "licht" (the Scottish sound).

Dh and gh, when beside
Broad vowels placed, come very nigh
To *r* when sounded with a "burr,"
But vowels Small make them like *y*.

Fh is silent, as a rule,†
Ph is like the f in "friend ;"
Sh and th sound as *h*,‡
And bring this lesson to an end.

Second Lesson :—Plain Consonants.

The b, f, h, m, p, and r,
Pronounced in Gaelic are the same
Almost as they in English are,
Though slightly different in name.

Initial c is always hard,
Like English *k* in "Kaffir," "key;"
And g is hard, sometimes like *k*
In "keep," and *g* in "get" and "glee."

The d along with vowels Broad
Is like the *d-th* in "d-though;"
And t, when similarly placed,
Is like the *t-th* in "t-throw."

With vowels Small the d becomes
Like g in "gem," and d in "due;"
While t is as *t-y* in "t-yee"
And *t-ch* in "catch" and "t-chew."

The l with vowels Broad is like
The *l-th* in "ll-that" and "ll-though;"
And n is like the n in "none,"
In "now and then," in "near" and "no."

With vowels Small the l becomes
Like l in "million," "will," and "lieu;"
And n with corresponding change
Sounds as in "numerous" and "new."

The s when placed with vowels Broad,
Sounds like the s in "sand" and "snow:"
With vowels Small, its sound is changed
To that of the sh in "show."

When t- is placed before an s,
The sound of s at once drops out;
And d when added to ch
Sounds as a *k*: tis odd, no doubt!

Third Lesson:—Syllables.

The Syllables are mostly found
To end in Consonants, although
Some final ones in Vowels end,
Which always are pronounced, you know.

In speaking and in reading out,
This must at once be recognized:—
However long the words may be,
First-syllables are emphasized.

A hyphen placed between two words
Requires the emphasis to be
Upon the word that follows it,
Not the preceding one, you see.

Observe the Rules and read these words:—
Bi *modh*ail, *dòch*asach, bi fial;
Gabh beachd air rùn nan *ciùi*sean so
A tha comh-*cheang*ailte le ciall.

Exceptions:—

* bh and mh, in the middle and at the end of some words, sound like *u* or *w*; as *thubhairt* [*hoowairt*], *samhradh* [*saoora*].
† fh, in *fhathast*, *fhéin*, *fhuair*, sounds as *h*.
‡ th is silent in *thu*, sounded *oo*.
c, in the middle and at the end of some words, has the same pronunciation as *chd*; as *breacan*, *focal*, *mac*, *faic*, *reic*.
d, in *god*, has its Broad-vowel sound.
n of the Article, of the Pronoun *an* (their), and of the expletive Preposition *an* (in), also of the Conjunctions *gu 'n* (that), *na 'n* (if), followed by words beginning in plain c and g, combines with the c and g, and the pronunciation is like that of *nk* and *ng* in "rank," "sang."
s, in *so* [here, this], *sud*, has its Small-vowel sound; and in *is*, *sean*, it has its Broad-vowel sound.
t, in *tigh*, has its Broad-vowel sound.

Oban DUNCAN MAC ISAAC.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"GABHAIDH SINN AN RATHAD MOR," OR "THE MACINTYRE'S MARCH."

I think your correspondent should hesitate before styling "Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór," "The Stuarts' March." The authority for its being so called is evidently the author of "The Stewarts' of Appin" (see a note to the song in "The Killin Collection"). There it is stated that "Nether Lochaber" (another Stewart) writes "The Glencoe words *(i.e. the words now sung to the air)* are the genuine original words by Iain Breac Mac Eanrick (Henderson), a celebrated piper in the time of Montrose." He thinks the same individual composed the music. That is one side of the case. Now for the other. The Macintyres claim the tune as their March. The words which refer to that clan have a much more genuine appearance of age about them that the song now sung. The former is a mere *port a beul* such as a person acquainted with these matters would expect to find associated with a bagpipe march. The latter is really a song, and one not perfectly free from the appearance of spuriousness in parts of it. When the writer was a little boy his mother sent him with a penny to a tinker-like itinerant piper to request him to play "The Macintyres' March." The piper complied, and it was "Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mór" which he played, and which the writer had previously and many times afterwards heard spoken of as the "March of the Macintyres." The writer's mother was a Macintyre by father and mother, had been in touch in her younger days with people whose memories could carry them back to 1770 at least, who also took a deep interest in the local lore of her native district and knew what she was talking about, and she always insisted on the tune being "The Macintyres' March." There are others about the north of Lorn who give the same story. It does not do to repeat all that is found in books regarding Highland lore without proving its correctness by research, as mere imaginative matter is frequently set down as fact. Where there is room for doubt the fact should be stated. I will now with your leave proceed to another somewhat similar case. In your last number you give the tune "Briogais Mhic Ruaraidh" and a good (Lochaber man's) song to it. In the notes given above the music the north country version of the incident which gave rise to the song is told. Now it so happens there is a Lochaber version which is equally worth quoting, and which may amuse your readers and serve to bring home to them what a slippery thing tradition is. Can both versions be true? I quote from "The Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans, by Lieutenant Donald Campbell, 1862."

BRIOGAIS MHIC RUARAIDH.

The subject of the following verses was a Glencoe man who had learned the tailoring in Glasgow. On returning home after an absence of several years, the first person the tailor met with, at some distance from the clachan, was an old simple-minded aunt of his own. The tailor, like many of his trade, was a gay and humorous wag, and being "spike

and span new" in his outlandish Lowland dress, and totally changed in his appearance since his aunt had seen him, he thought it a good joke to pass himself off on the old woman as a great foreign gentleman. He told her many curious stories and asked many curious questions, by which her simplicity and credulity were drawn forth in a very ludicrous manner. Being an excellent mimic, the graceless fellow narrated the interview at a merry-meeting of his friends in the evening, with a humour which produced roars of laughter at the expense of the aunt. Domhnull Mac Raonuill was not pleased with the "Saxonized" tailor for this irreverent exhibition of his aged relative; determined to turn the tables on him, he caused the "inexpressibles" to be abstracted after he went to bed, and fixing them like a banner, on a hay fork, sent them with three verses of poetry, to his friend Callart, requesting that he would pass them in like manner to his next neighbour, as "lame dyvours" used to be passed from house to house of old in the Highlands. Callart sent them to Lundavra, Lundavra to Glenevis, Glenevis to Letterfinlay and so on. In short, the unlucky "breeks" travelled from chieftain to chieftain and clan to clan, through every strath, glen, and shieling in the whole North Highlands, on their poetic mission, and the result was hundreds of verses, many of them exceedingly satirical and picturesque, for almost all Highlanders of the olden time could clothe their thoughts in rhyme, and they never hesitated to satirize one another without restraint, according to the humour of the passing moment. I can only make room for the three introductory verses and chorus, by Domhnull Mac Raonuill, but can assure anyone who has leisure and taste for the collection of Gaelic poetry, that the medley of verses on "Brigis Mhic Ruaridh" (to be found in all parts of the country) are well worthy of his attention.

BRIGIS MHIC RUARAIDH.—RORYSON'S BREEKS.

A bhrigis a bh-agad an am dol a chadal,
Noir dhuisg u sa mhaduin cha d' fhuair u i,
'S cha d' fhag iad na h-aite ach seorsa do mhagan,
'S a faighte fear spagach a shuaineachadh.

FONN—

Oh ho, oh ho, oh he, oh he,
An d-fhiarich an t-fharaid nan cualadh sibh,
Oh ho, oh ho, oh he, oh he,
Co idir thug brigis mhic Ruaraidh leis?

'S ioma brachdlach 's cuil ghabhadh 'n robh brigis an taileir
Mu 'n d' thainig i 'n Charnaich ga fuarachadh;
Nan innsinn a h-eachdraidh, a slainneadh 's a cleachda
Bu ghrad chuirte a Shassun air fuadach i!

Thoir an nunn an trius-balcach do Challart a phailteis
Is abir ri 'm charraid, le suairceadas
Gu bheil i mar bhalcach o stairsnich gu stairsnich,
A solar rainn tharsuinn 's na tuadh-chriochan.

Perhaps if it were possible to make deep research into the matter the original germ which gave life to "Briogais Mhic Ruaraidh," and it may be "Rab Roryson's bonnet," would be found much further back in date than that to which either of the stories about the tune belong.

C. M. P.

REVIEW.

GORDON; OR THE ROSE OF METHLIC, BY WILLIAM ALLAN. SUNDERLAND: HILLS & CO.—Mr William Allan, M.P. for Sunderland, requires no introduction to the readers of the *Celtic Monthly*, for his reputation as a writer of stirring Highland songs has been long established. Collections of his poems have been published, but we venture to think that his reputation as a Highland poet of the highest rank will rest upon this his latest and most ambitious work.

In "Gordon," he tells

"A tale of love and deeds in battle dire,
Which, unforgotten, still the Gaels inspire."

Young Gordon of Gight marries Nell, the Gypsy maid, and immediately afterwards takes part in the rising of 1745, and after the disastrous field of Culloden, with many of his countrymen took refuge in France. Mr. Allan describes graphically the gathering of the clans at Glenfinnan, the march south, and the other exciting incidents in that brilliant but illfated enterprise. Several of the chapters are prefaced with stirring songs which are well worthy of being set to suitable music. We quote two which express the warlike and hopeful prospects of the clans when they commenced their march to the south to win the Crown for the Stuart King in London itself, and the gloom and despair to which bloody Culloden gave birth.

AWAY FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

Away from the mountain, away from the glen,
The chieftains have gone with their brave Highland men,
Leal-hearted and braw are the lads of each clan
Who follow the pipers that play in the van.

The pibrochs shall echo o'er Athol's green braes,
Dunkeld and Dunblane shall their gallant sons raise,
And Snowdoun's proud towers shall hear them and scan
The lads with the pipers that play in the van.

Like dark-rolling billows that dash on the shore,
So wild is their rush with the gleaming claymore,
And foemen shall fall 'neath the might of each man
Who follow the pipers that play in the van.

Oh! many shall never come back to their home,
O'er all their dear glens Sorrow's darkness shall come,
But glory shall brighten the graves of the clan
Who followed the pipers that played in the van.

CULLODEN.

Joy fled from our glen once so happy and fair,
And mothers and maidens no comfort found there,
They cried night and day in their grief and despair,
Ochone! for our Chief and Prince Charlie.

No more shall the pibroch be heard in our glen,
No more shall be gathered our lads and our men,
No more shall they tread o'er the heather agen,
Or follow their Chief and Prince Charlie.

Culloden! Culloden! around thee shall dwell,
The silence of sorrow and love's dearest spell,
Thy heath shall be sacred to heroes who fell
For Scotland and Bonnie Prince Charlie.

Altogether, "Gordon" is a delightful book, and gives quaint touches of manners and customs in the Highlands in the olden times. It is got up in the most handsome style, and should command a large sale. Mr. Allan is known and honoured throughout the country as a patriotic and ardent Scotsman, but his sympathies are, as he himself states in presenting to us the copy now under review "Hielan! aye Hielan!"

DOCUMENT

CLUNY MACPHERSON.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

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CLUNY MACPHERSON.

EWEN HENRY DAVIDSON MACPHERSON of Cluny Macpherson, the present Chief of Clan Chattan, was born on 22nd January, 1836, and educated at Harrow. Inheriting the martial ardour and love of chivalrous adventure, so characteristic of the race from which he has sprung, Cluny has had a long and distinguished military career. He is the lineal descendant and loyal representative of an honoured line of chiefs that for ages exercised patriarchal sway in the wide and extensive district of Badenoch, so appropriately described by the late Principal Shairp of St. Andrews as "the grand old country of the Chattan Clan." Cluny succeeded to the chiefship of Clan Chattan and to the Cluny estates on the lamented death of his

CLUNY CASTLE, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

eldest brother, Duncan, without issue, in October, 1886, and is the twenty-second chief in direct succession from Gillicattan Mor, the head or chief of the clan, who lived in the reign of Malcolm Canmore.

The son of Ewen Macpherson of Cluny, C.B., (sometime an officer in the Royal Scots, afterwards in the Black Watch), who had been justly characterised as the embodiment of all the virtues of the old patriarchal Highland chief; grandson of the gallant Duncan of Cluny who fought with such distinction in the American War of Independence; great-grandson of "the devoted Ewen of Cluny," who died in exile after the '45; great-great-grandson of Simon Lord Lovat, who suffered in the same cause; and great-great-great-grandson of the heroic Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, the

present chief has always maintained with true dignity the military fame and distinguishing characteristics of his ancestors.

In the autumn of 1847, the Queen, the Prince Consort, and the Royal family, occupied for a time the charming residence of Ardverikie (overlooking Loch Laggan) then part of the Cluny property, and in *Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands*, Her Majesty refers to the loyal and enthusiastic Highland welcome given by "old Cluny," his three sons, their maternal uncle the well-known Davidson of Tulloch, and others, to the Royal party.

Devoted Jacobite, by birth and sympathy, though he was, it was naturally a source of special gratification to "old Cluny" that he lived to see his three sons, alluded to in the *Queen's Journal*, become distinguished soldiers in Her Majesty's service—the eldest, Duncan, ultimately attaining the command of the celebrated Black Watch "of song and story;" the second, Ewen—the present chief—the command of the equally celebrated 93rd Highlanders; and the third, George Gordon, becoming an officer in the famous Coldstream Guards.

Gazetted as ensign in 1854 to the 93rd Highlanders in his eighteenth year, Cluny has taken part in most of the campaigning since that time and has worthily and honourably maintained the ancient fame and military prowess of his forefathers. Gradually promoted from one grade to another, he eventually rose to command the distinguished regiment in which he had served for the long period of thirty years. The following is the official record of his military services:—

"Ensign 3rd of November, 1854; Lieutenant 9th of February, 1855. Served with the regiment in the Crimea from 14th of July, 1855, including the siege and fall of Sebastopol; also in the Indian Mutiny, including the relief of Lucknow by Lord Clyde; operations at Cawnpore and battle of the 6th of December, 1857; pursuit to Serai Ghat; actions of the Kala Nuddee; siege and fall of Lucknow, campaign in Oude and attack on Fort Mittowlie. Became Captain 13th May, 1859; was aide-de-camp to the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal from 1st of June, 1859, to 31st of May, 1862. Served in the Eusofzai campaign of 1863 under Sir John Garvock. Brevet-Major 5th of July, 1872; Major 29th of October, 1873; and Lieutenant-Colonel commanding 1st of January, 1879. Colonel in the Army 1st January, 1883; commanding 1st Regimental District (The Royal Scots) 1885; commanding Highland Volunteer Brigade 1890. Cluny has the Crimean medal and clasp, Turkish medal, Indian medal with two clasps, and the Frontier medal with clasp for Umbeyla."

Many exciting and notable incidents in connection with Cluny's military career might be related if the exigencies of space permitted. One, however, out of several such incidents may be given. On the eve of the final attack on Sebastopol on the 9th September, 1855, Cluny marched from near Balaclava with the Highland brigade (consisting of the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd), then commanded by Sir Colin Campbell, to the front where the brigade was posted in the rear trenches as a reserve. The attack on the Redan in the earlier part of the day having been unsuccessful the Highlanders were marched that afternoon into the advanced trenches. They were then only 150 yards from the Redan, and were told that that fortification was to be attacked at one o'clock next morning. Sir Colin made a brief but stirring speech on the occasion, announcing that he was to lead the brigade in person and that not a man was to leave the Redan until it was taken. It was a bittterly cold night and as Cluny lay in the trenches with some of his brother officers waiting for the signal to attack —the dead and ghastly-looking bodies of the poor fellows who had been killed in the earlier attack lying all around them—his feelings may be imagined. The Highlanders had to rush across the bare space of 150 yards before the Redan could be attacked and as that space was within sweep of a number of guns in the Russian batteries, prepared to open fire upon the attacking party as soon as they emerged from the trenches, they had every reason to fear that few, if any, of their number, would ever live to reach the Redan. About midnight, however, a terrific explosion took place, blowing up the Russian batteries the one after the other, and sending showers of stones and debris of all descriptions into the advanced trenches. A small reconnoitring party of the 93rd having quietly crept up to the Redan came back and reported that the Russians had retired. At the risk of a *ruse*, or surprise-attack on the part of the enemy, Cluny with some of his comrades rushed over the trenches and found the Russians had vacated the place leaving behind them only a few stragglers with some wounded men. The Redan was all knocked to pieces by the explosion and dead bodies were lying in every direction. As it was feared there might be other mines which had not exploded the Highlanders were immediately ordered back to the trenches. The only souvenir of the memorable event Cluny carried away with him was a small Russian percussion cap box which he now possesses mounted as a small snuff mull. He was very successful as a sportsman in the plains of India, and in Kashmir and Thibet, of which there are many interesting trophies in Cluny Castle.

Cluny has naturally taken the greatest

JOHN MACKENZIE.

interest in the 93rd, and it was under his direction that the "Records" of that famous regiment, written by Captain Burgoyne, were prepared and published in 1883. After relinquishing the command of the 93rd, Cluny commanded the 1st Regimental District—"The Royal Scots"—in which his father had served—and he is now Brigadier General commanding the Highland Volunteer Brigade. The following extract from a letter addressed to him by the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Forces, speaks for itself:—

"Horse Guards, War Office,
24th August, 1892.

Sir,

I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that Her Majesty the Queen has been pleased to approve of your receiving from the grant for distinguished and meritorious services, an allowance of £100 per annum from 20th July, 1892, inclusive * * *

I am, Sir yours
George.

Colonel E. H. D. Macpherson, Half-pay,
Commg. Highland Vol. Infy. Brigade."

Cluny is a Deputy-Lieutenant and Magistrate of the County of Inverness, is Chairman of the Parochial Board and of the School Board of Laggan, and represents the division of the parish of Laggan (in which Cluny Castle is situated) in the County Council of Inverness-shire. Following in the footsteps of his father, he is proving himself one of the most estimable and generous-hearted landlords in the Highlands. For a considerable time he has been unfortunately prostrated by a severe illness, the result of the hardships of his long and active military services, and of a chill caught in the autumn of 1893 in the camp at Invergordon, when discharging his duties as Brigadier General of the Highland Volunteers. He is now gradually but steadily recovering and it is the earnest hope of his clansmen and many friends that he may long be spared in health and strength to dwell among his own people, in the old ancestral seat of Cluny Castle, as the worthy successor of his honoured father, who in such a pre-eminent degree united in himself the noble and generous qualities associated with the typical Highland chief.

With such an ancestry no better wish can be expressed for the present chief than in the time-honoured words of Fingal to Oscar—*Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shinnsre.*

A' h-uile latha sona dha
Gun lath' idir dona dha!

Kingussie. A. MACPHERSON.

JOHN MACKENZIE, ARRAN.

AMONG the prominent Highlanders whose name we often hear, but whose personality is only known to a few intimate friends, is Mr. John Mackenzie of Dubhgharadh Tower, Arran, whose portrait will be welcomed by many of our readers. A few facts regarding Mr. Mackenzie's career may prove interesting. He was born at Gairloch in 1831, where his father was in the employment of the late Sir Francis Mackenzie of Gairloch. When seven years of age Mr. Mackenzie removed to Lochcarron, where his father was appointed keeper with Lieutenant-Colonel Inge, and he has not seen his native place since! The family afterwards went to Strathglass, where Mr. Mackenzie was sent to school in Dingwall, and attended the celebrated Dr. Kennedy's church. When about twenty years of age he decided to follow the occupation of his father, and was successively keeper in Glenurquhart, Strathglass, Dunvegan (Skye), and Strathspey. Nearly forty years ago the late Duke of Hamilton was anxious to have a deer forest in Arran, and wanted a young man of ability and experience as keeper. Mr. Mackenzie was strongly recommended for the post by the late Mr. Keith Stuart Mackenzie of Seaforth and Lord Lovat, and he received the appointment, which he still worthily holds. His enthusiasm for Celtic matters are well known, and he has always taken a particular delight in Highland literature. He is very popular among the people of Arran, and when the first school board was elected in 1873, he was returned as member for the Kilmory district, and was also chairman. We hope that he may be long spared to further the cause of his countrymen.

ALLISTER MACKENZIE.

PART IX.—(*Continued from page* 125).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

MEANWHILE Picton's other brigade, commanded by Pack, was attacked by another column which was met in the same way. Pack allowed it to come up on the crest of the ridge, and as it was in the act of deploying caught it by a furious fire of musketry, and then ordered his brigade with levelled bayonets to charge. Here were the sturdy 42nd and the gallant 92nd, whose terror-striking yell in charging confounded the French, who did not long remain crossing bayonets with the veterans who had baffled them so completely at Quatre Bras. This column also retired into the plain to reform. La Haye Sainte still held out, but Papilote, on the extreme left, was taken. Ney's guns now commenced again to fire over his head upon the devoted band which had given him such a check. Under cover of this fire, Ney reformed his column and again advanced to the British ridge, supported on his left by Kellerman's cavalry. Kempt, who had taken the command after Picton's fall, ordered the division to take shelter in the hollow behind the ridge from the fire of the French artillery. Lord Uxbridge, seeing this advance of the French to be so formidable and so threatening in its attitude, and knowing that no reinforcements could be obtained, but hoping that the gallant few remaining of the division might again repel the attack, determined to bring his cavalry forward to its support and watch events. He immediately ordered the Union brigade of heavy cavalry to advance and take post by regiments in rear of the threatened infantry, ready for any emergency. These gallant horsemen, impatient of being spectators of a scene in which they had no part, now saw that their turn was about to come, and they determined to give a good account of themselves. The order to advance was received with the greatest exultation. The Royals, Inniskilleners, and Scots Greys advanced, and in the most masterly style wheeled into lines, presenting a most beautiful front of about 1300 sabres Uxbridge rode down the line and was received with a general shout and cheers from the brigade, with Sir William Ponsonby at their head. Meanwhile the French advanced to the ridge. The gallant Pack, the hero of many a hard tussle, undismayed by the numbers about to confront him, ordered his heroic band to advance from the sheltered hollow, to close quarters with their formidable opponents, telling them to reserve their fire on the way,—an order they frequently received from their gallant general on many previous occasions. He and his equally gallant men were for fifteen years companion-in-arms. The order was observed on this occasion—on they went, unheeding the hail of balls met with on the way. Arriving within twenty yards of the enemy they pulled up, and in an instant threw in such a concentrated fire as completely staggered the foe and tumbled them over each other in heaps, completely disordered. Pack was near at hand, and seeing a part of the column to the left of the 92nd showing a firmer front, he galloped up to the remnant left of the gallant Gordons he so well knew, and said to

them, "'Ninety-second!' you must charge those fellows there, and drive them away!" The Gordons, though only 250 strong, responded with a shout, and lowering their bayonets to the charge, with a yell ran to the "shock of steel," and in a few minutes thrust their opponents off the ridge in utter confusion. Lord Uxbridge, keenly surveying the scene, and fearing that the gallant band of Highlanders might be lost in such a throng, and seeing the opportune moment had come for his grand horsemen of the "Union brigade" to have their ardent wishes gratified, now launched forth the Royals on the left of the French, the Inniskilleners on the centre, and the Scots Greys on the right of the column with which the 92nd were battling. The infantry in front opened their ranks for the horsemen to get through. These grand troopers galloped through the openings thus made, to a charge which for wonderful intrepidity of execution, and its complete success has rarely been equalled, and certainly never excelled. They fell headlong on the wavering French columns. The shock was irresistible. In a few minutes the whole mass was pierced through and through, rode over, dispersed, and taken in the rear. In despair the French soldiers and

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND STAFF AT WATERLOO.

officers threw themselves on the ground, crying for quarter, which was willingly granted them, and in ten minutes two thousand prisoners and two eagles were captured, one of them, the eagle of the 45th regiment, styled by Napoleon the "Invincible." It had been with him at Marengo, Austerlitz, Wagram, and never defeated till this day. The whole column was annihilated. Flushed with this success, the brigade made for Ney's guns which they beheld being placed in position earlier in the day, and riding in amongst them slaughtered all the artillery men and horses they could fall upon, even cutting up the traces of the horses, and rendering the guns useless for the rest of the day. Unsatisfied with this second triumph, the gallant fellows pursued their victorious career, and charged with loud shouts a second line of guns further up the slope, serving them in the same way as the first, thus depriving Napoleon of the use af seventy-four guns, all that protected Ney's advance. Seeing a regiment of lancers approaching them, they attacked and routed them also.

(To be continued).

THE LATE COLONEL SKINNER, CANADA.

MANY of our readers resident in all parts of the world will regret to learn of the death of Colonel James A. Skinner, one of the most ardent Highlanders that ever trod the heather. He was born at Tain in 1826, and completed his education at Golspie, where his father was a saddler, and for nearly half a century did all the work for the Duke of Sutherland. He went to Canada, where, after a number of years, he and his brother Andrew started business in the wholesale china and glassware trade on their own account, and soon built up one of the largest houses in Canada. Although he retired from the active management of the firm of James A. Skinner & Co., Toronto, thirty-five years ago, he still remained senior partner. The Colonel's enthusiasm in military affairs was well known. He raised a company of sixty-six men, all dressed in complete Highland costume, the whole expense being defrayed by himself. During the Fenian troubles of 1866 he commanded the 13th battalion.

In 1874 he was elected M.P. for South Oxford, and was re-elected twice. In politics he was a staunch Liberal; and was a warm personal friend of the late Sir John A. Macdonald. Colonel Skinner was passionately attached to Scotland, and the lovely estate, "Dunelg," which he bought near Hamilton, Ontario, was so called in honour of his native Highlands. Three years ago he visited this country, and we spent a most delightful holiday together, both in Staffordshire and Ross-shire, where he took a keen pleasure in conversing with old friends of the happy days of boyhood. Many a poor Highlander, who has done well in Canada, owes his first step on fortune's ladder to the kind assistance of our warm-hearted friend. He was naturally an ardent supporter of Canada's connection with the mother-country, which he considered beneficial to the interests of the colony. The Colonel was also a lover of books, and was well read in the best literature of his country. His library was considered one of the finest private collections in Canada. In Scotland, as well as in the Dominion, his death will be sincerely lamented by a large circle of friends. He was buried at Hamilton, Ontario, with military honours. He is survived by a widow; and of his five sons Capt. Fred. St. Duthus is now on the staff; Capt. Thos. C. is in the Royal Engineers at Malta; Andrew F. in business at San Francisco; Robert Burns at Toronto; and Hugh at "Dunelg."

Hanley. JOHN MUNRO.

ROBERT CAMERON.

THE LATE ROBERT CAMERON, OF CAMUSERICHT.

BY the death of this estimable and well-known gentleman which took place at his residence, Armandave House, Callander, an interesting figure has been removed from the mortal scene. He was born in 1809 at Camusericht, on Loch Rannoch, the home of his ancestors for five generations. In his day, a man of fine physique and handsome appearance, he was in every way a typical specimen of the grand old Highland stock from which he sprang. Through a younger son, John of Kinlochleven, he was eighth in direct male descent from Macmartin of Letterfinlay and Dochanassie, the oldest head of the Clan Cameron. The branch of the Macmartins of which the deceased was *Ceann Tighe*, or chieftain, was founded in Rannoch in 1677 by John Macmartin Cameron (Iain Bán Abrach) grandson of Kinlochleven above mentioned. Iain Bán's father, Donald of Blarachaorin in Lochaber, abducted and married under most romantic circumstances a noted beauty of the day, Rachel MacGregor, only daughter of Duncan MacGregor IV. of Dunan and Camusericht, a cadet of the house of Roro, and

CRAGANOUR, FROM SHORE OF LOCH RANNOCH.

descended from the Chiefs of MacGregor. This Duncan was a famous warrior and took a prominent part in the historical battle of Glenfruin. His son Patrick V. of Dunan many years later, when on his deathbed, invited his nephew Iain Bán to settle in Rannoch and conferred upon him the lands of Camusericht. By his subsequent marriage with Patrick's young widow he became the progenitor of the Macmartin Camerons of Camusericht and Kinnachlachair—a family which, on the extinction of the main line of Letterfinlay some fifty years ago in the persons of Colonel Hugh John Cameron and his brothers, would carry on the representation of this famous old Lochaber house. At the time when the estate of Letterfinlay was being carved up and sold Mr. Cameron purchased a portion, not so much with any intention of taking up his residence in Lochaber, as from patriotic and sentimental motives to prevent the land, which was the cradle of his race, from being utterly alienated from the name with which it has been indentified from the earliest times. On his mother's side the subject of our sketch was descended from the best blood of the Clan Gregor. His mother, a sister of Captain John MacGregor of the 24th Regiment, was of the house of Learagan in Rannoch, from which house came many distinguished soldiers, among

whom may be mentioned the late General Sir Duncan MacGregor, K.C.B., and Colonel Hugh MacGregor of the 63rd., who commanded the Balquhidder men when the Royal Clan mustered under their chief Sir Evan Murray MacGregor, to receive George IV. on the occasion of that monarch's memorable visit to Edinburgh. His grandmother was a daughter of Alastair MacGregor of Ardlarich, the heir and lineal representative of the MacGregor Chiefs of Glenstrae. Of wide culture and an excellent Gaelic scholar, himself a man of poetic tastes and imbued with the spirit of the Highland bards of old, Mr. Cameron was much in request and afforded invaluable assistance to many authors and collectors of Highland lore and tradition. He took a warm interest in the great clan movement inaugurated some years ago and, since its inception, has been a member of council of the Clan Cameron Society. Married to a daughter of the late John MacDonald, Esq., H.E.I.C.S., he leaves a family of three sons and two daughters. Two of his sons are Doctors of Medicine. The eldest is a Magistrate for the County of Argyll, and Lieutenant-Colonel (retired) of the Argyll and Bute Artillery Volunteers; the youngest is County Medical Officer of Galloway. The third son is a Judge in the Bengal Civil Service.

The portrait was taken in Mr. Cameron's seventy-eighth year.

JOHN CAMERON.

KILLICHONAN CHURCHYARD, AND HEAD OF LOCH RANNOCH.

MESSRS. BROWN & POLSON, the fame of whose Corn Flour is already world-wide, have asked us to test a packet of their Paisley Flour. We have had the sample duly tried, and find that it possesses all the qualities claimed for it. It is intended to be used with ordinary flour—one part to six—for raising and improving scones, cakes, pastry and household bread. It improves the flavour, and increases the digestibility of the food, and can be used with advantage in every form of baking. We have every confidence that this new article of Messrs. Brown & Polson's manufacture will soon become as popular and indispensible in the household as their Corn Flour, which for so many years has had many imitators but no equals.

We have to express our indebtedness to Mr. Paul Cameron, Photographer, Pitlochrie, for his great kindness in sending for our use a number of beautiful photographs of Loch Rannoch district, two of which we have reproduced in connection with the sketch of the late Mr. Robert Cameron. We also give reproductions of the Clan Chattan Chanter and Banner from excellent photos taken by him. Mr. Cameron will doubtless be glad to supply at a moderate price copies of these valuable photographs to such as may desire them. He has a large selection of views of Highland scenery.

CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY.—The Third Annual Business Meeting of this Association was held on 4th April—Mr. Magnus MacLean, M.A., Vice-President, presiding. The following office-bearers were elected for the year 1895-96 :—Chief—Colonel Sir Fitzroy Donald MacLean, Bart., Chief of the Clan. Chieftains—MacLean of Pennycross, MacLean of Dochgarroch, MacLean of Ardgour, MacLean of Torloisk, MacLean of Drimnin, MacLean of Guilean. President—Mr. Walter MacLean. Chaplain—Rev. John MacLean, D.D. Vice-Presidents—Messrs. Magnus MacLean, M.A., F.R.S.E., John MacLean, William MacLean, A. H. MacLean, Lachlan MacLean, Neil MacLaine, Allan MacLean, younger of Dochgarroch, A. MacLean Johnston, Neil MacLean, Dr. Peter MacLean. Treasurer—Mr. C. J. MacLean, Writer. Secretary—Mr. Daniel MacLean; and twenty councillors.

SHINTY MATCH.—SPEAN BRIDGE *versus* GLASGOW COWAL.—These clubs met at Keppoch on the Spring Holiday, 15th April, and after an exciting contest the Cowal men won by 4 hails to 0.

THE INVERARAY CLUB have declined the Cowal club's challange to play the return match at Glasgow this season, and, naturally, the latter are not a little disappointed, after playing the former two matches at Strachur and Inveraray.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

An d' fhàg thu sinn a laoich nam buadh ?
Cha chluinn sinn tuilleadh fuaim do bheòil,
Cha 'n fhaic sinn tuilleadh t-aghaidh shuairc',
Mar ghrian gun ghruaim am measg an t-slòigh !

Ghearradh a' chraobh bu torach blàth,
'S a dh' àraich iomadh meanglan òg ;
Bu taitneach leam a bhi fodh' sgàil'
'S mo chàil a' faotainn brìgh a lòin.

A Ghàidhlig aosd'iis binne guth,
Cuir ort an diugh do chulaidh bhròin,
'S t-fhear-tagraidh treun bu mhaiseach cruth,
Gun cheòl gun chruit gu balbh fodh 'n fhòid !

Sheas e gu duineil thu mar sgiath,
Le 'chainnt 's le 'ghniomh a' dion do chliù,
'S do chathair shuidhich e gu fial,
Nach leig do ghlòir an cians' air chùl.

A ghlinn 's a bheanntan tìr mo ghràidh,
Tha 'n ceò air tàmh uimibh fodh sprochd ;
Cha 'n fhaic sibh tuilleadh sùil a' bhàird
A deàrrsadh oirbh bho àird' nan cnoc !

Cha chluinn sibh tuilleadh fuinn a chiùil,
A seinn gu sunndach feadh nan glac,
Bu tric e cuartachadh bhur stùc,
'S ag àrdachadh bhur cliù le tlachd.

A chlann mo dhùthcha 'us mo shluaigh,
Tha latha gruamach oirnn air teachd,
Tha 'n gaisgeach treun fodh ghlais na h-uaigh'
A sheasadh leinn ri uair a' ghleachd !

Sàr Albannach gun cheilg gun fhoill,
Bu mhùirneach e mu 'cloinn 's mu 'cliù,
'S bidh cuimhn' 'us ainm an laoich le loinn
Mar dhaoimean lainnireach 'na crùn.

Gach buaidh 'tha uasal, maiseach, àrd,
Le eòlas làidir agus glic,
Bha sin, le irioslachd 'us gràdh
Mar theaghlach blàth a tàmh fodh' chrios.

Gach sòlas do t-anam a thriath,
Ruith thu gu sgiamhach glan do réis ;
Bu chliùiteach, taitneach, riamh do thriall,
'S tha sinne cianail as do dhéigh !

N. MacLeoid.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

"Ah ! my heart is weary waiting, waiting for the May."

Haste fairest month of May
With all thy wealth of flowers :
Come with thy fragrant winds and bring
The joyous sunny hours.

Come to the waiting hearts
That sigh and long for thee ;
Come with a living word for all,—
For man, and bird, and tree.

Bring all thy bounteous gifts,
Things beautiful and bright,
To thrill and elevate the soul,
To comfort and delight.

O, let thy voice be heard
In song of bird, and breeze :
Thy pure-souled beauty seen in flowers,
Bright skies, and verdant trees.

Come with thy balmy showers
To wake the flowers at morn :
And bring sweet thoughts like heavenly dew
To fall on hearts forlorn.

Waken cold hearts to love,
Stir silent hearts to pray :
Come as a messenger from heaven
O fairest month of May !

Beauly. Lizzie Ross.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

MAY, 1896.

CONTENTS.

CLUNY MACPHERSON (with plate), - - - - - - 141
JOHN MACKENZIE, ARRAN (with plate), - - - - - - 143
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part IX. (illustrated), 144
THE LATE COLONEL SKINNER, CANADA (with portrait), - - 146
THE LATE ROBERT CAMERON, OF CAMUSERICHT (with plate), 147
JOHN STUART BLACKIE (poem), - - - - - - - - 149
THE MONTH OF MAY (poem), - - - - - - - - 149
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - 150
THE BLACK CHANTER OF CLAN CHATTAN (illustrated), - 151
ALLAN MACLEAN OF DOCHGARROCH (with plate), - - - 153
THE LORDS OF LOCHABER (illustrated), - - - - - - 155
A' GHAILIG ANN AM PLATHADH—The Gaelic in a Trance (poem), 157
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—SONGS OF THE SHEILING—BANARACH DHONN A' CHRUIDH.—BONNIE BROWN DAIRYMAID, - - 158
GOVAN POLICE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM (with portrait), - - 160

Correspondents will kindly note that after 1st May all communications to the Editor should be addressed, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WE will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Mr. Kenneth MacDonald, Town Clerk, Inverness; Colonel L. Macpherson, of Glentruim; Captain Ruara C. Gooden-Chisholm; Mr. James Cameron, Hamilton; and Mr. R Mackenzie Couper, Newbury; in addition to which a large variety of interesting contributions, profusely illustrated, will appear.

With the July issue we will give a plate portrait of Mr. Alexander Macpherson, Solicitor, Kingussie, and in the following numbers portraits of other prominent representatives of this clan.

GAELIC SOCIETY OF GLASGOW.—The First Annual Dinner in connection with this society was held in the Bath Hotel, on 5th April—David Ross, LL.D., Honorary President, in the chair. There was a large turn out of prominent Highlanders, and the gathering was a decided success. Toasts were proposed or responded to by the following gentlemen:—Dr. Ross, Messrs. Munro-Fraser, H.M.I.S., H. MacColl, A. W. Macleod, Henry Whyte *(Fionn)*, Malcolm MacFarlane, Professor Campbell Black, Alexander MacDonald, H.M.I.S., Rev. Dr. Maclean, P. Macleod, Dr. Pirie, Archd. Sinclair, Magnus Maclean, M.A., J. Boyd, H.M.I.S., John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, W. Munro, Donald Nicolson, etc.; and songs and recitations were given by Messrs. John MacFadyen, Neil Ross and others. A Highland reel danced by Messrs. A. Macpherson, J. Mackay, A. F. MacRae, and R. W. MacDonald, was enthusiastically applauded.

CLAN MACMILLAN SOCIETY.—The Annual General Meeting was held on 5th April. Many of our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Donald MacMillan, Partick, the well-known designer and manufacturer of *Breacanseilgmhic-ghillemhaoil*, has been elected president of the clan society. Mr. MacMillan is well deserving of the honour, for he has perhaps done more to make the society a success than any other clansman. He is the "right man in the right place." The following office-bearers were also elected:—Chief, Rev. Hugh MacMillan, D.D.,LL.D.; Chaplain, Rev. Donald MacMillan, M.A.; Chieftains, Messrs. John MacMillan; Frederick MacMillan, J.P.; David MacMillan; and W. M'C. MacMillan; Secretary, Mr. A. MacMillan, 9 University Street, Glasgow; Treasurer, Mr. D. MacMillan. The usual votes of thanks terminated a successful meeting.

VOLUMES I. AND II.—We are now able to offer two bound copies of the scarce Volume I., which can be had at 12/6 each; copies of the volume for 1894 (January to December) can be had, 10/-, post free—address, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS have come duly to hand, but the pressure upon our space this month compels us to hold over our review till next issue. Meantime, we may state that in our opinion the present volume is the most interesting and valuable that this flourishing society has yet published.

HONOUR TO A REAY COUNTRYMAN.—Our readers in the North will be pleased to learn that Mr. George Mackay, Blairmore, a native of Tongue, has been elected a Parish Councillor for the Dunoon and Kilmun district. Mr. Mackay is a prominent office-bearer of the Clan Mackay Society, and an enthusiastic Highlander.

GLASGOW SUTHERLANDSHIRE ASSOCIATION—Many of our Sutherland readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Alexander Bruce, Clyne House, Pollokshields, has been elected President of this Association. Mr. Bruce is well worthy of the honour.

THE CLAN MACDONALD SOCIETY held their Annual Conversazione in the Grand Hotel, Glasgow, and there was a large attendance of members and friends, among whom may be mentioned Major Martin Martin, R.E., Surgeon-Major J. MacGregor, Messrs. A. Graeme MacLaverty, Magnus MacLean, M.A., Alexander MacDonald, H.M.I.S., Rev. A. J. MacDonald, Killearnan, Rev. J. A. MacDonald, Killean, Messrs. A. W. Macleod, Hugh Macleod, Ranald W. MacDonald, John Mackeachan, John Mackay, *Celtic Monthly*, Mr. MacDonald, Kilmalcolm, etc. The dance was kept up with great spirit until morning. Major Martin and Mr. A. Graeme MacLaverty, who have done so much to contribute to the success of the society and the gathering, were awarded hearty votes of thanks.

We regret to intimate the death, at Inverness, of Major R. A. Fraser of Bunchrew, whose portrait appeared in our March issue.

THE BLACK CHANTER OF CLAN CHATTAN.

AMONG the many interesting historical relics carefully treasured at Cluny Castle in Badenoch—the Seat of the Chief of Clan Chattan—is the Black Chanter or *Feadan Dubh*, of the Clan, on the possession of which the prosperity of the House of Cluny is supposed to depend. Of the many singular traditions regarding it, one is that its original fell from Heaven during the memorable Clan battle—rendered familiar to general readers through the pages of Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth"—fought between the Macphersons and the Davidsons in presence of King Robert III., his Queen, and Nobles, on the North Inch of Perth, in 1396, and that being made of crystal it was broken by the fall and the existing one made in *fac simile*. Another tradition is to the effect that this is the genuine original, and that the cracks were occasioned by its violent contact with the ground. Be the origin of the *Feadan Dubh* what it may, it is a notable fact that whether in consequence of its possession, or of their own bravery, no battle at which the Macphersons were present with the *Bratach Uaine*, or green banner, of the Clan, and the Chief at their head, was ever lost.

THE GREEN BANNER OF CLAN CHATTAN.
Carried at the head of the Clan in the '15, and the '45.

The following lines are inscribed upon the Chanter:—

"Feadan Dubh Chlann Chatain
'S fad o chualas
'S buan a mhaireas
'S mor 'àdh."

It is related that before the Battle of Culloden an old witch, or second seer, told the Duke of Cumberland that if he waited until the *Bratach Uaine* and the *Feadan Dubh* came up he would be defeated. Ewen of Cluny was present at the Battle of Prestonpans with six hundred of his Clan, and accompanied Prince Charlie into England. On the Prince's retreat into Scotland, Cluny with his men put two regiments of Cumberland's dragoons to flight at Clifton, fought afterwards at the Battle of Falkirk, and was on his way from Badenoch to Inverness with his Clan to join the Prince when flying fugitives from Culloden met him with the intelligence of that sad day's disaster. As Colonel John Roy Stuart *(Iain Ruadh Stiubhart)* the famous warrior-poet of the '45 has it in his *Oran eile air latha Chuilodair*:—

"Clann-Mhuirich nam buadh,
Iad-san uile bhi bhuainn,
Gur h-e m' iomadan truagh r'a leughadh"

which may be freely translated:—

(Clan Vourich of might!
When dire was our plight,
Would you had been there to aid us!)

The celebrity of the Highland bagpipe and the part it has played—so to speak—in the history of the Highlands and of our Highland regiments are well known. "As others with the sound of trumpets, so those with the sound of the pipes are inspired with ardour for the fight." The potency of bagpipe music on the hearts of all true Highlanders is universally acknowledged. As regards the *Gathering* it was the piobaireachd's shrill summons thrilling in the ears of our forefathers "the sad tale of their devastated glens, and their houseless friends which gathered them for the war by notes which had often sounded to hard-earned victory; speaking in strains which made their blood boil with glowing emulation, as they marched to the foe, and which pealing to survivors of the battlefield in notes re-echoed by the frowning crags, drowning by its piercing tones the loud wailings of the bereaved, and the woful shrieks of the despairing women, called in a maddening voice for speedy and unsparing retribution."

To those whose dearest associations are connected with the blue hills and rushing torrents of the Highlands there is something, on the other hand, singularly heart-stirring in the *Failte*, or Welcome, on the strains of the bagpipe, and

THE BLACK CHANTER OF CLAN CHATTAN

something inexpressibly touching in the plaintive notes of the *Cumhadh*, or Lament, especially when heard in after years or in the exile of a distant land. According to tradition the Black Chanter of Clan Chattan is endowed with magical properties. Towards the end of the combat on the North Inch of Perth, we are told that there was seen an aerial minstrel hovering over the heads of the Macphersons, who after playing a few wild strains on the instrument let it drop from his hand. The Macpherson piper secured this enchanted pipe, and even though mortally wounded poured forth the pibroch of the Clan till death effectually silenced his music. The Black Chanter was ever after held to ensure success not only to the Macphersons, but also to its temporary possessors, whenever lent to other Clans by the generosity of the Chief of the time. The Grants of Strathspey having received an affront through the cowardice of some unworthy members of that Clan and being dejected beyond measure, borrowed this magical instrument. Its bold war-notes soon roused their drooping energies and stimulated them to such valour that from that time forth it passed into a proverb that "no enemy ever saw the back of a Grant." The Grants of Glenmoriston afterwards borrowed it in the same way, and it was only restored to "old Cluny" in the early part of the present century.

Here are some spirited and appropriate lines on the Black Chanter composed by Mrs. D. Ogilvy about half-a-century ago, and worthy, I think, of a permanent place in the pages of the *Celtic Monthly* :—

Black Chanter of Chattan, now hushed and exhausted,
Thy music was lost with the power of the Gael,
The dread inspiration Macpherson had boasted.
For ever expired in Drummossie's* sad wail.

Of old on St. Johnstone's† dark meadow of slaughter
Thy cadences hurried the piper's last breath;
The vanquished escaped amid Tay's rolling water,
The conqueror's pibroch was silenced by death.

That piper is nameless, and lost in like manner,
The tribes are forgotten of mighty Clan Qubele;
While Chattan, that bears the hill-cat on his banner,
No time can extinguish, no ruin assail.

From the hand of a cloud-cleaving bard thou wert given
To lips that embraced thee till moveless and dead;
Since then never idly Macpherson hath striven,
Nor trust in his fortune been shaken by dread.

O mouth piece of conquest! who heard thee and trembled?
Who followed thy call, and despaired of the fight?
Availed not that foemen before thee dissembled,
For quenched was their ardour and nerveless their might.

The blast of thy pibroch, the flaunt of thy streamer,
Lent hope to each spirit and strength to each arm;
While the Saxon confronting was scared like the dreamer
Whose sleep is of peril, of grief, and alarm.

Led on by thy promise, what Chieftain e'er sallied,
Nor proved in his venture how just was thy vaunt?
At the spell of thy summons exultingly rallied
The faltering pulse of dispirited Grant.

Forerunner of victory! why didst thou tarry?
Thy voice on Drummossie an empire had changed;
We then had not seen our last efforts miscarry,
The Stuart had triumphed, the Gael been avenged.

Ah, fatal Drummosie—sad field of the flying!
The Gathering sank in the hopeless Lament;
What pibroch could stanch the wide wounds of the dying?
What magic rekindle the fire that was spent?

Proud music! by shame or dishonour ne'er daunted,
By murmur of orphan, by widowed despair,
The fall of thy country thy spell disenchanted,
With the last of the Stuarts it vanished in air.

Yet rouse thee from slumber, Black Chanter of Chattan,
Send forth a strong blast of defiance once more;
On the flesh of thy children the vulture doth batten,
And sodden with blood are the sands of Lahore.

As fierce as the tiger that prowls in their forest,
Those sons of the Orient leap to the plain;
But the blade striketh vainly wherever thou warrest,—
Black Chanter of Chattan, bestir thee again!

* Another name for Culloden.
† In olden times the City of Perth was sometimes so-called from its patron, Saint John.

Kingussie. A. MACPHERSON.

ALLAN MACLEAN OF DOCHGARROCH.

AS it is so well known that the Macleans "had their own boat" at the Flood, it is hardly necessary to say that the Macleans of Dochgarroch reckon themselves as one of the most ancient families in Scotland.

Sir Charles Maclean, counted eighth in descent from "Gilliane-na-Tuagh" was the first who settled in Inverness-shire, and by tradition, built, when Constable of Urquhart, Castle Spiradal of Bona.

After Charles, his posterity were styled Clan Tearlich and occupied an honourable and distinctive position in the North for centuries. He and his son Hector were in great favour with Alexander and John, Earls of Ross, Lords of the Isles, and are found as witnesses to several of their charters. Hector, in consequence of his marriage with the daughter of Mackintosh, took protection for himself and his posterity, enrolling himself as of the Clan Chattan, which acknowledgment was renewed by Hector's great-grandson, Alexander, in the year 1609.

To Hector succeeded Farquhar, who received from his near relative the Bishop of the Isles, the lands of Raasay. These lands remained in their title deeds until the usurpation, but were of little value, for as early as 1549 Archdeacon Monro, also a near relative of Dochgarroch,

describes Raasay as "pertaining to the Bishop of the Isles by heritage, but to MacGillie Callum by the sword."

Farquhar was succeeded by son, Donald, in whose time, in 1557, the Clan Tearlich are found settled at Dochgarroch, in the old parish of Bona, now united with Inverness. Donald Farquharson is mentioned as a juryman in the above year, and there they continued respected and honoured until the year 1802.

The name of Donald's son and successor, Allister vic Coil vic Farquhar, is found in the year 1611, who must have been possessed of considerable means, as he is described as creditor to William Rose of Kilravock for two thousand merks. Allister is said to have been married three times, certainly twice, viz:—first to Katherine Grant, daughter of Grant of Corrimony, and lastly to Annabella Munro of the respectable family of Daan, in the County of Ross, on 1st April, 1628.

John, eldest son of Allister, was married in July, 1629, to Agnes Fraser, daughter of Thomas Fraser of Struy, and their eldest son, Alexander, to Agnes, daughter of Alexander Chisholm of Chisholm, on the 28th November, 1656.

Two Johns succeeded, the first being actively engaged in 1689 and the second in 1715. The first John married Margaret Fowler, daughter of Bailie David Fowler of Inverness, 23rd December, 1682. Many of the descendants of this John rose to eminence in different walks of life, among whom may be mentioned Thomas Maclean, the well-known Printseller, of the Haymarket, London, whose family has been in

DOCHGARROCH, INVERNESS-SHIRE.

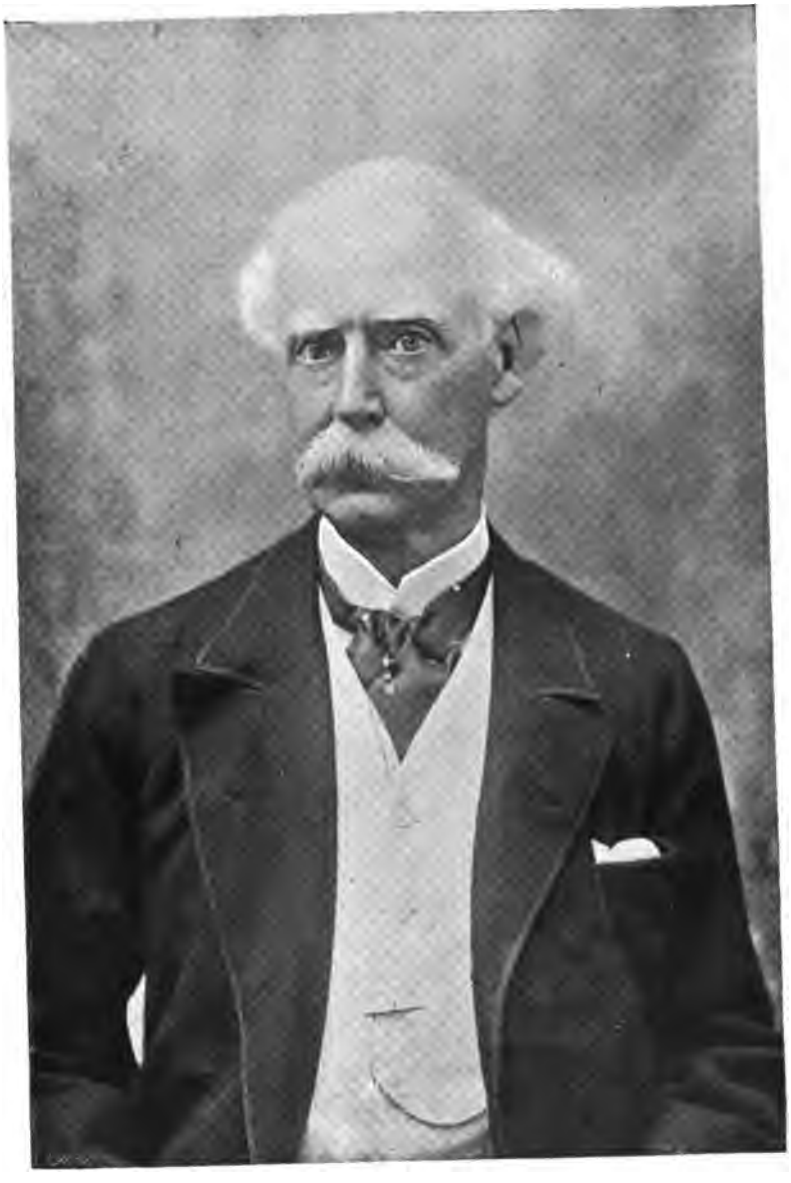
the same business and premises for about a century. The second John, on 5th April, 1723, married Christina Dallas of Cantray. To him succeeded Charles, who married, 22nd November, 1753, Marjory Mackintosh of Drummond. John left three sons, John, Captain Angus, Captain William.

Captain William succeeded in 1826, his two elder brothers having died without male issue, and sold the estate in 1832. He left three sons—Allan, in the Navy Chest Department, who died unmarried; Charles, who served for forty-five years in the 72nd Highlanders, leaving one daughter still surviving; and William. The latter left two sons, of whom the survivor is Allan Maclean, present head of the family, marrried to Marion Guille, daughter of the late Rev. E. Guille, Vicar of St. Luke's, Jersey, with issue two sons, Allan Mackintosh, and Hector, and one daughter, Jessie Marion.

Mr. Allan Maclean, who was partly educated at the Royal Academy, Inverness notwithstanding that his avocations have kept him mainly in England, is very clannish and a true Maclean. He lives at Brighton, and he and his family are all life members of the flourishing and energetic Clan Maclean Society.

Dochgarroch is pleasantly situated a few miles from Inverness, overlooking Loch Ness. The accompanying sketch made by a visitor about the year 1830, gives a good idea of what the place was in the time of the Macleans.

London. C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.



ALLAN MACLEAN.

PART II.—ALASDAIR CARRACH INVADES THE VALLEY OF THE NESS—HIS IMPRISONMENT—BURNING OF ELGIN—BATTLE OF DINGWALL BATTLE OF HARLAW.

(*Continued from page* 132).

A COMPARISON between it and the "Red Book of Clan Ranald," a family history surely partial enough, will fully substantiate all this. By the marriage contract agreed upon between John of the Isles and his father-in-law, Robert. the High Steward of Scotland, it was enacted that the children of the second marriage were to be feudally independent of those of the first. This settlement was confirmed after the accession of Robert to the throne. [Reg. of Great Seal, Robert II., No. 13.] It was in accordance with its terms that Alasdair Carrach was granted the Lordship of Lochaber. It is said that he got his choice of the lands of Trotternish, Skye, or the forest lands of Lochaber. He preferred the latter, and so he was granted the district beyond the river Lochy—Mamore and Glen Spean. ["Hill's His. of Antrim" and "Collect. Rebus. Albanicis, p. 303.] According to some, he was also granted part of the Island of Mull; but if so, it has no after-association with his name, and with his own and his successors lordship of Lochaber we will here elect to dwell.

As already stated, the accepted date of John of Isla's second marriage was about the years 1357-58. In 1373 [Reg. of Great Seal, Robert II., No. 18.] Ranald, progenitor of the families of Clan Ranald and Glengarry, third son of the first marriage, received a grant of the North Isles "to be held of John of the Isles." Although the settlement of their different territories on the several sons of both marriages must have taken place by this time, yet as the date would leave Alasdair Carrach not much more than twelve years of age it is not probable that he entered into possession at the same time as his elder brothers. He would more probably have done so on the death of his father, in 1380. At this latter date he would certainly have began the stirring career that subsequently gave him so prominent a place in Gaelic legend and song.

Alasdair Carrach becomes historically prominent for the first time in the active part he took supporting the claims of his brother, Donald of the Isles, to the Earldom of Ross. At the head of the many allies over whom he was superior as Lord of Lochaber, he ravaged and laid waste the whole valley of the Ness. So formidable was his array that the Earl of Moray, then the guardian of that part of the kingdom, deemed discretion the better part of valour, and, instead of opposing the victorious advance of the Lochaber host, he prudently sought Alasdair Carrach's advice and assistance, and by a treaty entered into on the 5th September, 1394, they "bind themselves to support each other." The lands and possessions of the Regality of Moray, and the Church lands in the province were put under Alasdair Carrach's protection for a period of seven years. [Reg. of Moray, p. 354] "Keppoch, true to his character as described by his Gaelic name, Alexander the Crafty, soon construed the protectionship into a right of ownership, and

proceeded to gift the Church lands of Kinmylies to certain of his supporters; [Reg. of Moray, p. 211, and "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," p. 49.] In the complaint which William, Bishop of Moray, lodged against him, he is styled "Magnificus vir et potens, Alexander de Insulis, Dominus de Lochaber." [Charterley of Moray.] "To his faithful follower in the west, Charles MacLean, a son of Lochbuie, he gave the keeping of the Castle of Urquhart, and the possession of certain lands in the parish." In 1398 [Acts of Par. I., 511.] Parliament made a feeble attempt to check Alasdair's turbulent and insatiable spirit. He was imprisoned, and his brother, Donald, Lord of the Isles, appointed his keeper. That this was a mere show of punishment is seen by the fact that his lieutenant, Charles MacLean, remained in undisturbed possession of Castle Urquhart and its domains until the career of the Lord of the Isles was checked on the field of Harlaw; also by the fact that, as a recent writer [D. Murray Rose, in *Celtic Monthly*, vol. II., p 100] puts it, "brotherly affection overcoming loyalty to the Crown, he was released in 1399, without consent of the King." The writer here referred to adds that Alasdair Carrach's revolt on this occasion was owing to the interference of the Earl of Fife, under instructions from the King, in protecting their mother from alleged ill-treatment by Alasdair Carrach and his brother, the Lord of Isles. If this were so, it is strange

KEPPOCH HOUSE IN 1878.

that the latter, who was also involved, should not only escape punishment himself, but that he should be made the keeper of his imprisoned brother! Be that as it may, only three years afterwards, we find Alasdair again in open revolt. On this occasion he robbed the Canonry of Elgin and burnt the town, "acts of depredation for which he afterwards made amends" [Mackenzie.] Still continuing his support to the Lord of the Isles's claim to the Earldom of Ross, he assisted in the ravaging of that county, and took part with his followers in the Battle of Dingwall, where Angus Dubh Mackay and the men of Sutherland were so signally routed. He followed his chief in the wake of this victory until that chief's forward career came to an end at the memorable Battle of Harlaw, a battle so often erroneously described as a trial of strength between Celtic and Saxon Scotland. Ross and Sutherland; Stirling, Dumbarton, Aberdeen; part of Perth and of the mainland of Argyll were at least wanting on the Celtic side, while some of the men of these counties were actually arrayed against it. Besides, had the Abernethys, the Ogilvys, the Murrays, the Stirlings, and Davidsons who fought and fell on the other side, to say nothing of the Earl of Mar's own retainers, no Celtic

element among them? Even Forfarshire was not then reckoned on the south side of the Highland border. The description in this case is as erroneous as the one which sometimes describes the warfare of the "'45" as one between the Highlands and the Lowlands. Twenty years after the Battle of Harlaw, the then Earl of Mar, in returning thanks for a meal supplied him when in hiding after the rout of his forces at the Battle of Inverlochy, did so in native Gaelic. Eighty-three years subsequent to the same event.—*i.e.* in 1494, when King's College, Aberdeen, was founded, Gaelic was, with French, Latin, and others, among the learned languages in which the students were permitted to converse, Lowland Scots being strictly forbidden. So much for the so-called Saxon predominance anywhere north of the Forth in those days.

(To be continued).

A' GHAILIG ANN AM PLATHADH.

(THE GAELIC IN A TRANCE).

BY SURGEON-MAJOR JOHN MACGREGOR, M.D.

(*Continued from page* 136).

Ach oh, os an ceann bha 'bhean ghrinn so cho sgiamhach
'S gu 'n siùbhlainn an saoghal 'na gaol feadh nan siantan,
'S ged bha i car aosda, bha h-aodann cho àluinn,
'S a cumadh caomh gun mheang air bho ceann sios gu 'sàiltean.
O, togaibh, etc.

'N uair rainig i nall gu bhi teann ri mo thaobh-sa,
Gu 'n dh-fhàs i ro bhrònach, le deòir ghoirt ri braonadh;
'S air sealltainn mu 'n chuairt dhi le gruaim feadh na 'frithean
Gu 'n sheinn i 'n cumha bròin so 'bha neònach ri chluinntinn:—
O, togaibh, etc.

"Gur mis'," ars' is', "a' Ghailig 'bha àluinn 'nam òige,
"'S feadh linntinn gun chuimhne bha binn blasd' le mòran,
"'S ged dh-fhàs mi cho liath, b'e mo mhiann bhi le dùrachd
"Ri ceangal clann nan Gàidheil ri chéil' anns gach dùthaich.
O, togaibh, etc.

"Cha-n ioghnadh mo shùilean le tùrsa bhi deurach,
"Ri caoineadh mo chlann a rinn mealltach mo thréigsinn,
"Oir ceart mar an gràdh a bheir màthair d'a leanabain,
"Mar sin gu 'n robh mo ghaol-sa gun chaochladh do dh-Albainn,
O, togaibh, etc.

"Ach oh, 's fann a tha mi, le cràidh air mo lionadh,
"Gu cianal ri giùlan an tùrs' tha 'g am phianadh,
"'S cha mhòr nach e b' fheàrr leam am bàs na bhi 'g iundrainn
"An dream do 'n d-thug mi rùn, 's leis nach fiù teachd 'am iunnsaidh.
O, togaibh, etc.

"Oir shleamhnaich mo chlann, leis nach b' annsa mo sgiamhachd,
"'S a thuit bho bhi dìleas do 'n t-sìnnsear 'bu chiataich,
"Oir dh-fhàs iad cho féineil le Beurla ghlàs, ghrannda,
"'S gu 'n chuir iad rium-sa cùlaobh mar spriùlach ro ghràineil.
O, togaibh, etc.

"Gu 'n thilg iad á cuimhne na suinn ghasd 'bu ghleusda,
"Do 'm b' oighreachd a' Ghàilig bho Adhamh 's bho Eubha,
"'S air dhoibh deanamh dimeas air sinnsear cho cliùiteach,
"Gu 'n chaochal m' aghaidh mhàlda, 's gu 'n dh-fhàs mi ro thùirseach."
O, togaibh, etc.

* * * * * *

Cha b' urrainn a' bhean sgiamhach cuir crìoch air a còmhradh,
'Nuair dh-fhanntaig i sios, air a lionadh le dòrainn,
'S air uachdar an fhraoich bha mo chaomh-sa 'na sìneadh,
'S a tuigsa tùr 's a léirsinn gu léir air a diobradh,
O, togaibh, etc.

Air faicinn bean mo ghaoil air an aonach 'na càradh,
Gu 'n ruith mi null d'a h-iunnsaidh, neo-iunnsaicht mar bha mi,
'S gu 'n dh-fhiach mi gu dìleas gach innleachd a dh-fhaodainn,
Chum sàbhaladh bho 'n bhàs a' bhean ghràdhach 'bu chaomh leam.
O, togaibh, etc.

'N uair chuala na Gàidheil mar dh-éirich do 'n Ghàidlig,
'Na h-aonar le-fhéin air a tréigsinn le 'càirdean,
Air ball anns gach àite gu 'n dh-fhàs iad ro dhìleas,
Gu seasamh còir na cainnt' a bha baind, blasd, le 'n sinnsear.
O, togaibh, etc.

Gum faca mi fadheòidh buidhean bhòidheach mu 'n cuairt dhi,
Toirt bòid anns gach tìr a bhi dìleas gu buan dhi,
'S air dhomh-sa bhi aoibhneach le muinntir mo dhùthcha,
Gu 'n chlisg mi roimh mo shuain—'s ás mo bhruadar gu 'n dhùisg mi!

Oh togaibh, togaibh fonn, togaibh fonn air a Ghàilig
An cànain ro uasal 'thug buaidh air gach cànain,
Bi'bh dìleas d'ur sìnnsear 's do'n dìleab a dh'fhàg iad
'S an subhachas no 'n éigin na tréigibh gu bràth iad.

IAIN MAC GHRIOGAIR.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

SONGS OF THE SHEILING.

WHEN the Clan system was in its zenith, the wealth of a Highland Chief consisted in the number of his clansmen. The clan lands were held in common—hence such names as *Dùthaich Mhic Leòid*, the MacLeod country, and *Dùthaich Mhic Aoidh*, the Mackay, or Reay country. In these days the rearing of cattle was of the utmost importance to the Highlander, for his food consisted largely of the produce of the dairy. It was therefore desirable that the yield of milk of the cattle so fed should not only be increased but enriched. With this end in view it was customary for the people to remove their cattle to summer grazings some distance from their homes. These places of pasture were known as the *àiridh*; and the rude cots built thereon for their summer sheilings, as *bothain àiridh*. Unfortunately the custom of going to the summer sheilings, or *dol air àiridh*, is now almost a thing of the past, owing to the restriction of pasture lands by sheep walks and deer forests. The *àiridh* has been the subject of many of our finest Gaelic songs, and the maiden of the sheiling has been an object of special interest in all pastoral countries, and was frequently the theme of the poet in all ages and in all lands. Among the oldest songs

AN AIRIDH.—THE SHEILING.

of this class is *Crodh Chailein* (Colin's Cattle), its sweet melody has been heard in many a sheiling and has lulled to sleep many a fretful Highland child. Here is a verse:—

Gu 'n tugadh Crodh-Chailein
Dhomh bainne gu leòir,
Air mullach a' mhonaidh
Gun duine 'gar còir;
Crodh-Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh-Chailein mo ghaoil;
Gu 'n tugadh Crodh-Chailein,
Dhomh bainn' air an raon.

Cro-Challain wad gie me
Sae bonnie an' free,
Their milk on the hill-tap
When nane's bye tae see.
Crodh-Challain are bonnie,
Crodh-Challain are dear;
They fill me the milk pail
When no one is near.

Rob Donn, the Sutherlandshire bard, wrote "*Iseabal Nic Aoidh aig a chrodh laoigh*," and "'*S trom leam an àiridh*," while William Ross, the Gairloch bard, has several songs with the

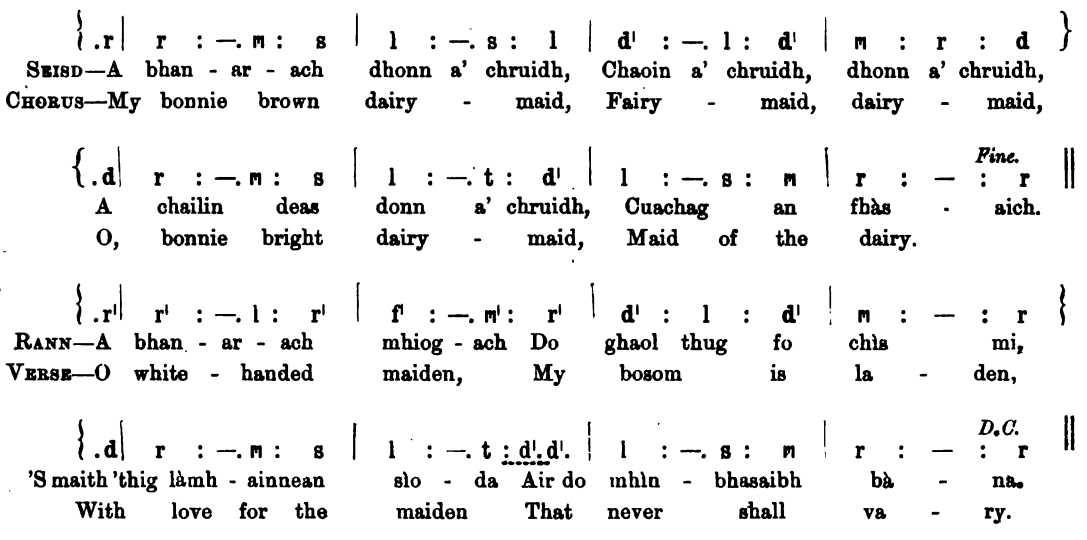
àiridh for their theme. The following song by the famous poet, Alexander MacDonald *(Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair)*, has long been popular, while the melody associated with it, caught the musical ear of Robert Burns who wedded it to his song "The Banks of the Devon." A set of the melody is given by Rev. Patrick MacDonald in his collection of Highland vocal airs published in 1781.

FIONN.

BANARACH DHONN A' CHRUIDH.—BONNIE BROWN DAIRYMAID.

TRANSLATION BY L. MACBEAN.

KEY C. *Tenderly.*


.r | r : —. m : s | l : —. s : l | d' : —. l : d' | m : r : d
SEISD—A bhan - ar - ach dhonn a' chruidh, Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh,
CHORUS—My bonnie brown dairy - maid, Fairy - maid, dairy - maid,
.d | r : —. m : s | l : —. t : d' | l : —. s : m | r : — : r
Fine.
A chailin deas donn a' chruidh, Cuachag an fhàs - aich.
O, bonnie bright dairy - maid, Maid of the dairy.
.r' | r' : —. l : r' | f' : —. m' : r' | d' : l : d' | m : — : r
RANN—A bhan - ar - ach mhiog - ach Do ghaol thug fo chìs mi,
VERSE—O white - handed maiden, My bosom is la - den,
.d | r : —. m : s | l : —. t : d'.d'. | l : —. s : m | r : — : r
D.C.
'S maith 'thig làmh - ainnean slo - da Air do mhìn - bhasaibh bà - na.
With love for the maiden That never shall va - ry.

'N uair a sheinneadh tu coilleag,
A' leigeil mairt ann an coillidh,
Dh' ialadh eunlaith gach doire
Dh' éisdeachd coireal do mhànrain.

Ged a b' fhonnmhor an fhidheall,
'S a teudan an righeadh,
'S e 'bheireadh danns' air a' chridhe,
Ceòl nighean na h-àiridh.

'Bheireadh dùlan na gréine,
'Dearsadh moch air foir d' eudainn,
'S gu 'm b' ait leam r' a léirsinn
Boillsgeadh éibhinn cùl Màiri.

'S taitneach siubhal a cuailein
'G a chrathadh m' a cluasan.
A' toirt muigh, air seid luachrach,
An tigh buailidh 'n gleann fàsaich.

Gu 'm bu mhòthar mo bheadrach,
'Teachd do 'n bhuailidh mu 'n eadthrath,
Seadhach, seang-chorpach, beitir,
'S buarach greasad an àil aic'.

A bhanarach dhonn a' chruidh,
Chaoin a' chruidh, dhonn a' chruidh
Cailin deas donn a' chruidh,
Cuachag an fhàsaich.

When Mary is singing
The birdies come winging,
And listen, low swinging,
On twigs light and airy.

My heart bounds with pleasure
To hear the sweet measure
That's sung by my treasure,
The maid of the dairy.

The sunshine soft streaming
Around her is beaming,
It's glowing and gleaming
On the locks of my Mary.

O'er the moors waste and dreary
Trips gaily my dearie,
With foot never weary,
As light as a fairy.

The maid of this ditty
Is charming and pretty,
She's wise and she's witty,
She's winning and wary.

My bonnie bright dairymaid,
Fairy maid, dairymaid,
Bonnie blythe dairymaid,
Maid of the dairy.

GOVAN POLICE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM.

AS the Annual Sports and International Tug-of-War Competition in connection with the Govan Police take place at Ibrox Park, Govan, on Saturday, 25th May, we present our readers with the portraits of the famous Tug-of-War team, composed mostly of Highlanders, who are to take part in the contests against teams from England, Ireland, and various parts of Scotland.

MATTHEW MARR. GILBERT VENNIE. JAMES MACKAY. GEORGE MACKENZIE. JAMES BIRSS. JAMES W. FRASER.
HECTOR MACLEAN. JAMES ANDERSON. Lieutenant JOHN MACFADYEN, (Captain). JOHN MURRAY. SAMUEL BOYD.
WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

MATTHEW MARR, Kenmay, Aberdeenshire (will try to break the Scottish record for Hammer Throwing).

GILBERT VENNIE, Kirkmabreck, Kirkcudbright.

JAMES MACKAY, Kiltearn, Ross-shire.

Lieutenant JOHN MACFADYEN (Captain of the Team), born at Carmichael, Glassary, Argyllshire. Served in the 92nd Gordon Highlanders. Sergeant in Sir Frederick Robert's Guard in the famous march from Cabul to Kandahar; was present and in action at "Majuba Hill," and is in possession of Afghan Medal with three Clasps, and Bronze Star.

GEORGE MACKENZIE, Cromarty, Ross-shire.

JAMES BIRSS, Banchory, Kincardineshire.

JAMES W. FRASER, Croy, Inverness-shire.

HECTOR MACLEAN, Kilfinichan, Argyllshire.

JAMES ANDERSON, Black Isle, Ross-shire (served in the Cameron Highlanders, and took part in the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir).

JOHN MURRAY, Fleenas-na-geal, Nairnshire.

SAMUEL BOYD, Govan, Renfrewshire.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER (reserve), Kittins, Forfarshire.

This team last season won the only three Challenge Cups offered for competition in Scotland for Tug of-War, standing, viz:—Partick. Glasgow, and Paisley.

KENNETH MACDONALD

MRS. KENNETH MACDONALD.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

No. 9. Vol. III.] JUNE, 1895. [Price Threepence.

KENNETH MACDONALD,

TOWN CLERK OF INVERNESS.

MR. KENNETH MACDONALD is a genuine Invernessian by birth and upbringing, typical of the best life and culture of the town. He was born in 1850, educated at the Royal Academy, and served the local part of his law apprenticeship with Mr. James Anderson, then as now a leading member of the Inverness Bar. In 1868 he went to Glasgow to finish his legal course; and it is interesting to note that he was three years there in the office of Mr. William Lucas, now Town Clerk of Kinning Park, one of whose sons, in 1893, married Mr. Macdonald's only child. In the University classes he greatly distinguished himself, being first in his class for Scots law and gaining a special first prize in Mercantile and Bankruptcy law.

When after three years' absence he returned to Inverness a brilliant young fellow, full of hope and energy, he soon showed what mettle he was of: his professional brethren found him well grounded in the "fundamentals" of the law, and the general public was soon captivated by his eloquence, skill, and dash. He soon rose to the first rank of legal position and practice in town. Public honours came thick upon him. Elected to the Town Council in 1878, he was appointed Bailie two years later, and in 1881 he became Town Clerk. Mr. Macdonald makes an ideal Town Clerk: his legal acumen and business capacity put matters in such order that the Town fathers have only, if wisdom always reigned, to endorse the Town Clerk's views and rulings; and he is further true to the best traditions of his office—he not only preserves the charters and records of the town, but knows their contents and the town's history as none of his predecessors could have done.

The great feature of his public life has been his enthusiastic and eloquent advocacy of the cause of the Highland people. He brought the subject of Land Reform often before the Convention of Royal Burghs—Scotland's provincial parliament. But it is in his legal defence of the rebellious crofters of the early years of the land agitation, and in his pleadings for them afterwards before the Crofters' Commission that Mr. Macdonald showed his capacity by his success. First he defended the heroes of the Battle of the Braes; then in 1885 he practically got the Glendale crofters acquitted; and shortly thereafter he stood as advocate for the tenants of Valtos and Waternish. The newly appointed Crofters' Commission was practically on its trial in the case of the Skibo tenants, and Mr. Macdonald's successful advocacy of their case helped the Commissioners to a decision which immediately established public confidence in them. He appeared often, and always with success, before the Crofters' Commission; and he championed the cause of the deforcing crofters of Airdens with such skill that his views were finally accepted by the Sheriff-Principal. From 1874 to 1892 Mr. Macdonald acted as election agent for Mr. Fraser-Mackintosh, sharing with him the desire and the honour of doing much for the crofter's cause.

Mr. Macdonald besides being a great reader of modern literature has devoted much of his time to the study of Highland history; and the magazines and transactions of learned societies in connection with the North have often been enriched by the results of his researches. He is busy at the materials for a history of Inverness, and we may expect from his pen a work worthy of the town as the Capital of the Highlands. His travels in America—for Mr. Macdonald has travelled much—which were published in the *Celtic Magazine* under the title of a "Run through Canada and the United States" show a mastery of racy style and a cultured observation of what he saw

Mr. Macdonaid takes a warm interest in education; he is at present a member of the School Board and a director of the Royal Academy, and also the heart and soul of the committee directing the scientific and technical education of the Burgh, for Mr. Macdonald has made a special study of technical education, and he has no mean knowledge of science; and this should serve him well in his duties as an officer of the Highland Artillery Volunteers, in whom he takes the enthusiastic interest characteristic of him.

In private life Mr. Macdonald is a man of charming social qualities, warm-hearted and enthusiastic to a degree, frank in disposition, and brilliant in conversation. Mrs. Macdonald, with the kindness and unobtrusive grace which characterises her, helps her husband, to whose aims and work her whole life is passionately devoted, in everything, and in none more so than in dispensing the abundant hospitality of their home at Beech Lawn in the precincts of the town.

Inverness. ALEXANDER MACBAIN

BEECH LAWN, INVERNESS.

THE MEMBERS OF THE CLAN MACPHERSON SOCIETY have arranged to accept the hospitality of the Chief at Cluny Castle, on the Queen's Birthday, and a large muster of the clan from all parts of the country is already assured. The gathering promises to be a most interesting and enjoyable one to all concerned.

THE CLAN MACLEAN SOCIETY (GREENOCK) have just published an attractive illustrated pamphlet, containing list of office-bearers for the coming year, and a report of the proceedings at the recent social gathering. The Secretary is Mr. Alexander Scott MacLean, Bank Street, Greenock.

THE CLAN CAMPBELL SOCIETY have arranged to hold their Annual Excursion on Saturday, 1st June, to Campsie Glen.

Mr. Robert Cameron, of the S.S. "St. Sunniva," Leith, writes us stating that that the the late Mr. Robert Cameron, whose portrait and sketch we gave last month, was born at Cragganour, not Camusericht.

PART X.—(*Continued from page* 145).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

SO forcibly was Napoleon impressed by these extraordinary feats that he exclaimed. "My God! how terrible are these grey horses! how they do work!" but he instantly ordered Milhand's cuirassiers from the second rank to attack them, and stop their awful progress. Inferior in numbers, their horses completely blown, they were compelled to retreat with great loss, but Uxbridge, following them with his eye all along, foresaw the danger of his brave horsemen advancing so far without support. He ordered Vandeleur with three regiments of light cavalry from the left to go to their rescue. These soon beat off the cuirassiers and saved the Union brigade from certain destruction. They lost heavily, Ponsonby, their gallant commander, was left dead on the field.

When the 92nd was ordered by Pack to charge, Napoleon seemed to be watching them. He knew them by their peculiar military dress to be Scottish. It was the first time he saw Scotland's soldiers, but Soult was near him, who had frequently seen and met them, and moreover felt their extraordinary prowess in attack. He noticed them appearing in small numbers on the ridge opposite to him, and that small yet compact number to be seen charging a column of his own soldiers, hurling and pursuing them off the ridge, was a great surprise to him, yet it extorted from him the soldiery exclamation, appreciative of the gallant men they were, "Les brave Ecossais!"

So excited did the "Gay Gordons" become with the success of their charge, and the Scots Greys rushing through shouting "Scotland for ever" as they passed, that the brave fellows, oblivious of military discipline, broke from their ranks and followed the horsemen into the conflict. Pack came up, and without any remonstrance said to them, "Highlanders! you have saved the day, but you must return to your position, there is more work to be done." They felt the gentle reproof and instantly obeyed, leaving the noble horsemen to complete the "work" they so well begun, with great sacrifice of life, but to their own immortal credit, and honour to their country's arms.

Simultaneous with this charge of the Union Brigade a column of cavalry (Kellerman's) who had advanced with Ney, seeing what had befallen the column to which they were attached by the reception given it by Kempt's brigade on the right of Picton's division, came forward to the aid of their defeated comrades, along the east side of the Brussels road, to attack Kempt. Coming up the slope it was assailed by the fire of the 28th and 79th in front, and that of the 95th in flank, yet they still came on, chasing the sharp-shooters before them, and determined to turn the right flank. The Household Brigade of cavalry was near, under the command of General Sir Edward Somerset. Wellington ordered him to hurl it on Napoleon's chosen cavalry. The shock of such heavy cavalry was terrific, and that sound unheard for many generations—the clang of gleaming blades on helmet and cuirass—rang out so clearly with stroke upon stroke, that Somerset once facetiously remarked, "You might have

fancied that so many tinkers were at work!" In this desperate and sanguinary hand-to-hand fight, the physical superiority of the British, guided by equal skill, and animated by equal valour, was decisively manifested. Back went the chosen cavalry of France, and after them in hot pursuit spurred the Household Guards of Britain. They went forward as fiercely and as far as their comrades of the Union Brigade, and like them suffered severely before regaining their former position after their magnificent and adventurous charge.

Thus was Napoleon's grand attack foiled. It completely failed. His right was greatly weakened by the serious loss in artillery, cavalry, and infantry. Grouchy was as far away as ever, but the suspected Prussians were approaching, and at 3 p m. the curtain falls upon Scene No. 2, the most sanguinary, yet the most successful of the day, eminently demonstrative of British prowess and skill in all arms of the service. Here in this attack, which Napoleon hoped would decide the day, open the road to Brussels, sever Wellington's army, hurl his left pell-mell on his right, cut him off from Blucher's aid, and send him flying through the forest of Soignies, was seen the tenacity, the sublime courage, and the majesty with which a British soldier fights, under the control of superiors whom he knows to be as

CHARGE OF THE SCOTS GREYS AND ENNISKILLEN DRAGOONS.

brave, and as enduring as himself. Let us all honour such men by reciting their deeds. They were only one to six.

It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the third scene of the sanguinary drama is about to begin.

Hougomont was still being assailed, and gallantly resisted and repelled every effort put forth by several divisions of the French left under the command of Jerome, Napoleon's youngest brother. Troops began to appear on the edge of the horizon in the east, on Napoleon's right, which he too well surmised to be Prussians, but possibly hoped to be Grouchy, for whom he sent early in the morning to come to his aid. These troops were then six miles away from the French right, on the heights of St. Lambert.

Napoleon was bitterly disappointed at the complete failure of the attacks he made on the left centre and left of the British position, and irritated at the loss sustained in infantry, cavalry, and artillery, by the magnificent and effective charges of the British cavalry and infantry, the most effective and magnificent ever made by any army, which caused him a loss of upwards of 5,000 men in little more than an hour. Irritated too by the obstinate defence made by Hougomont and La-Haye-Sainte, he ordered his batteries on the higher

ground to be strengthened, and sent an officer to reconnoitre towards St. Lambert and report to him what troops were appearing in that quarter.

A most terrific cannonade now began upon the whole British position from right to left, pouring all kinds of missiles across the valley. A battery of howitzers were ordered to shell Hougomont, and make it untenable by setting the chateau and buildings on fire. This tremendous artillery fire, bravely responded to by the British guns, lasted for an hour, and caused a partial cessation of other conflicts. It was a veritable artillery duel. While it lasted. Wellington caused his infantry to retire from the ridge and lie down in the hollow beyond it, arms in hand, ready whenever called upon to rise up and advance to meet the foe.

Meanwhile, Napoleon received a report that the troops seen in the heights of St. Lambert were Prussians slowly advancing. He immediately detached from his right Lobau's corps of light cavalry, and artillery to check the advance of the Prussians; D' Erlon's corps to advance and capture La-Haye-Sainte on the British left centre, push on, break through it, and then attack the right centre. Wellington had in the meantime brought up a reserve brigade from the rear to strengthen his line at this point. At the same time Napoleon seeing

THE BRITISH HOUSEHOLD GUARDS CARRIED ALL BEFORE THEM.

the Hougomont buildings on fire ordered Jerome and General Foy to make a determined attack upon it and carry that position at any cost. In this they were foiled by the tenacity and heroism of the Guards. The French succeeded in getting into the orchards and gardens. The Guards unflinchingly held the buildings till some reinforcements being sent to their aid. they issued from their cover, and after severe fighting expelled the French pell-mell from gardens and orchards, and although the French bravely attempted to retake these vantage positions time after time, the gallant Guards succeeded in maintaining them. The heroism displayed by the Guards, officers and men, was beyond all praise, and caused them to be esteemed the bravest troops in Europe.

On the left centre of the British position fortune for a brief time was more propitious to the French. The two columns directed by Napoleon on La-Haye-Sainte gained possession of it it after a most obstinate resistance, but they were checked from further advance by the remains of Picton's division, supported by General Lambert's brigade.

Finding Bulow's advance becoming more menacing Napoleon sent more reinforcements to Count Lobau to make head against the Prusssians, and directed Ney, at 4-20, to make a cavalry attack on the British right wing.

(To be continued).

ROBERT MACKENZIE COUPER.

AMONG Scotsmen, whether at home or abroad, it would probably be difficult to find one more steadfastly loyal to his country than Mr. Robert Mackenzie Couper. Patriotism, indeed, is the constantly recurring tonic in the melody of his life. Mr. Couper, of whom we have the pleasure of speaking, is a native of Ross and Cromarty. On his father's side, he claims descent from the hardy Norsemen, who settled, centuries back, along the seaboard of Caithness. Through his mother, Mr. Couper has the Mackenzie blood, his maternal ancestors being the Mackenzies of Kintail, who held the Isle of Lewis for their chief, Lord Kenneth, after the latter, nearly three hundred years ago, had brought the MacLeods, his relatives, under the strong arm of the law.

In early life, Mr. Couper was employed on the Ordnance Survey. His work carried him into the finest parts of the Highlands, and indirectly generated and fostered an abiding attachment to his native land.

With no idea of making it a permanent place of abode, Mr. Couper went into England. He soon afterwards joined the British Gas Light Company at Trowbridge, Wilts, where he learnt the business of Gas Engineering. It was at Trowbridge that he met his first wife, Miss Annie Sainsbury, daughter of Mr. William Sainsbury, of Heytesbury, Wilts.

Eight years later, in 1882, Mr. Couper obtained the appointment of Superintendent of the Newbury Corporation Gas Works—a post he still occupies.

Mr. Couper has many friends in the South, but he has ever remained at heart a thorough Scotsman, exhibiting a lively interest in the progress of events in Scotland, and keeping himself *au courant* with her national politics and literature.

Contributions from his pen, both of prose and verse, have from time to time appeared in the Highland Papers—"The Oban Times," "The Scottish Highlander," "The Celtic Monthly," and "The Invergordon Times."

Mr. Couper is a strong believer in the traditions of his country, and he is jealous to a degree for the rights and for the good of his fellow Scotsmen. The subservience of home to English interests, the suppression of national characteristics, the Anglification of Scottish institutions—each and all meet with his disapproval; while his house, "Clyth," in its equipments, is a standing reproach to any Scot who forgets the land of his birth.

Some years after the death of his first wife, Mr. Couper married Miss Calder, daughter of Mr. Hector Calder, of Morsgail, Isle of Lewis—a lady whom to know is to appreciate. To both Mr. and Mrs. Couper, Scotland is the Canaan of their desires.

A. RENWICK.

CAPTAIN RUARI C. GOODEN-CHISHOLM.

CAPTAIN RUARI CHISHOLM.

RODERICK CHISHOLM GOODEN-CHISHOLM is the youngest son of James Chisholm Gooden-Chisholm, the Heir of Line, Heir female and Heir of Entail of the Chisholms of Strathglass. James Chisholm is a son of James Gooden (of the Goodens of Gooden Hall, Pendleton) and the famous Mary Chisholm, who was the means of preventing the evictions in Strathglass.

Alexander, The Chisholm, son of "old Ruari," entailed the estates, in 1777, in the following terms, on the "heirs male of his body, whom failing to the heirs male of the body of Alexander Chisholm of Muckerach (his uncle), whom failing to my nearest and lawful heirs whatsoever the eldest heir-female," enjoining him or her "to bear the arms and designation of Chisholm of Chisholm." The heirs male terminated with Duncan the Chisholm, who died unmarried. The estates went, *in terms of the entail*, to a descendant of Alexander of Muckerach, who was in Canada. Taking advantage of the act of 1848 he, in conjunction with his son the late Chisholm, dis-entailed the estate, which is now held under trust disposition by his wife, instead of the heir female, Mr. James Chisholm-Gooden.

Mr. Gooden having taken the name of Chisholm in conjunction with his own, applied for a *grant of arms* (according to the intention expressed in the barred entail). The Lord Lyon granted him the undifferenced coat as head of the family, and supporters with clubs resting on the ground, to show female descent, as in the case of the Earls of Morton and others.

Mr. J. Gooden-Chisholm married Anne Lambert, one of the Lamberts of Banstead, an ancient Surrey family who have held lands in that parish since the time of Richard II., when they migrated from Pinchbeck in Lincolnshire.

Roderick or Ruairidh, his youngest child, was born January 30th, 1864, and educated at Brighton College and Henley. He was destined for the Royal Engineers, but did not complete his studies in this direction. For some time (between 1882 and 1888) he studied estate management and farming, but the great depression of agriculture having set in, Mr. Chisholm abandoned that science, and in January, 1889, entered the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders. He passed School of Instruction, and tactics, and was Instructor of Musketry to his regiment for two years. During the months he was not on duty at Fort-George (May to December) he devoted his energies to organisation in South St. Pancras in the Liberal Unionist interest. He was elected Honorary Secretary of the Liberal Unionist and Ratepayers' Associations.

He married, July 12th, 1893, Margaret Chisholm (Nonie), daughter of Colonel Fraser of Culbokie. The Culbokie's (Mac Uisteans), now the Struys are extinct, come next in order to the present or Strichen branch in the old Lovat entails.

Mr. Chisholm was gazetted Captain early in 1893, and resigned his commission in January, 1894. He has one son, Uailean Hamish Mac Uistean, born at Manor House, Datchet, April 19th, 1894.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Again a tale of dread import,—
It tells us Blackie is no more!
That he has crossed the harbour bar
And left old Scotia to deplore,—

His Scotia, that his joyous heart
And voice did ever cheer and praise;
His Scotia, that his faithful soul
Extoll'd in countless golden lays.

Ah, well may Scotia droop her head,
And shed the mourning burning tear,
O'er her undaunted patriot son,
On his flower-laden sacred bier.

For never yet has Scotia strained
To her proud, tender mother breast,
Offspring more fond, and more engrained
With rooted love for her possess'd.

And never more shall Scotia bear,
In sunshine bright or darkest shade,
A manlier, kindlier, purer soul
Than now to honour'd rest is laid.

His foremost wish, his fervent hope,
Were ever hers in weal and woe;
And to the last his magic wand
Upraised her friend and chilled her foe.

And though we now must lay him low,
As with the host of Heroes flown,
His voice, though dead, shall speak with power
To future generations down.

Shall speak of Duty, Love, and Truth,
Of battle waged and vict'ry won;
Of how he quaffed at Wisdom's font,
And preached the Brotherhood of Man.

So, let him sleep in Scottish dust—
The dust that aye to him was dear:
His tomb shall be a shrine, we trust,
For Scots to visit with a tear.

And, Scotia's Mountaineers, shall ye
Stand idly by when duty calls?
No! Sure your tribute aye shall be
The foremost when your champion falls.

With heather bloom ye'll deck his breast,
And tartan plaid he loved to wear;
And play, while laying him to rest,
The Pibroch that he loved to hear.

Then, fare-thee-well, thou gallant Scot!
In Light and Love thy day doth end.
Beyond thy country far, I wot,
Thy requiem's sung by many a friend.

Edinburgh. A. MACKAY ROBSON.

OUR CANADIAN LETTER.

SONS OF SCOTLAND ASSOCIATION.

THE Annual Meeting of the Sons of Scotland Association brought to light many interesting facts about that huge and interesting organization worth repeating. The membership has rushed up by leaps and bounds until now it is the strongest Scottish Society in the world, the number on the roll in good standing being 5,000, distributed over the Dominion in some 760 branches. The interest taken in Highland features may be the result of the preponderance of Highlanders within it membership. There are well-nigh to one hundred pipers on its books; and one of its outstanding objects is the fostering of a love for the bagpipes, the dances and dress of the Highlands. The national music of Scotland will receive an impetus much needed and desirable here, where the field is more limited than in Scotland. The new Grand Chief of the Association is Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, of Milton, and the Grand Chieftain is Mr. Alexander Fraser, President of the Gaelic Society of Toronto. Alluding to the

GAELIC SOCIETY OF TORONTO

it is interesting to note that attention is being paid to the library which has been started for the benefit of the members. Quite recently a good copy of the second edition of Angus Mackay's book on piobaireachd was secured for it, through Mr. David Glen of Edinburgh. The Society has made a new departure this summer which will be watched with interest. An OUT-DOOR GAELIC READING CLUB has been formed, the programme of which is as follows. During the months of June, July, and August the club will meet each Saturday in one of the national parks adjoining the city, at three o'clock, and will devote two hours to the study of Gaelic under the green shady maple trees on the banks of Lake Ontario. The leader for the day will read a critical essay in Gaelic on a selected author to occupy twenty minutes. This will be followed by a lesson on grammar, the text to be selected from the same author. Then will succeed five minute readings, recitations, anecdotes, or criticisms, also on the same author or on the essay, or lesson on grammar. All must speak Gaelic only during the allotted period of two hours; then lunches will be served and the homeward journey will be made by boat, road, or street-car. A great deal of pleasure and profit will certainly be derived from this admirable series of out-door studies, and the idea is commended to the consideration of kindred Societies. Such clubs would ensure to the members a fair repertoire of Gaelic authors and an intelligent knowledge of them.

THE YOUNGEST GAELIC SOCIETY IN CANADA is that lately organized at Petrolea, Ontario, with Ex-Mayor John Fraser as honorary patron, and an excellent and enthusiastic staff of officers.

Toronto. SGIAN DUBH.

COMMISSIONER SHARROCKS, GOVAN.

PATRON, GLASGOW COWAL SHINTY CLUB.

MR. SHARROCKS is known to many of our readers in various capacities. He is a prominent member of the Govan Commission Board, to which he was elected in 1893, and he is also known as one who takes a deep interest in matters Highland, and who is ever ready to assist Highlanders. He was born at Bolton-le-moors, Lancashire. He spent some time in the Indian Public Work's Department, and is now principal foreman in Messrs. P. & W. Maclellan's great bridge building works. Mr. Sharrocks is many sided—he has been an ardent volunteer, and an enthusiastic cyclist, and is Hon. President of the Southern Cycling Club. On the public platform he is an eloquent speaker, and has proved himself worthy of the important ward he represents. He has travelled over most parts of the Highlands, and his favourite holiday haunt is Lochgoilhead and that beautiful district. Mr. Sharrock's greatest regret is that he cannot speak Gaelic, and this defect he has set himself to remedy, and has already made considerable progress in his studies. In the Cowal Shinty Club he takes a specially warm interest, the late captain, Dr. Archibald Campbell, of Brenchollie, being a particular friend of his, and he is very popular among the members of the club. EDITOR.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

AN OLD PIPE-TUNE.

IT is exceedingly difficult to trace the origin and history of some of our best and most popular pipe-tunes. It frequently happens that they are claimed by more than one clan, while tradition has kindly supplied them with more than one origin. Of such a class is the tune which is known in the North as "*Bodaich nam briogais*" (The carles with the breeks), in Perthshire as "Breadalbane's March," and in Argyllshire as "*A mhnathan a' ghlinne so*" (Wives of this glen). The tune is said to have been composed by Findlay MacIvor, piper to Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy. In the year 1672, George, Earl of Caithness, in consideration of certain sums of money advanced to him by Sir John Campbell of Glenorchy, assigned to him all his titles and possessions, but bidding him to take the surname Sinclair. On the death of the Earl in 1676, Sir John took the Caithness title, but was resisted by the next heir-male, George Sinclair of Keiss, who gathered together a strong band of Sinclairs, and seized the lands. In 1681 Sir John proceeded to Caithness with a strong following and defeated the Sinclairs at a place called *Allt-nam-mèirleach*.* Sir John's followers wore the kilt, while the Sinclairs wore trews—hence the contempt expressed for "*Bodaich nam briogais*"—the carles with the breeks, or trews. Stewart of Garth referring to the incident,† says the tune was played by Sir John's piper, who observing the Sinclairs wavering, struck up—

Tha bodaich nam briogais, tha bodaich nam briogais
Tha bodaich nam briogais a nise *ratreuta*.

The carles with the breeks, the carles with the breeks,
The carles with the breeks are flying before us.

This explains the Northern origin of the tune as well as its Perthshire appellation.

The tune, under the name of "*A mhathan a' ghlinne so*" (Wives of this glen), is associated with the Massacre of Glencoe, which took place on 12th February, 1692. Tradition says that it was played by Breadalbane's piper in the hope of warning the Mac Ians of Glencoe of their fate, and the words associated with it on that occasion are those which will be found underneath the music. This tune is said to have been played along the streets of Brussels on the morning of Quatre Bras, to arouse the slumbering Highlanders. It may also be mentioned that it was to this air that Sir Walter Scott wrote the popular song "Hail to the Chief." The tune as arranged for the bagpipe will be found in Mackay's Collection of Pipe Music, 1838.

Modern Gaelic words, bearing on the Glencoe connection of the tune, have been composed by Mr. Neil MacLeod, and are likely to appear in "*A' Choisir Chiùil*"‡ (The Gaelic Choir). They have been beautifully arranged with humming accompaniment by Mr. Archibald Ferguson, the conductor of St. Columba Gaelic Choir.

FIONN.

A MHNATHAN A' GHLINNE SO.—WIVES OF WILD CONA-GLEN.

KEY B♭ *Slowly, with much feeling.*

s_1 :-.l_1: s_1 | m :-.r: d	l_1 :-.f_1: l_1 | d :-.l_1: f_1	s_1 :-.l_1: s_1 | m :-.r: d	r :-.m: r | r : — : d
'Mhnathan a' ghlinne so,	'ghlinne so, 'ghlinne so,	'Mhnathan a' ghlinne so,	's mithich dhuibh éiridh.
Wives of wild Cona-glen,	Cona-glen, Cona-glen,	Wives of wild Cona-glen,	wake from your slumbers.

s_1 :-.l_1: s_1 | m :-.r: d	l_1 :-.f_1: l_1 | d :-.t_1: l_1	s_1 :-.l_1: s_1 | s_1 : d : m	*Fine.* r :-.m: r | r : — : d ‖
'S mis' rinn a' mhoch-éiridh,	'mhoch-éiridh, 'mhoch-éiridh,	'S mis' rinn a' mhoch-éiridh : agaibhs' bha feum air.	
Early I woke this morn,	early I woke this morn,	Woke to alarm you with music's wild numbers.	

m :-.r: m | s :-.m: d	r :-.m: r | d : l_1 : f_1	m :-.r: m | s :-.m: d	r :-.m: r | r : — : d
Mharbh iad am buachaille,	'm buachaille, 'm buachaille,	Mharbh iad am buachaill' bha cualach na spréidhe;	
Slain is the cattle-boy,	cattle-boy, cattle-boy,	Slain is the cow-boy while you soundly slumbered;	

m :-.r: m | s :-.m: d	l_1 :-.f_1: l_1 | d :-.l_1: f_1	s_1 :-.l_1: s_1 | s_1 : d : m	*D.C.* r :-.m: r | r : — : d ‖
An crodh air an togail, an	togail, an togail, An	crodh air an togail,'s na	fir air an reubadh.
Lifted your cattle are,	lifted your cattle are,	Slain are your herdsmen, by foemen out-numbered.	

'S Iain dubh, biorach dubh, biorach dubh, biorach dubh,§
'S Iain dubh, biorach dubh 'g iomain an treuda.
'Mhnathan a' ghlinne so, 'ghlinne so, 'ghlinne so,
'Mhnathan a' ghlinne so, 's mithich dhuibh éiridh.

Iain du beeroch du, beeroch du, beeroch du,§
Iain du beeroch is off with the plunder.
Wives of wild Cona-glen, Cona-glen, Cona-glen,
Wives of wild Cona-glen wake from your slumber.

* Shaw's "History of Caithness," p. 164. † "Sketches of Highlanders," p. 327.
‡ Published by Messrs. J. & R. Parlane, Paisley.
§ A noted cattle lifter and plunderer—see "*Cuairtear nan Gleann*," 1842-43, p. 182.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JUNE, 1895.

CONTENTS.

KENNETH MACDONALD, INVERNESS (with plate), - - - 161
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part X. (illustrated), 163
ROBERT MACKENZIE COUPER (with portrait), - - - - 166
CAPTAIN RUARI CHISHOLM (with plate), - - - - - 167
JOHN STUART BLACKIE (poem), - - - - - - - 167
OUR CANADIAN LETTER—SONS OF SCOTLAND ASSOCIATION, - 168
COMMISSIONER SHARROCKS, GOVAN (with portrait), - - 168
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—AN OLD PIPE-TUNE—A MHNATHAN A' GHLINNE SO—WIVES OF WILD CONA-GLEN, - - 169
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - 170
THE LORDS OF LOCHABER (illustrated), - - - - - 171
LOCHABER'S SONS (poem), - - - - - - - 174
THE ROCK OF DEATH.—A LEGEND OF KINTAIL, - - - 176
HOW KINLOCHBERVIE GOT ITS NAME—A TRADITION OF SUTHERLAND—(illustrated), - - - - - - 178
JAMES CAMERON, HAMILTON (with plate), - - - - 180

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WE will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Mr. Alexander Macpherson, Solicitor, Kingussie, the historian of the clan; Rev. Alex. MacRae, London; Mr. James C. MacMillan, Paisley; and Mr. H. C. Sutherland, Montreal, a native of Brora, Sutherlandshire; with biographical sketches.

The August issue will take the form of a Grand Summer Number, which will contain portraits of distinguished Highlanders, as well as a large variety of interesting contributions, profusely illustrated.

VOLUMES I. AND II.—We are now able to offer two bound copies of the scarce Volume I., which can be had at 12/6 each; copies of the volume for 1894 (January to December) can be had, 10/-, post free—address, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

We shall be obliged to any of our readers who can supply us with a copy of the *Celtic Monthly* for September, 1893. We shall be glad to pay 6d. per copy. We are also anxious to procure copies of our issues for October and November, 1893.

"THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA," by Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh is pretty well through the press now, and will be issued to subscribers shortly. It promises to be one of the most attractively got up, as it is certainly one of the most interesting, works published in connection with the Highlands of recent years. The illustrations are numerous and the paper and binding are of the finest quality. A list of subscribers is to be printed in the work, and those desiring copies should apply at once to Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. The price to subscribers is 10/-. The total issue is already nearly all taken up, and no second edition will be published.

THE WORK ON "SUTHERLAND AND THE REAY COUNTRY" is making good progress, but owing to the many subjects to be treated of, it is not likely to be published for a little while yet.

DR. FRASER, FALKIRK, recently delivered a most interesting lecture to the Clan Fraser Society and friends, on "The Bagpipes." Mr. M. P. Fraser, presided, and the hall was crowded. The lecturer exhibited his unique collection of bagpipes, which greatly interested the audience. Encouraged by the success of Dr. Fraser's lecture the clan society intend arranging next season a series of such lectures.

GLASGOW COWAL (RESERVES) *versus* EDINBURGH SUTHERLAND SHINTY CLUB.—Teams representing these clubs played a friendly match at Moray Park, on the 11th May, the Cowal winning by 5 goals to Sutherland's 1. After the match the visitors were entertained to supper by the members of the Cowal Club.

The members of the Glasgow Cowal Shinty Club have placed a magnificent wreath, with a suitable inscription, upon the grave of the late Alexander Mackay, a member of the club, who was accidentally drowned in the Clyde. Mr. Mackay was a native of Tongue, and a Councillor in the Clan Mackay Society, eight prominent members of which made the arrangements for, and attended his funeral at Sighthill Cemetery, none of his relatives being resident in Glasgow. These kindly expressions of respect for the deceased have, it is almost needless to say, been greatly appreciated by the people of his native parish in the far north.

DEATH OF A DISTINGUISHED NATIVE OF TIREE.—Many of our readers will regret to learn of the death of Ex-Mayor Malcolm A. Maclean, of Vancouver, British Columbia, on April 4th. Mr. Maclean was a native of Tiree, and was enthusiastic in regard to the Gaelic language, and matters Celtic. He was president of the Highland Society, and took a leading part in municipal as well as Highland affairs, and his countrymen in Canada will regret his loss. He leaves a widow and five children.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS, VOLUME XIX., 1893-94.—This is a truly excellent volume, containing very much that is interesting and useful. Without doubt the most valuable contribution to the volume is that entitled "Norse Element in Highland Place Names" from the active pen of Mr. Alexander MacBain, M.A., Inverness, a credible authority on Celtic matters generally. We have also interesting papers contributed by Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, Mr. W. Mackay, Inverness, Rev. John MacRury, whose Gaelic is always so *blasda*, and Mr. Neil MacLeod. "The Celtic Element in Lowland Song" by Mr. L. MacBean, is most suggestive and deserves to be followed up, while "Sutherland Place Names" by Mr. John Mackay, Hereford, is carefully and cautiously compiled. We might also refer our readers to such articles as "Gleanings from Cluny Charter Chest" by Mr. Alexander Macpherson, Kingussie, and "Stray Customs and Legends" by Rev. James MacDonald, Reay. The volume as a whole is perhaps the most valuable and interesting yet issued by the Gaelic Society.

PART III.—ALASDAIR CARRACH, CONTINUED—THE ISLAY REVOLT—LORDSHIP OF INVERNESS—LOCHABER FORFEITED—BURNING OF THE TOWN—BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY—MACKINTOSH AND LOCHIEL DESERT MACDONALD'S STANDARD.

(*Continued from page* 157).

ALASDAIR CARRACH got safely back to his own territory after the melee at Harlaw. Nor does he seem to have immediately suffered for his participation in a struggle which so rent the kingdom in twain; and which undoubtedly shook, with fear at least, the Stewart dynasty on the throne.

He again assisted Donald of the Isles, when, at the instigation of the Abbot MacKinnon, John Mor of Isla rebelled against his brother, the island lord, claiming a larger share of his father's inheritance than had been allotted to him. The rebellion was quelled, and the brothers reconciled.

When, after the death of Donald, in 1425, his son, Alexander, being quite a boy, James I. sought to bestow his lands on John of Isla, so as to weaken the power of the Lord of the Isles, Alasdair Carrach was again in revolt, and took the field on behalf of his nephew. The negotiations for the bestowal of the young Lord Alexander's lands on his uncle were carried on through a James Campbell. They failed in their object, but ended in the assassination of John Mor of Isla, also through the agency of Campbell. [see Rebus Albanicis.] This was the first Campbell finger in the MacDonald pie intrigues, the subsequent repetitions of which ended so disastrously to the House of Finlaggan. Alasdair Carrach's sins had now become so numerous that to overlook them any longer became impossible. His Lordship of Lochaber was forfeited, and bestowed by James I. on a natural son of the Earl of Mar who figured at Harlaw, while his lands were bestowed upon Mackintosh. Lochaber thus became the scene of the conflict. [Camden's Britanica, vol. IV., p. 165.]

It was shortly after this event that the meeting of the Chiefs at Inverness was convened by the King, when the treacherous seizure and imprisonment of Alexander of the Isles and others formed the excuse for a general rising among his adherents. Keppoch, as was his wont, led the Lochaber host, and no sooner was his nephew, Alexander, liberated, than they both collected their forces and laid waste the town lands and burnt the town of Inverness. This was in 1429, two years after the Inverness meeting. It was while being hard-pressed by the Government forces after these acts of depredations that the Lord of the Isles made his submission, and was imprisoned in Tantallion Castle. Alasdair, however, was still at large, and active.

In the expedition that burnt the town of Inverness, as described in the previous chapter, Alasdair was joined by Malcolm Mackintosh of Mackintosh. This was the last occasion upon which the Chief of Moyhall obeyed the summons of his then superior, Alasdair Carrach, the Lord of Lochaber. Subsequent to this he entered upon the long struggle with his erstwhile superior for the Keppoch lands.

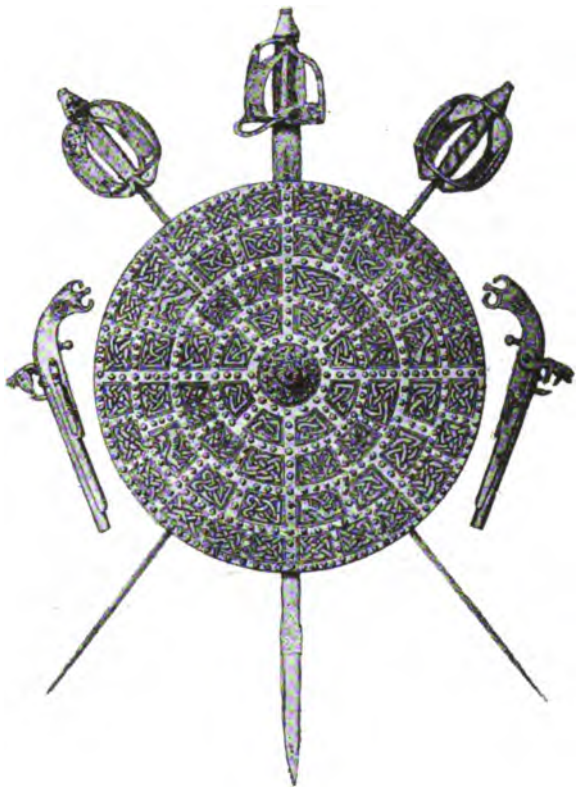
Alasdair Carrach was the first and last Lord of Lochaber of the Keppoch clan by feudal right and Royal grant, but he was the first of a long line of Keppoch chiefs who held that lordship by "the right of the sword" and the consent of the clan, and in defiance of all Royal grants and feudal laws. The first blow in defence of that right was struck at the first Battle of Inverlochy, although that battle had also another object—the maintenance of the power of the Lords of the Isles. At this battle, for the first time, the Camerons and the Mackintoshes deserted the island lords and the Keppoch chiefs. The incidents that led up to the battle are thus described in Hugh MacDonald's MS.S.

"All those about the King, wishing to impair MacDonald's estates and diminish his grandeur, to which the King himself was not averse, they now thought it a convenient time for their purpose, the Lord of the Isles being in prison (in Tantallon Castle), and his uncle, John Mor, being dead, to seize on the lands of Lochaber, whereupon, Alexander, Earl of Mar, who had received a grant of these lands from the King, levied a great army by His Majesty's directions, namely, the followers of Huntly; Allan, Lord of Caithness; Fraser of Lovat, Mackintosh, Mackay of Strathnaver, Grant, and the Chief of the Camerons, who enticed some of MacDonald's vassals, by making them

EAS-NA-SMUID AND RIVER SPEAN.—KEPPOCH COUNTRY.

great promises, to join with them, and that the rights they formerly held of MacDonald would be confirmed to them by the King. The vassals and the freeholders, considering that MacDonald's power was entirely gone and ruined, and believing that they would never again see him installed in his possessions, through greed and covetousness they joined the King's party. So coming to Lochaber, they pitched their tents near Inverlochy. Fraser of Lovat (afterwards created Lord Lovat by James I.), was sent to harass Sunart and Ardnamurchan with three thousand men, and to secure provision for the army and camp. MacDonald, obtaining information of those proceedings, and finding an opportunity, sent a message, from his prison of Tantallon, to the Highlands, desiring those whom he trusted most to face the enemy, though they should never again get a sight of him. So Donald Balloch, his cousin german (John Mor's son, at the time only eighteen years of age, and who was fostered by MacLean), gathered all those who faithfully adhered to MacDonald's interest, and came to Carna, an island in Loch Sunart, there meeting with the laird of Ardnamurchan; Allan, son of Allan Moydart, and his brother, Ranald Ban (for these were the principal men

of the name that were with him). He picked out the best of their men to the number of six hundred, most of whom were gentlemen and freeholders, and all of whom came in their galleys from Inverskipinish, two miles south of Inverlochy. Now, Alasdair Carrach (Keppoch), MacDonald's younger uncle, who held the lands of Lochaber, east of Lochy, and whose posterity are yet there, took possession of the hill above the enemy, and expecting that some of his friends would at last come to his relief. Upon seeing his nephew, Donald Balloch, he was much animated. As Donald Balloch drew near the Royal forces, Huntly stepped into the Earl of Mar's tent, where he and Mackintosh were playing cards. Huntly suggested to them to give up their play, as the enemy were close at hand. They (the card players) asked if the enemy were in great force, when Huntly replied that they were not very numerous, but he could see that they were determined to fight. "Well," said Mackintosh, "we'll play the game, and dispute with these fellows afterwards." Huntly again looked out, when he saw the enemy driving on furiously towards them; he goes a second time to the tent, saying, "Gentlemen fight stoutly, or render yourselves to your enemies." Mackintosh replied that "they would play that game and would do with the enemy what they pleased afterwards, and that he knew very well the doings of the big-bellied carles of the Isles." "Whatever they be," replied Huntly, "they will fight like men this day," when Mackintosh retorted that "though he himself (Huntly) should assist them, their (Mackintosh's) party would defeat them both" Whereupon Huntly went out of the tent in a rage, saying that he would fight none against the Highlands that day. He drew his men aside, and "was more of a spectator than of either party." "Then joining battle, Donald Balloch made a main battle, and a front of his men." The front was commanded by MacIan of Ardnamurchan, and John MacLean of Coll; the main battle by Ranald Ban, son of John Mor, murderered by James Campbell (and a natural brother of Donald Balloch, who became the progenitor of the family of Largy), and Allan, son of Allan, laird of Moidart (of whom descended the family of Knoydart), and MacDuffie of Colonsay, MacQuarrie of Ulva and MacGee (Mackay) of the Rinns of Isla. As the combatants faced one another, Alasdair Carrach and his two hundred and twenty archers poured down the brae of the hill on which they were posted and shot their arrows so thick on the flank of the Royal army as to compel them to give way. Allan, Lord of Caithness, a son of Lord Lovat, and nine hundred and ninety others were killed, and Hugh Mackay of Strathnaver was taken prisoner."



Donald Balloch, it is said, lost only twenty-seven men, an indication that confusion must have reigned on the other side. The Earl of Mar was wounded in the thigh, and was in the hills for two nights, accompanied only by his servant, in a starving condition, for they had no provisions. At last he fell in with some women tending cattle, who happened to have a little barley water for their own use, and with which they relieved the Earl and his servant, mixing it with a little water in the heel of the Earl's own shoe. It was on this occasion that the Earl composed the Gaelic lines attributed to him in the previous part of this work. The words are:—

"S math an cocaire an t-acras,
'S meirg ni tailleas air biadh,
Fuarag eorn a sail mo bhroige
Biadh is fhearr a fhuair mi riamh."

(To be continued).

LOCHABER'S SONS.

(THE QUEEN'S OWN CAMERON HIGHLANDERS).

From the depths of far Lochaber,
Where the snow clad crests on high
Stand like sentries pointing upwards
Towards the wild tempestuous sky.
Where the oak's umbrageous shadow
Interlacing shades a mile
Dark and cool, the fiercest sunshine
Fails to pierce the dark defile
Where the heather root is strongest,
Growing past the height of man;
Clothing all the hills and valleys,
Badge of the Macdonald clan.
There they stood when first embodied,
Cameron and Clandonald's men;
Side by side as many a foeman
Found them to defend their glen.
Proud on high they raised their colours,
And the war pipe pealed aloud,
Echoing back from Achnacarry
To the Keppoch hills around.
E'en the tartan that they wore,*
Bore witness to the ties of yore.

Side by side they fought together
Thro' Egypt's fierce and stern campaign,
Side by side they marched together
Thro' the sunny land of Spain.
And they stood within the trenches,
When young Alec Cameron fell;
Pierced to death and sore surrounded,
Rather than the French could tell
That a Cameron's sword was yielded
By a man who bore his name,

PIPER KENNETH MACKAY PLAYING OUTSIDE THE SQUARE OF THE 79TH DURING THE FRENCH ATTACK.

Better death in all its phases
Than the smallest taint of shame;
Seven wounds were gaping open
When they found him where he lay:
But he knew his picket rescued,
And a smile seemed half to play
Disdainful as he'd mocked the Frenchmen,
Falling, dying, upon the field—
"On our hearts is writ a sentence,
Thus—A Cameron ne'er can yield!"

They it was who charged the foemen,†
Bonaparte's selected guard,
What were they when matched in courage,
Hand to hand in conflict hard
'Gainst the stubborn Highland soldiers
Trained by nature to endure?
Forward rushing with one impulse,
In their vengeance swift and sure.
For there rose a cry of anguish
In a hoarse and maddened yell,
When the gallant Philips Cameron
Backward on his charger fell.
And the soldiers clubbed their muskets,
And they fought like men insane;
Till the Frenchman paid his tribute
For the life blood of the slain.
Early morn beheld them fighting,
But the darkest shades of night

JAMES CAMERON.

Fell before their rage was sated,
And the foe was put to flight.
With muffled drums and arms reversed
They laid their gallant chief to rest;
To the wailing of the pibroch,
With the colours on his breast.
Crashed the roar of distant battle,
Loud the thunder rolled o'erhead;
But the full and loyal tribute
Had been paid their dear loved dead.

At the siege of Burgos, springing
On each other's shoulders, formed
Of their men a scaling ladder
Up the jaggèd rocks they stormed,
With the gallant Forty-second,
Trusted comrades they of yore,
O'er the palisades went streaming,
Climbing, cheering, lifted o'er.
Rushed the strong redoubt of Frenchmen,
And La Colombette was won,
Levelled steel and shout of triumph
Cheered the brave and dashing run.
But a triumph still more noble
Led the dauntless Cameron men;
When their comrades were surrounded,‡
Caught like sheep within a pen.
And they saw the Forty-second
Driven from the post they'd ta'en.
Then the gallant Douglas shouted,
"Rally men! your post regain!"
Tho' the hill in front was darkened
By the cavalry in flank,
Fearless stood the Camerons waiting,
Line on line in steady rank.
Like the waves of stormy ocean,
Burst a loud tumultuous cheer;
As the torrent rushed upon them,
And the foe were flanked in rear.

Down they came with bonnets waving,
Carried like a wave of thought,
Then the Camerons cheered in answer,
That with men indeed they fought.
Hard they held their breath from rushing,
As they sprang their foes to meet,
Till the levelled steel was reddened,
And they forced them to retreat.
Inch by inch they fought like tigers,
Till their own redoubt was gained.
Reckless of the awful carnage,
And the tightened muscles strained,
Till their comrades' post they carried,
Then the cheer of victory rose;
As they saw before them scatter
The last remnant of their foes.
When they saw the Douglas bearing
On his breast the golden cross,
Then the thrill of glory covered
The dead heroes of their loss.
It was they repulsed the Frenchmen
In the valley of the Lanz,
They who formed the Highland union,
Wave on wave on Alma's banks.

As roe-deer reared within the forests,
At Quatre Bras they bounded o'er,
Graceful poised with scarce an effort
The fifteen feet of bank before.
Then their famous charge was driven
Home to the advancing force,
Back upon the bridge they huddled
The troopers of Napoleon's horse.
Their's the charge the guns to cover,
Their's to hold that dangerous post;
Volley upon volley answered
From the hedge the charging host;
Side by side they fought untiring,
Full upon their column drove
The pressing mass of horsemen falling
Back, in vain for order strove.
When their shot gave out, retreating,
Step by step in steady line,
Till their square reformed and bristled,
Glistening shewed the bayonets' shine.
Wild an high the pipes resounded
From Mackay§ who stepped without,
Cogadh na sith! the soldiers answered,
With a loud triumphant shout.
Wild notes playing, streamers flying,
Defiance to the foe was thrown,
Exposed, undaunted, marched the hero,
Playing round the square alone.

From the depths of far Lochaber,
Where the snow crests point on high,
Twine the heath and oak together
For the deeds that cannot die.
By sea or land, for Queen and country,**
They have fought and they have bled,
Lochaber's sons, the true and dauntless,
Fearless followed, fearless led.
Spread abroad your dark blue colours,
The thistle ensigned with the crown,
The sphinx that tells of Egypt's glories,
The battle names of brave renown.
Gallant sons of brave Lochaber,
Single in your greatness stand,††
The triumph of your beauteous county,
The pride of dear old Scotia's land.

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* Alan Cameron of Erracht's mother was a sister of the Keppoch of the '45, and she it was who designed the tartan of the 79th, a blending of the colours of the Macdonald and Cameron tartans.

+ At Fuentes d' Oñoro.

‡ A fresh body of French entering the redoubt line drove the 42nd from it, who fell back on the 79th. Colonel Douglas rallying the 79th, not only gained their former position but that held by the 42nd. For this splendid action the gold cross was given him.

§ Piper Kenneth Mackay was a native of Tongue, in the Reay country. His nephew, Mr. Donald Mackay of Folkestone, has in his possession several articles worn by his uncle Kenneth at Waterloo, and he has also a bit of the tartan kilt and the red heckle worn by another uncle at the same battle, who was a piper in the gallant Forty-Second, or Black Watch.—Ed.

** "Per Mare, Per Terras," the motto of the Mac-Donalds. "Pro Rege et Patria" that of the Camerons.

†† The only single battalion in the British army. Colonel Comeron's memorable answer to the Duke of York's attempt to draft them was:—"You may tell the King, your father, from me that he may sends us to h—ll if he likes, and I'll go at the head of them, but *he daurna draft us!*"

Alice C. MacDonell,
of Keppoch.
London.

MOST men have had experiences, the memory of which cling to them so long as they live. The following is one which I am not likely to forget. A number of years ago, on a dark stormy night I found myself wandering helplessly among the bleak, rugged mountains of Kintail. I was travelling southwards, my destination being Glenquoich. Having lost my way in the darkness, it was with a feeling of joy that I stumbled against the ruins of an old sheiling, situated in an eerie and gloomy hollow in the mountain side, overshadowed by a huge rock—Creag-a'-bhàis (Rock of Death), I afterwards found it was named—where I took up my abode until day-break. Had I then been aware of the ghastly tradition connected with this lonely place I would have stretched myself on the heather, exposed to the full rigour of the storm, sooner than seek shelter even within sight of it

The following is the tradition very much as it was related to me by an old shepherd, Donald M'Lennan, in whose house I rested the following night.—

It is now a long time since what I am about to tell you took place, but you may accept it as true; for I was told the story by my father, whose father got it when but a boy from the only survivor of three young men, who on such a night as this, took shelter in the very sheiling in which you took up your abode last night.

Two of them were MacKenzies belonging to Kintail, and the other a Campbell from Lochaweside. They had foregathered near Strome ferry on a Friday, and had travelled together over the mountains, intending to reach the little inn at Cluny, if possible on Saturday night. This they might have done had they not been overtaken by a fearful storm. The heavens seemed all ablaze, so incessant were the flashes of lightening, while the thunder peels were awful, as they echoed and re-echoed among the mountains. Tired and wet they were glad indeed when they stumbled against the sheiling of Creag-a'-bhàis, which was at that time well roofed and comfortable. They soon had a good fire on, and made themselves warm and at home. The MacKenzies growing sleepy lay down on a heather bed in a corner, while Campbell, who was a big powerful man, sat at the fireside, and taking a trump or "Jew's Harp" out of his pocket began to play. He played beautifully, and the sweet, weird notes which he produced on this most ancient instrument had such a soothing influence on his comrades that they were soon fast asleep. The fire beginning to wane Campbell piled on more wood, and was again settling himself down to his music, when he became conscious of the presence of others than his companions within the sheiling. He looked round with a start, and beheld three of the most beautiful

women he had ever looked upon. One of them came smiling towards him, and seating herself on a raised turf at his side put out her hand to get his trump. He kept hold of it, however, and proceeded to make room for the other two round the fire. They told him to attend to the comfort of her who first seated herself beside him, and with a peculiarly unpleasant laugh said that they would attend to themselves. Campbell chatted away with his beautiful companion until by an inadvertent movement she exposed her foot—the fleet, slender foot of the mountain deer! For the moment he was too frightened, too horrified to move, and fortunately for himself received such a shock as prevented any exclamation that might betray to his companion the knowledge of his discovery. He soon recovered himself, and knowing that the music of the trump was a charm against such as he now knew his externally beautiful companion to be, began to play. As he did so, she cast a suspicious glance at him, such a keen evil look as made him shiver. She asked him to cease playing since it would probably awaken his comrades. He paid her no attention, but casting an anxious eye in their direction, grew cold with horror at what he saw. The MacKenzies were still asleep, but it was the deep sleep of death, their glassy eyes staring towards the roof, while two streams of blood crept along the earthen floor like two purple coloured serpents. His evil companion followed his glance and seeing that she was betrayed made a vicious snatch at his trump, but some mysterious agency seemed to stay her hand. Campbell was then sure of his ultimate escape if he could but hold out and play until sunrise. Tired, weary, and sick with the horror of his situation he played, and in his heart prayed for the first rays of the morning sun to relieve him of his uncanny companions. The fairy who had chosen him as her especial victim now sat eagerly watching him, ready to take advantage of the least cessation in the music, and Campbell as he watched, observed a sudden transformation take place in her appearance, as well as in that of the other two. The rosy lips of the early night were now replaced by the sharp beak of the wild mountain eagle, and what added more to the horror of the sight was that the beaks of the other two were red and dripping with the hearts' blood of the unfortunate MacKenzies. Campbell still played, knowing that his life depended on his music, but his hand trembled, and when with a fearful concord of shrieks the fairies disappeared from his sight, he fell fainting on the floor.

As I have already told you Campbell was an exceptionally powerful man, and soon recovered from his swoon. Casting off his plaid he made a dash for the door, and oh! how thankfully he welcomed the blessed rays of the morning sun as they glimmered over the summit of the grim Creag-a'-bhàis. Not daring to look behind he ran in this direction, and it was in this same cottage that he first told his awful story. A number of sympathising neighbours at once volunteered to go to Creag-a'-bhàis and ascertain the fate of the MacKenzies, who were well known in the district. On reaching the sheiling, true enough they found the men as Campbell had described, cold and dead, having been pierced to the heart as they lay sleeping. Campbell in his hurry leaving the place had dropped his dagger into a tiny pool of blood, and it was now picked up besmeared with the gore.

I here interrupted Donald, and asked him if the whole circumstances did not cast a certain amount of suspicion on Campbell?

Well! I suppose one or two did feel a little suspicious of him, but as he professed great sorrow, and furthermore remained and played, not the trump but the great Highland bagpipes at the funeral, no further doubt was entertained of his story; and to this day no one living in these mountains but would sleep on the heather sooner than pass that same rock after nightfall. Any who have done so maintain that they have heard, as if floating on the breeze, the sweet, weird, musical notes of a trump, at intervals intermingled with pitiful moanings as of a person in the agony of death, and more horrifying still, yells of fiendish and unearthly laughter.

So ended Donald's story, and it was plainly evident that his good lady was greatly relieved when her husband came to the

FINISH.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND.—The Royal Routes per Mr. David MacBrayne's well-appointed steamers are known to all travellers, and the neat, handy, and correct guide which has just been issued ought to prove of much value to the tourist. It contains numerous views of scenery beautifully printed, clear maps and elaborate time and fare tables which enable the tourist to decide where and how he shall travel. The whole get up of the book is worthy of the Royal Route.

MESSRS. BROWN & SON, 31 ARGYLE STREET, GLASGOW, have just published their illustrated wholesale price list, in which every variety of boots and shoes are described and quoted at the lowest prices. All parcels are sent carriage paid, an advantage which country customers will no doubt appreciate.

HOW KINLOCHBERVIE GOT ITS NAME.

(A Tradition of Sutherland).

KINLOCHBERVIE is a small village situated on the north side of Lochinchard, Sutherlandshire. According to oral tradition it has been a place of habitation from an early age, and for the last hundred years has been the capital of the large district of Lochinchard, which comprises the Oldshores and surrounding hamlets It is graced with two churches—the Established and Free—situated at opposite ends of the village.

Like most Highland districts Kinlochbervie can boast of its "bighouse." Kinlochbervie House was built by the late respected and lamented Mr. Hugh Mackay—a gentleman of considerable means and position in the county. This splendid edifice from its situation commands a picturesque view of a stormy sea and a rugged land.

KINLOCHBERVIE HOUSE.

The Post Office and one or two other slated houses form, along with those I have mentioned, the principal houses in the village. The crofters occupy the usual Highland thatched style of dwellings The industry of the place is the ordinary crofter-fisherman work. Lately the village was fortunate in obtaining a good, deep-water pier, while a steamboat from Glasgow calls weekly during summer—a new thing in the annals of the place. Previous to this the inhabitants had no direct communication with any central place except Thurso, which was reached by a sloop that took days, and sometimes weeks to accomplish the voyage.

The scenery, as beheld from the hillock above the village, is most interesting and enchanting. To attempt to describe it adequately would be impossible in the limited space at my disposal, therefore it must be summarised in a few words. Looking seawards there extends a vast ocean with a long sea-board stretching from Cape Wrath to Rhu Store, with a wild, rugged and indented shore. Landwards we observe the bleak and scraggy hills of the Parph, the majestic mountains of the Reay Forest with their conical and pyramidal summits, while an extensive peat-bog spreads itself between us and these mountains. The peculiar geological features of the vicinity and district around add much to its wild beauty and attractiveness.

It is asserted by some Savants that the ancient suffix of Kinlochbervie was derived from *bereuīc*, i.e. in A S. *bere* barley and *wīc* dwelling or village, meaning the barley village at the end of the loch; while others have it that it was from *berg* in A.S. a hill, which through time has been converted to berry and then bervie, but the local people attribute it to the occasion of the incident to which I am about to refer. Both these derivations seem to be appropriate appellations of the place, but the traditional one is even more so, viz:—"bervie,"

About three hundred years ago this village had a different aspect from its present one. There were then few houses, if any, where the present ones are now. The houses in those days were situated along the sea shore near the end of Kinlochbervie loch, a small arm which branches off Lochinchard. It is evident that the people then had engaged but little in agriculture, their livelihood being got chiefly from the sea, from their cattle, and from hunting. It happened on a beautiful summer evening about this time that a large ship was seen steering its course into Lochinchard, with flags at half-mast, and apparently there was considerable commotion on board. The people were terrified at the sight; such a large ship was never seen before entering the loch; besides the shape of it showed that it belonged to another nation. They thought that it was some foreign warship coming to destroy them, or some great pirate to take them all away as slaves. They gathered together all their war-like and hunting instruments in case of emergency, and were soon prepared like Highlanders to defend themselves and their homes against any alien invasion. On the ship coming opposite the place, anchor was cast, the large sails were lowered, and a boat launched. A train of

people were seen moving slowly on deck, the strains of some sad music were faintly heard. The boat was slowly rowed to land; the sad music still continued, which at times amounted to a wail resembling the coronach chanted by the Highlanders for their departed chief. The whole scene must have been singularly impressive. The black, perpendicular rocks on the opposite side of Lochinchard formed a contrast to the green craggy surface of the other; here a company of wild Highlanders with their hands on their claymores, or *sgian-dubhs*, ready to fight or to die; there a cortege moving sadly and slowly bewailing their beloved master, without any to condole with them except the mournful murmur of the waves on the shore, the sombre rocks returning their dirge as if in derision, and the occasional sonorous cry of the sea-fowls as they lazily flew over the tranquil waters. The natives were now quite as curious about what they were seeing as they were before frightened. They made their way to the place where the boat had landed, and on the green sward they beheld the dead body of a man enshrouded in a valuable mantle, over which were laid several ensigns embellished with escutcheons, which showed that he was a great chief or ruler. The mourners asked leave of the Highlanders to bury their dead prince within view of the sea, and desired a promise that his grave and the ground around it would not be interfered with. This request was readily granted and a grave was dug within a few yards of the sea, and in it the body was laid. It was filled up and a large cairn of stones erected over it. One of the men who seemed to be in charge said that the body was that of the Prince of Bervie. He had been cruising with his ship on the coast and had taken suddenly ill and died. From fear of the dreaded Njördyggia, a Norse demon that haunted ships with a dead body on board, they were afraid to convey the body to his own country, and in conclusion he added—"Be it known that these are the body and grave of the Prince of Bervie, and woe betide the person who interferes with his body or the sacred ground surrounding his grave!" "Be it also known," answered one of the Highlanders, "that this place shall in future be called after him—Kinlochbervie."

THE OLD INN, KINLOCHBERVIE.

So much for tradition and the derivation of "Bervie" Let us now see if the ghost-lore will substantiate the hypothesis. It is said that two generations ago there lived a man in the village, who was on very unfriendly terms with all his neighbours. He evidently was one of those fellows who delighted more in hating his neighbours than in loving them, whose splenetic nature was hereditary, and he seemed to be increasing it by his continual success as an annoyance to his fellow men. His "lot" or croft was bordered on the one side by the grave of the prince, and on the other side of the grave was the croft of another man. To put this other man to a great inconvenience he raised a dyke of stones between their crofts, in close proxomity to the cairn, from which he took a number of stones. The following morning after it was built, it was discovered that the dyke was most ingeniously knocked down. The man rebuilt it and again it was levelled to its foundation. This occurred about half-a-dozen times and regardless of the warnings of his neighbours, he once more raised it, and declared that he would watch for a night, and see who was the aggressor. Accordingly he sallied forth that night in the gloaming, burning with indignation, armed with a stout cudgel, and determined to have revenge on the offender whoever he might be, man or fiend. He posted himself within view of the cairn; the dusky glimmer of night fell upon the scene, and quiet reigned for a time. In a little there appeared an individual, who commenced to break down the dyke. The man got up, made direct for him, shouting in a stentorian voice, which made the black rock re-echo, to desist or else he would make short work with him. But behold! on looking what did he see?—a ghost! The spectre, whose face and hands were white as linen and whose voice sounded awfully awesome, was very tall and wrapped in black cerements. The man stood nerveless and amazed at this sight, the staff fell from his hand, and his whole frame quivered like an aspen leaf. The apparition said,—

"Have you not been told of the conditions on which I was laid here?" "Y-e-s," almost inaubibly came from the man. "Have you not been warned by your neighbours of the result of encroaching on my grave?" "Y-e-e-s," faintly answered the man. "Woe! to you, if you persist further in this act of sacrilege." In the twinkling of an eye the spirit then vanished, and the man made home as quickly as his tottering limbs and muddled brain enabled him. On passing the threshold of his door and on seeing the light, he fainted. He was put to bed, but his repose was restless, every word he heard spoken that night sounded like the unearthly voice of the ghost, which words he thought penetrated into his very marrow. The news got abroad and the neighbours regretted not the result of his conference with the dead prince. It did not concern them whether it was the real prince, or some kind neighbour who had personated him that night. Anyhow it was said that the poor man never

THE VILLAGE AND FRESH WATER LOCH

got over the shock until he was numbered among the spirits. According to Highland demonology—no man will live long after talking to a spirit of any description.

Many years after an old woman was herding her cows late one harvest evening when she alleged that she saw a man in a sailor's garb at the cairn. Before the eviction of the people of the hamlet of Kinsally, on the opposite side of the loch, they were in the habit of seeing lights and hearing a low crooning music as if proceeding from that direction. But I have not heard of any of the present generation having seen or heard anything supernatural about the cairn, nor have they even felt eerie on passing the place. Whether this proceeds from the spirits being confined within bounds, or that education and science have banished all forms of spirits and ghosts to a region from which they are unable to appear to mortals, is a question fit for the Psychical Research Society, or for the consideration of Mr. Stead and his friendly spooks. At any rate ghosts seem to have forsaken their much-frequented and favourite hunting-grounds—the Highlands. Those that do now occasionally appear to a chosen few are only "scare-crow-like" objects that cannot stand the test of a scientific investigation.

Edinburgh. GEORGE MORRISON.

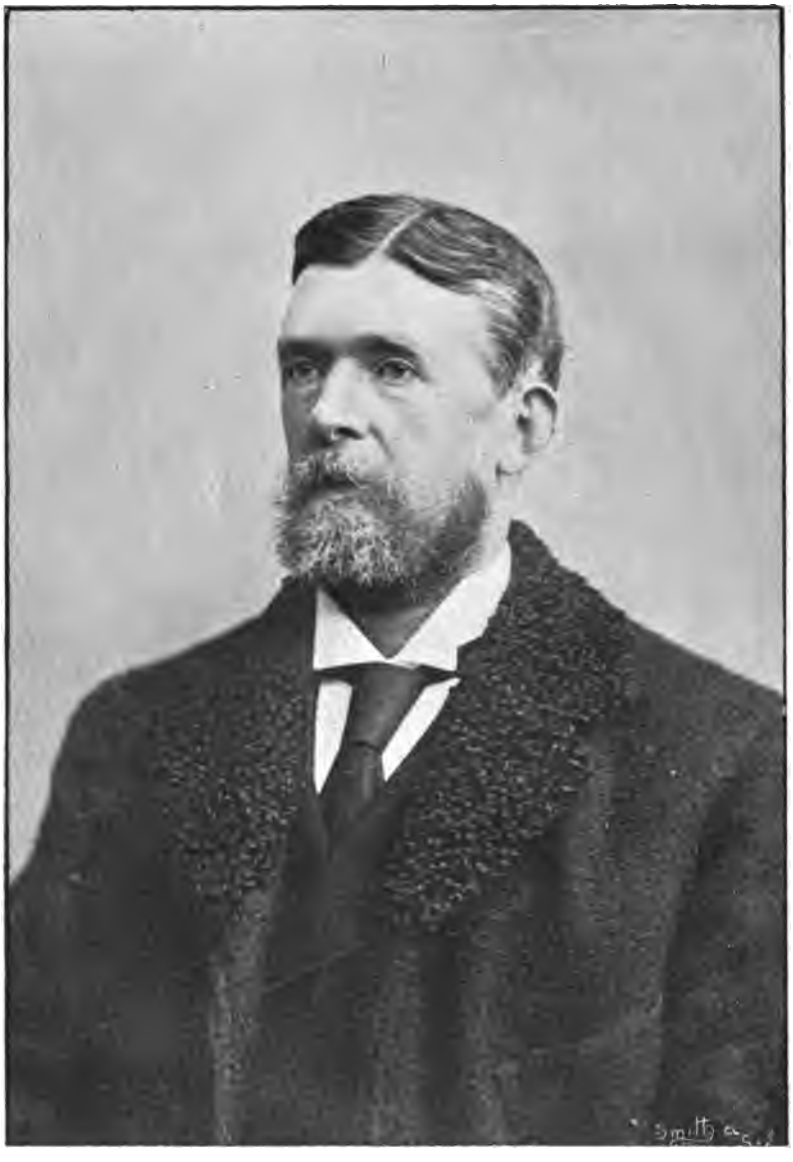
JAMES CAMERON, HAMILTON.

REPRESENTATIVE Highlanders resident in Airdrie, Paisley, and other local towns have already appeared in the "Celtic Gallery," and I daresay there are many who will be glad to see that most enthusiastic of Celts, Mr. James Cameron, being similarly honoured. The subject of this brief sketch was born in Fifeshire, but true to his Lochaber descent he has preserved the best qualities of his race, and there are few Camerons who take a deeper interest in everything relating to his clan than Mr. James Cameron. He rendered valuable assistance in forming the Clan Cameron Society, and is an office-bearer. He is proprietor of the Douglas and Clydesdale Hotel, Hamilton, so favourably known to visitors. Mr. Cameron, although pretty fully occupied with his business, finds time to interest himself in other matters, and is an ardent Freemason, holding office in the Provincial Grand Lodge of Scotland, and acting for some years as R.W.M. of the local Lodge.

A. CAMERON.

OUTLINE CLAN FIGURES.—We have been favoured by Mr. Eneas Mackay, Bookseller, Stirling, with an interesting set of outline figures representing the leading Highland clans. The pictures are given in outline, so that the true colours of the various tartans may be filled in by the owner. The following clans are represented in the series:—Cameron, Campbell, Davidson, Drummond, Farquharson, Forbes, Grant, Lamont, MacDonald, MacDougall, MacFarlane, MacGregor, MacInnis, Mackintosh, Mackenzie, MacLeod, MacRae, Menzies, Robertson, Sinclair, Sutherland, etc. The plates cost 1/- each, post free.

THE FRIENDS OF MR. WILLIAM GORDON CAMPBELL, OF EDINBURGH, will be gratified to learn that he has been offered by Lord Kimberley the post of Registrar and Legal Vice-Consul of the Supreme Court at Constantinople. Mr. Campbell, who has accepted the post, is a good Arabic scholar, and is well versed in Turkish literature, as well as knowing the spoken language. He is a native of Farr, Sutherland, at the Parish School of which he was educated.



ALEXANDER MACPHERSON

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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PROVOST MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE.

IN the space at our disposal, we regret that it is impossible to do more than give a meagre and hurried sketch of the career of this excellent Highland gentleman. Sprung from the Phoiness branch of the Sliochd Ghilliosa — the oldest cadet family of the House of Cluny, represented in the main line by Sir George Macpherson-Grant, Bart.—and having descent from the Macdonalds of Aberarder, the Mackintoshes of Balnespick, the Macgregors and Macfarlanes of Rannoch, the subject of this notice—truly "a Highlander of Highlanders and a Macpherson of Macphersons"—was born in the Parish of Alvie, in 1839.

Having prosecuted his education at the Parish School of Kingussie and the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Macpherson passed as a Law Agent, and, after residing in Edinburgh for fully twenty years, was, by a singularly happy arrangement, appointed Agent of the British Linen Bank at Kingussie, in 1875.

In Edinburgh, he had acted for several years as Hon. Treasurer of the Inverness, Ross, and Nairn Club. On the occasion of his leaving for the North, he was presented with a solid Silver Tea and Coffee Service, and a massive Marble Timepiece, bearing an appropriate inscription. This presentation was made in very eulogistic terms by Edward Strathern Gordon, then Lord Advocate of Scotland, at a public dinner of the Club.

Once settled in Badenoch, Mr. Macpherson speedily attained a position of much influence—by his varied ability and sterling qualities securing the confidence and respect of all classes of the community. Besides the duties of his bank agency and an extensive legal practice, he is factor for his chief, Cluny Macpherson, and also for Colonel Macpherson of Glentruim, whose joint estates form a magnificent stretch of the Macpherson country. Himself a J P. for the county, he is Depute Clerk of the Peace for the Badenoch district, and acts as law agent and auditor of various public bodies in the locality.

Mr. Macpherson has been unwearied in his efforts to further the material and social interests of his native district, throwing himself with enthusiasm into many a scheme for its benefit. For the second time, he has been elected Provost of Kingussie. The capital of Badenoch promises to become one of the most fashionable health resorts in the Highlands; and whatever attraction has been added to its amenities within recent years, had the hearty support of the Provost. He is President of the Committee of the Victoria Hall and Public Library; Chieftain of the Kingussie Camanachd Club; Vice-President of the Kingussie Curling, Golf, and Bowling Clubs, etc., etc.

Mr. Macpherson is one of the most active and prominent laymen of the Church of Scotland. In early life he became imbued with the genial, evangelical, broad-churchism, which was then chiefly associated with the names of Principal Tulloch and Norman Macleod. During his stay in Edinburgh, he was for some years an elder in the Parish Church of Morningside, under the ministry of Dr. Marshall Lang, now of the Barony Church, Glasgow, and subsequently of Professor Taylor of the University of Edinburgh. Since 1875 he has been an elder in the Parish Church of Kingussie, but, of his devoted work in that capacity, nothing will be said here, for nothing could be said adequately. He is, of course, a member of Presbytery, Synod, and General

Assembly. He presided at the opening of the Conference of the Church of Scotland, held at Inverness in October, 1892, of which he afterwards compiled a full report.

The history and antiquities of Badenoch had been strangely neglected until Mr. Macpherson turned his attention in that direction. But, thanks to his labours, things are different now. In 1893 appeared his portly and beautiful volume:—"Glimpses of Church and Social Life in the Highlands in Olden Times," published by the well-known firm of William Blackwood and Sons. Out of the almost numberless reviews of this work which we have read—all in terms of high praise—we may be permitted to quote a few lines from a long review in the "Spectator" of 4th August, 1894, as a specimen of the whole:—"There is a fine look of old-world literature about this very large, handsome, and interesting volume of local history. . . . There is nearly all the difference between it and a compact present-day volume of 'impressions,' that there is between an old-fashioned country-house and a modern 'desirable' villa. . . . Let Mr. Macpherson reduce his book, and especially the latter part of it, and his second edition ought to be one of the most valuable works dealing with the Celtic Scotland of to-day—and still more of yesterday—that have ever appeared."

He has contributed articles to *Good Words*, *Scottish Church*, *Scots' Magazine*, *Life and Work*, *Celtic Magazine*, *Highland Monthly*, *Celtic Monthly*, and other publications. He is also a frequent contributor to the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*.

Mr. Macpherson is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and a member of the Institute of Bankers in Scotland.

We believe that the name of this loyal and patriotic clansmen will be remembered as long as the sons of *Tir nam beann* cherish the tales of the days of old.

KINGUSSIE, INVERNESS-SHIRE

THE LONDON INVERNESS-SHIRE ASSOCIATION concluded the winter's session with a grand concert, over which Lord Abinger presided. There was a large attendance, and the proceedings were a great success. The leading artistes were Miss Lizzie B. Mackay of Glasgow, and Mr. R. Macleod of Inverness, and both received a splendid reception, and were encored for each song. The energetic Secretaries, Messrs. Francis D. Mackay and A. Fraser, have just issued a neat little booklet, giving a report on the year's work, list of members, etc. The association has made great progress during the past year, thanks mainly to the efforts of Mr. Donald C. Fraser, Vice-President, and the indefatigable Secretaries. It may be mentioned that Mr. W. D. Mackenzie of Farr, and Cluny Macpherson, whose portraits we gave lately, are life members of the association.

PART IV.—ALASDAIR CARRACH CONTINUED—HIS CHARTER RESTORED—FLIGHT OF LOCHIEL—ALASDAIR CARRACH'S MARRIAGE—THE ALLEGED MACKAY-KEPPOCH MARRIAGE—ALASDAIR'S DEATH—OLD TOR CASTLE.

(*Continued from page* 173).

THUS ended the first of many futile attempts made by royal sanction, and with the assistance of the forces of the Crown, to deprive MacDonell of Keppoch of his lands, and dispossess him of the Lordship of Lochaber. Lochiel, who on this occasion deserted for the first time Alasdair Carrach's standard, did not escape unpunished, as will be shown in the next chapter; and Mackintosh of Mackintosh, who also turned traitor, thus began a feud that lasted for a period of over three hundred years, and that only died with the last hope of the Keppoch chiefs on the fateful field of Culloden, after which, at long last, the Keppochs became tenants in reality of Moyhall.

The fact that Alasdair Carrach could only muster two hundred and twenty fighting men when beset by the royal forces at Inverlochy shows the extent of the disaffection that followed the desertion of the Camerons and the Mackintoshes, and how desperate must have been his plight until the timely arrival of Donald Balloch with reinforcements. The result of the battle, the disaffection of Huntly on the other side notwithstanding, is proof of the stubborn resistance made by himself and his allies, how well and how bravely they fought. Under the circumstances, and considering the undoubted slaughter of the royal forces that must have taken place, as evidenced by Strathnaver being taken prisoner; the plight of the Earl of Mar; and the men of note who were left on the field of battle, it is not credible that Hugh MacDonald's estimate of the loss sustained by Donald Balloch (twenty seven men), is correct. It must have been much greater. At anyrate, the ultimate result of the battle was not only to re-establish Alasdair Carrach as Lord of Lochaber, but also to re-establish, for a time, the Lord of the Isles as the ruling power among the clans. No sooner was Alexander, Lord of the Isles, released from his imprisonment in Tantallon Castle than he set about punishing such of his former vassals as had deserted his cause, and particularly those who had fought against Donald Balloch at Inverlochy. Lochiel had to flee the country, and sought refuge in Ireland, where he remained for several years, "while MacDonald bestowed his lands on John Garve MacLean, ancestor and founder of the family of Coll." From this migration of the Clan Gillian also sprung the MacLeans of Ardgour; thus were they established by the MacDonalds both in Glen Urquhart and Lochaber. Not only was Alexander of the Isles restored to his titles and his estates, but he also got the granting of the Lordship of Lochaber to the Earl of Mar cancelled, had it restored to himself, and restored by him to Alasdair Carrach. How complete was his restoration to power and to favour may be gathered from the fact that he was at this time made "Justiciar of Scotland North of the Forth." The superiority of the Lowlander, *alias* Saxon, held by some writers to have been so thoroughly established after the battle of Harlaw, does not show itself so markedly here.

Alasdair Carrach, however, as has been shown, now held his lands and his lordship of Lochaber off his superior chief, his own nephew, the Lord of the Isles; and not, as formerly, and in accordance with his father's marriage settlement, direct off the crown. This latter privilege he never afterwards enjoyed, nor was the possession of the new tenure of long duration.

It may be here recorded that the family tradition is opposed to all the historians in saying that it was not Alasdair Carrach, but his successor, who fought at Inverlochy. It holds that he was too old and infirm at that time to have taken any part in the battle. So far as can be judged he would be at least seventy years of age at the time. If it were true that he took no part in the battle; that, perhaps, he was not then alive, it would go far to explain the smallness of the force that rallied to the Keppoch Standard at Inverlochy, and the extent of the disaffection that followed the desertion of its cause by Mackintosh and Lochiel; if, indeed, it would not also explain the fact that these chiefs deserted that Standard at all. With the Lord of the Isles in prison, and Alasdair Carrach no more, there might be some excuse for thinking that their power was also

ALASDAIR CARRACH BEGINNING THE BATTLE OF INVERLOCHY.

gone for ever. It would also explain the lack of any record of what actual part Alasdair took in the battle, and why so strong and so prominent a personality should be so eclipsed in all historical records by Donald Balloch, who was at that time but a mere youth. Certain it is, that on the next appearance of the Keppoch clan on the field of battle, they are led, not by Alasdair Carrach, but by his son, Angus, the second chief.

But even without any fresh laurels at Inverlochy, Alasdair Carrach's career was surely stirring enough. The author of the "Comhachag," a genealogical poem by one of the family bards, thus describes him:—

"Chunnaic mi Alasdair Carrach,
An duin' a b' allail a bha 'n Albainn;
'S minig a bha mi ga éisdeachd
'S e aig reiteach nan tom-sealga"

Another writer says that "Alexander I. of Keppoch was of the Fyfte house of the Clan Donald; neirest this (the Macdonalds of Isla); descendit frae the house of Clan Donald is Alexander Carrach, that is Shawit Alexander, sue that be the countrie's custom, because Highlandmen callit him the fairest hair man as they say of aney that ever was;† and this said Alexander was brother to this Donald of the Isles foresaid, and to John Moir, frae quhome James Kintyre descendit, and brother of the

father's side to Raynald of quhome came the Clan Ranald. And this Carrach has many come off him, and good succession in Lochaber callit Clan Ranald MacDonald Glasse vic Alexander, quik bruikes a part of Lochaber sinsyne."

Alasdair was married to a daughter of Earl Malcolm of Lennox, and by her had a son, Angus, who succeeded him, He also had a daughter, who according to MacKenzie, married Hugh Mackay of Strathnaver, whom Keppoch had taken prisoner at the Battle of Inverlochy. This is evidently a confusion of events. At the Battle of Dingwall, in 1411, Donald of the Isles took Angus Dubh Mackay prisoner, and afterwards gave him his sister in marriage; a proceeding on the part of the Island Lord which Smibert explains by stating that the "Miss MacDonald was of a unmarketable appearance," implying thereby that her brother therefore welcomed the opportunity for getting her off his hands. It may be that to this marriage of Angus Dubh Mackay, and the consequent kinship of the captive of Inverlochy

BEN NEVIS, FROM BANAVIE, LOCHABER.

to his captor, the former owed his good fortune, in having his life left him, and subsequently his liberty given to him as well.

"Hugh MacDonald's MS.," from which MacKenzie seems to have taken his information with respect to the alleged marriage of Hugh Mackay and Keppoch's daughter, is as certainly wrong in this, as it is in many other instances. The "MS." states that it was the descendants of this marriage who were afterwards known as "Sliochd Iain Abrach." As a matter of fact, Iain Abrach, the progenitor of the Mackays called after him, was a natural son of Angus Dubh Mackay. Iain Abrach himself figures in history some two years or so before the battle of Inverlochy, and therefore before the date of the alleged marriage from which the narrator in question would have him sprung.

According to the family tradition, Alasdair Carrach's stronghold was Old Tor Castle, the site of which is still visible. Before his time it belonged to the Chief of Clan Chattan, and is supposed to have been built by him. Alasdair Carrach, it must be presumed, took possession of it because he had the power to do so.

(To be continued).

MACCRIMMON TRADITIONS.

THERE was a gathering of the clans at Dunvegan Castle. There sat down to dinner at the Macleod's hospitable table eleven noble chiefs, each accompanied by his piper, a walking exhibition of his clan's glory and greatness. Each chief was greater than the other, and each piper was better than his fellow. Great reputations were at stake; and all were anxious to have the matter decided at once. The Macleod gave the signal. Out stepped the famous piper of the Macdonalds of the Isles, and filled the hall with the well-known strains of the old *Piob-mhor*. Others followed and bravely upheld the traditions of clan and family. But one was amissing. There was an anxious look in Macleod's eye. Where was the old piper who had so long and faithfully served the chief of Dunvegan? He sent a page-boy to look for him. He returned with sad news—the piper was hopelessly drunk. Great was the chief's anger at being thus humbled in his own stronghold. Something must be done and that quickly. The tenth piper was tuning his pipes. One more to go—and then all would be found out. A sudden idea seized the chief's mind. He grasped the page-boy's hand, and whispered in his ear, "You are the twelfth piper—remember your chief's words." The feast went on as merrily as ever, and the fun grew fast and furious—but the page-boy, MacCrimmon, was not there to enjoy it. He was lying on a hill-side, cursing the unkindly fate which had put him in so awkward a predicament. But there were friendly spirits moving about. Out of the hill-side there came the prettiest little fairy ever seen by human eyes. She made straight for MacCrimmon, and soon knew as much of his trouble as he did himself. She did not try to comfort him, but she did something better. She gave him a curiously-shaped whistle and bade him play on it. He smiled knowingly—but he would oblige the little lady because she meant kindly. He blew—and soon the hills and rocks re-echoed the divinest music ever heard in Dunvegan. He turned to thank his friend—but he was alone.

DUNVEGAN CASTLE, SKYE.

At once he hurried back to the castle and just came in time to hear the closing notes of the eleventh piper's pibroch. He stepped out in his place and, heedless of the titter which passed all round the hall, he "blew up" the pipes. The scorn of the company was soon turned into admiration as the stripling played in faultless and brilliant manner compositions unknown to the others. From that hour MacCrimmon was the acknowledged prince of pipers.

On one occasion there was a pipe-music competition at Dunvegan Castle. There were competitors from all parts of the country, and among them the head of the MacCrimmon College, and his nephew. The professor had taught his nephew all the music known to him except one tune, which, he hoped, would give himself the lead in the competition. On their way to Dunvegan, they spent a night in a way-side inn, and shared a bed. The old gentleman was soon fast asleep, and naturally enough began to dream of the morrow's work. He seized his nephew's arm, on it played the notes of the tune which was to give him first place among the pipers. The keen-witted youth was not slow to notice that there was more in the affair than might appear on the surface, and in a very short time he committed all the notes to memory. Next day, the first piper called on to play was the nephew. His first tune astonished most of those present, none more than his tutor, who at once gracefully retired from the competition, and allowed his worthy nephew to carry off the chief honours of the day. It was doubtless this incident which gave rise to the well-known Gaelic proverb—"*An gille 'toirt bàr air Mac Criomain*"—the lad, or pupil, surpassing his master, MacCrimmon.

It may be added that the MacCrimmons were hereditary pipers to the MacLeods of Dunvegan. During the sixteenth and seventeenth century several generations of them acted in this capacity. They founded a college of music at Boreraig, Skye, and thither all the leading pipers of the day proceeded to complete their education. They invented a system of musical notation for the pipes, by means of which they taught their pupils.

KENNETH MACLEOD.

REV. ALEXANDER MACRAE.

REV. ALEXANDER MACRAE, B.A., LONDON.

THERE are few Highlanders in London better known and more highly respected than the Rev. Alexander Macrae, of Emanuel School, Wandsworth. Mr. Macrae was born on the estate of Strathconon, in Ross shire, on the 23rd April, 1852, and spent his early boyhood at Kinlochluichart, in the same county. His father was of the Macraes of Achtertyre in Lochalsh, a branch of the Macraes of Inverinate, who for many generations were Constables of Eilan-Donan Castle, and Chamberlains of the Kintail estate of the Earls of Seaforth, to whom they were closely related.

While Mr. Macrae was still in his boyhood, his parents removed to the parish of Rosskeen, where his father died shortly afterwards. In this parish he served for some years as a pupil teacher, and afterwards studied for two years —1872-3—at Moray House, Edinburgh. On completing his course there, he obtained an appointment under the London School Board, which he held for four years. In London he continued his studies at University College, where he gained several certificates of honour, and graduated Bachelor of Arts of the

EILAN-DONAN CASTLE, KINTAIL, ROSS-SHIRE

University of London. For three years, from 1879 to 1882, he was tutor and lecturer at the Normal College for Teachers, in Cape Town, and on his return to London, obtained an apppintment in 1883, on the staff of Emanuel School, Wandsworth Common, a large, endowed, grammar school, which was founded in 1594, and has a hostel for two hundred boarders, of which he has now, for nine years, been the senior master in residence, a post which he has filled with much ability and success.

Some years ago, Mr. Macrae was ordained a Clergyman of the Church of England, by the Bishop of Rochester, and in addition to his school duties he holds a curacy in the neighbouring church of St. Mark, Wandsworth Common, where his earnest and forcible preaching appears to be much appreciated both by his vicar, and by a large and fashionable congregation.

In politics Mr. Macrae is a Conservative; but he is an ardent supporter of Land Law Reform, and holds, that, without a prosperous and contented peasantry, no nation can long continue a healthy or flourishing existence. Mr. Macrae is a Vice-President of the Gaelic Society of London, and takes a deep interest in every effort to preserve all that, in past times, was worthy and honourable in the lives and character of the Highland people. He is, at present, engaged on a History of the Macraes, which he hopes will soon be completed.

EDITOR.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

THE PIPER'S WARNING TO HIS MASTER.

THE pipe tune known as *A Cholla, mo rùn* (Coll, my dear), is ever associated with the intrepid *Colla Ciotach*, father of the heroic Sir Alexander Macdonald, the lieutenant of Montrose, but local tradition connects it with at least two castles in Argyllshire, viz:—Duntroon, near Crinan, and Dunyveg, Islay. I am inclined to think that there is a preponderance of evidence in favour of Duntroon being the scene of the incident to which the tune owes its origin. In the *Teuchdaire Gaelach* (1831), Vol. II., page 115, the editor, Dr. Norman MacLeod, states, "When Coll Citto was ravaging Argyle he seized the castle of Duntroon, where he left some of his men, while he proceeded to Islay. In Coll's absence the Campbells were able by stratagem to re-capture the castle, killing all Coll's followers except his piper, whom they made prisoner. One day the piper from the battlements espied Coll's *birlinn* returning from Dunyveg, Coll being ignorant of the fact that in his absence the castle had been captured by the Campbells, and in order to apprize his master of the position of affairs, he played the pibroch ever since associated with the incident:—

A Cholla, mo rùn, seachain an dùn,
Tha mise an laimh, tha mise an laimh;
A Cholla, mo ghaol, seachain an caol,
Tha mise an laimh, tha mise an laimh.

Coll understood the warning and immediately returned to Dunyveg, Islay."

In that wonderful Collection of Gaelic Hymns, Traditions, etc.,* by Duncan Kennedy, a schoolmaster belonging to Kilmelfort, he states—"Coll despatched his piper to Duntroon, as a spy, to procure information of the state thereof. The piper was admitted, and found by the narrowness of the staircases that it was not pregnable, and he played the following war-cry which betrayed him, though it warned Coll from making an attack:—

A Cholla, mo rùn, seachain an dùn, etc.

After playing this war-cry to Coll, his commander, which Duntroon understood, he was instantly ordered to suffer the torture of *Ceangal nan trì chaol gu daor agus gu docair*, but as they did not tie up his arms and fingers he continued playing faithfully the same mournful and melodious cry though he was aware his temerity would cause him to suffer."

Mackay in his Collection of Pipe Music (1838) gives the tune *Colla mo rùn*, which he calls "*Caismeachd a' Phiobaire d'a 'mhaighstеir, na Piobaireachd Dhun-Naomhaig*—The Piper's warning to his Master, or Piobaireachd of Dunyveg, about 1647," and in the appendix to the work he gives a long historic note bearing on the origin of the tune. Briefly stated the note is to the following effect:—Coll, pursued by the Campbells, took refuge in Dunyveg. Finding his forces too weak to repulse the besiegers, he took boat by night to procure assistance from Kintyre and Ireland. In his absence it was discovered that the castle was supplied with water, conveyed in wooden pipes, and these the besiegers destroyed. In consequence of this action the garrison was compelled to surrender. The night after the surrender, the piper, whose profession secured the respect of the victors, recognised the *birlinn*, or boat, of his master Coll, on his return; and that he might apprize him of his danger, he asked leave to play a piece of music he had composed on the misfortune that had befallen his party. This request was readily granted, when he went on to the battlements and commenced this pibroch. Coll understood the warning and beat a hasty retreat. For his conduct, the piper had his fingers cut off.

Lieutenant Campbell† has also dealt with this incident but he evidently confuses Dunaverty, Kintyre, with Dunyveg, otherwise his version is much the same as that given by Mackay. He adds, however, that in order to tempt Coll Citto, the Campbells caused some herds of cattle to be put in the way of the approaching *birlinns*. This stratagem is referred to by the piper in the verse "*Fàg an nì*" (Leave the thing—the cattle). Campbell gives some six verses of the words associated with the tune—all more or less irregular, but the following version of the words, arranged in accordance with the movements of a *piobaireachd* will doubtless interest your readers. I took it down some years ago from the recitation of Mr. D. MacDougall, an Argyllshire man now resident in Yorkshire, himself a performer on the *pìob-mhór*.

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* An Laoidheadair Gaelic, na Orain Spioradail le Ughdairean eugsamhail—Glasgow, 1836.

† A Treatise on the Language, Poetry, and Music of the Highland Clans, by Donald Campbell, late Lieutenant, 57th Regiment. Edinburgh: D. R. Colie & Son, 1862.

A CHOLLA, MO RUN.

An t-iarlar.

'Cholla, mo rùn, seachain an dùn,
Tha mise 'an laimh, tha mise 'an laimh;
'Cholla, mo ghaol, seachain an caol,
Tha misē 'an laimh, tha mise 'an laimh.
'Cholla, mo rùn, seachain an dùn,
Tha mise 'an laimh, tha mise 'an laimh;
'Cholla, mo ghaol, seachain an caol,
Tha mise 'an laimh, tha mise 'an laimh.
'Cholla, mo rùn, seachain an dùn,
Tha mise 'an laimh, tha mise 'an laimh;
'Cholla, mo ghaol, seachain an caol,
Thoir ort a' Mhaoil, tha mise 'an laimh.

An ceud siubhal.

Seachain an dùn, seachain an dùn,
Seachain an dùn, seachain an dùn;
'Cholla, mo ghaol, 'Cholla mo ghaol,
Seachain an caol, seachain an caol.
'Cholla, mo rùn, seachain an dùn,
Seachain an dùn, seachain an dùn;
'Cholla, mo ghaol, seachain an caol,
Seachain an caol, 's mise 'an laimh.
'Cholla, mo rùn, seachain an dùn,
'Cholla, mo ghaol, seachain an caol;
'Cholla, mo run, seachain an dùn,
Tha mise 'an laimh, tha mise 'an laimh.

An dara siubhal.

'Cholla, mo rùn, 'Cholla, mo ghaol,
Seachain an dùn, seachain an caol;
'Cholla, mo ghaol, 'Cholla, mo rùn,
Seachain an caol, seachain an dùn.
'Cholla, mo rùn, 'Cholla, mo ghaol,
Bean do'n nì 's bith'dh dhuit daor,
'Cholla, mo ghaol, Cholla, mo rùn,
Seachain an dùn, 's thoir ort a' Mhaoil.
'Cholla, mo ghaol, 'Cholla, mo ghaol,
Seachain an caol, seachain an caol;
'Cholla, mo rùn, seachain an dùn,
Tha mise 'an laimh, tha mise 'an laimh.

An taobhluath.

'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu 'laochain.
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu;
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu,
'Cholla na'n tigeadh—
'S e'n tighinn bhiodh daor dhuit.
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu 'laochain.
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla ma thig thu 'n so—
Crochar ri craobh thu.
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu
Thuigeadh tu, ghaoil ghil.
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla gu'n tuigeadh tu—
'Cheathairnich aosda.
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu,
Thuigeadh tu, thuigeadh tu;
'Cholla na'n tigeadh tu—
Ghiorraichear saogh'l dhuit.

It is difficult to give anything like a satisfactory vocal arrangement of this tune, but the following, based on the sets given by Mackay and Campbell—already referred to, may be accepted as representing the leading notes. FIONN.

COLLA, MO RUN—OOLL, MY DEAR.

KEY D. *Moderato, beating twice in the measure.*

s : l : s	r' : — : —	r' : d' : l	d' : — : —	r' : d' : l	d' : — : —	r' : d' : l	s : — : —
'Cholla, mo rùn		seachain an dùn,		Seachain an dùn,		seachain an dùn;	
Coll, O, my dear		dinna come near,		Dinna come near,		dinna come near, ;	

s : l : s	r' : — : —	r' : d' : l	d' : — : d'	l : l : l	l : — : r'	s : s : s	s : — : — ‖
'Cholla, mo rùn		seachain an dùn,	Tha	mise 'an laimh,	Tha	mise 'an laimh.	
Coll, O, my dear		dinna come near,	I'm	prisoner here,	I'm	prisoner here.	

d' :-.s: s	d' :-.l: l	d' :-.s: s	d' :-.l: l	d' :-.s: s	d' :-.l: l	d' :-.s: s	d' :-.l: l
Fàg an nì,	fàg an nì,	fàg an nì,	fàg an nì;	Fàg an nì,	fàg an nì,	fàg an nì,	fàg an nì;
Leave the fold,	leave the fold,	leave the fold,	leave the fold;	Leave the fold,	leave the fold,	leave the fold,	leave the fold;

d :-.s: s	d' :-.l: l	d' :-.s: s	d' :-.l: l.d'	l : l : l	l : — : r'	s : s : s	s : — : — ‖
Fàg an nì,	fàg an nì,	fàg an nì,	fàg an nì;	Tha	mise 'an làimh,	tha	mise 'an laimh.
Leave the fold,	leave the fold,	leave the fold,	leave the fold,	I'm	prisoner here,	I'm	prisoner here.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

JULY, 1895.

CONTENTS.

PROVOST MACPHERSON, KINGUSSIE (with plate), - - - - 181
THE LORDS OF LOCHABER (illustrated), - - - - - - 183
MACCRIMMON TRADITIONS (illustrated), - - - - - - 186
REV. ALEXANDER MACRAE, B.A. LONDON (with plate), - 187
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—THE PIPER'S WARNING TO HIS MASTER—
COLLA, MO RUN—COLL, MY DEAR, - - - - - - 188
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - 190
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part XI. (illustrated), 191
JAMES P. MACMILLAN, PAISLEY (with plate), - - - - 194
DO 'N PHIOBAIRE BHAN 'S D'A LEANNAN (poem), - - - 194
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE (illustrated), - - - - - 195
STRATHNAVER LAW TWO CENTURIES AGO (illustrated), - - 197
CLAN GATHERING AT CLUNY CASTLE, - - - - - - 199

OUR "SUMMER NUMBER."

OUR next issue, which is to take the form of a "Grand Summer Number," will contain many attractive features. With it we will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Mackintosh of Mackintosh, and the Hon. Mrs. Mackintosh, Moyhall, Inverness-shire; Captain Hector Macneal of Ugadale, Kintyre; Mr. Nicol Cameron, J.P., Glasgow, Treasurer to the Clan Cameron Society; and Mr. H. C. Sutherland, Montreal, Canada; with biographical sketches. In addition to these we intend publishing a varied selection of interesting contributions in prose and verse, which will be profusely illustrated. Owing to the Fair Holidays our Summer Number will be published about the middle of July, and we anticipate a large sale for this attractive issue.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As the present volume is about completed, and as we will only be able to supply a few complete bound copies, two of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us at once, to prevent disappointment. The volume, which is handsomely illustrated with nearly 150 pictures of Highland scenery, clan relics, etc., and containing 40 special plate portaits, will make a valuable and appropriate present to send to friends at a distance, or abroad. The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

VOLUMES I. AND II.—We are now able to offer two bound copies of the scarce Volume I., which can be had at 12/6 each; copies of the volume for 1894 (January to December) can be had, 10/-, post free—address, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

We shall be obliged to any of our readers who can supply us with a copy of the *Celtic Monthly* for September, 1893. We shall be glad to pay 6d. per copy. We are also anxious to procure copies of our issues for October and November, 1893.

"THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA," by Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, is pretty well through the press now, and will be issued to subscribers shortly. It promises to be one of the most attractively got up, as it is certainly one of the most interesting, works published in connection with the Highlands of recent years. The illustrations are numerous and the paper and binding are of the finest quality. A list of subscribers is to be printed in the work, and those desiring copies should apply at once to Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow. The price to subscribers is 10/-. The total issue is already nearly all taken up, and no second edition will be published.

A DISTINGUISHED MACKINNON.—Many of our readers of the Clan MacKinnon will be glad to learn that Mr. Alexander K. MacKinnon of London, whose claims to the chiefship of the clan were the occasion of an interesting correspondence in our pages some nine months ago, has returned home after a lengthened visit to Monte Video, where he rendered very valuable services to the government of that country. Mr. MacKinnon is Consul for Uruguay, and we understand he is about to be promoted to a higher official position by the government. He is made the subject of a very flattering article in *The South American Journal*, of June 8th.

THE BLACKIE MEMORIAL.—A meeting in connection with this movement was held on 31st May, in Ramsay Lodge, Edinburgh—Sheriff Mackay in the chair—and it was decided to endeavour to raise £3000 to found a travelling scholarship as an adjunct to the Celtic Chair in the Edinburgh University. It was intimated that £300 had been subscribed. A general appeal to Highlanders is to be made.

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF REV. FINLAY COOK AND OF REV. ARCHIBALD COOK, EDITED BY REV. JOHN KENNEDY. INVERNESS: NORTHERN COUNTIES PRINTING CO., LTD.—We have been favoured with a copy of this most interesting little work. It deals with the lives and letters of two brothers whose memories are still fragrant in the hearts of many in the Highlands. In Sutherland and Caithness the name of Finlay Cook is a household word, and many are the stories we have heard in the Reay country of this truly good and pious man. In this little volume fifty-three letters of the Rev. Finlay Cook are reproduced, and twenty-six of the Rev. Archibald Cook, extending over some forty years. These will be read with great interest by north-country people. Miss Jeanie Cook of Saltcoats contributes a most interesting introduction to the book, and the letters have been ably edited by Rev. John Kennedy of Arran. We warmly recommend this work to our readers, and hope it may have a large sale, as its excellence deserves.

THE MOD, which is to be held in Glasgow this year, promises to be a great success. The value of the prizes has been materially increased, and a keen competition is sure to result. Full particulars with list of competitions and prizes, will be given in our next issue. See our advertising pages this month.

PART XI.—(*Continued from page* 165).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

WITH that object Ney collected twenty-one squadrons of cuirassiers, seven squadrons of lancers, and twelve squadrons of chasseurs of the light division of the Guards, in all about six thousand sabres. Led by the famous Marshal, the whole array, presenting a gorgeous mass of gold, gay colours, and burnished steel, advanced against the attenuated but dauntless squares drawn up to receive the onset of the choicest chivalry of France. Wellington watched the exciting scene with his characteristic immobility. This calmness was due to the knowledge that he could trust his matchless infantry to repel the shock of the most daring horsemen in Europe, as the rock-bound coast of their native land withstands and repels the angry surge of waves that ceaselessly beats against it shores.

Those solid squares edged round with glittering steel, and forming "chequer-wise" over the field of battle, flanked each other, and death awaited those alike who sought to dash into them, or hesitated before them.

Under cover of the furious cannonade already described, Ney came on through the valley, mounted the slope, receiving undismayed the fire of the British guns which poured upon him grape and canister shot; the last discharge was fired upon his horsemen when they were not much more than twenty yards from the guns, and in a minute the whole of the advanced batteries of the British were in their possession, the gunners having sought shelter within the nearest squares, taking with them everything moveable. This tremendous cavalry then wildly dashed towards the squares. When within a dozen yards they slackened their pace into a walk. The squares remained firm and impassive, only now and then throwing out volleys, but it was seen that few saddles were emptied, from want of precision in firing, and the mailed condition of the assailants; as the soldier poet in his ballad represents:—

> "Their shape to us seemed new,
> They were in steel armour clad, for the field
> of Waterloo."

This so encouraged the cuirassiers that they quietly walked their horses round the squares to find, or make a gap by which they might enter, and deal destruction all round. Some desperate individual horsemen would ride up to the ranks, cut aside the bayonets with their swords, or fire their pistols, but soon the inner ranks found out their mistake in firing at the mail-clad horsemen. Order was given to fire at the horses. Volleys thundered and horses fell by the hundred. Not having been able to make any impression on these advanced squares composed of British and German infantry, they swept past them and rode on towards the second line in which the Dutch-Belgians were posted. Great, then, was the commotion in that part of the field, from which whole masses of the brave "Belges" began to move off without firing a shot, or receiving a sabre cut. To obviate this disaster the brilliant Uxbridge, who was watching the scene, led the wreck of his heavy cavalry, which three hours previously had in another part of the field defeated and cut up Napoleon's chosen infantry, cavalry, and

artillery, to the rescue of the runaways. These grand horsemen, led and animated by such a commander, plunged, spur in flank and sword in hand, into the hostile cavalry. They charged each other behind the squares, and in the intervals between them. Becoming intermingled they then drew off, reformed, and charged again and again. One regiment, the 73rd Perthshire Highlanders, in these cavalry charges were attacked thirteen times, and each time successfully repelled cuirassiers and lancers, inflicting great losses on the enemy. At last these tremendous attacks failed, the enemy gave ground, and the gallant remnant of Somerset's and Ponsonby's heroic brigades pursued them down the exterior slope into the valley. Out from the squares ran the brave artillery men, loaded their guns with grape and canister, and as soon as the British cavalry retired through them to reform in the rear, poured a terrible fire into the French horsemen re-forming in the valley below.

Napoleon, furious at this unexpected repulse of his superb cavalry, ordered Kellerman to advance to Ney's assistance with two divisions of his heavy cavalry, and General Guyot's

THE 73RD PERTHSHIRE REGIMENT AT WATERLOO

division of the heavy cavalry of the Imperial Guards, to make a third attack and a most desperate one, to force the British right at all hazards. He saw it was absolutely necessary to effect it, for the Prussian attack on his own right flank was taking effect, which compelled him to send brigade after brigade from his right and reserves, to resist the Prussians, and which forced him to relax his attacks upon the British left. Meanwhile he directed every disposable gun to be brought into position to bear upon the British right to shake, if not to annihilate, those immovable and obstinate British infantry squares, who seemed to be like clumps of trees, rooted to the ground. The fire thus opened was dreadful.

The whole space upon which these guns were planted seemed to be alive with thunder and lightning, carrying havoc, destruction, and death into the devoted British squares. But the British artillery was not idle at the same time. Ball, grape, and canister were showered upon the French forming in the valley, and in position beyond it. Never did British artillerymen more devotedly stick to their guns than on this historic day, officers and men alike, and

dearly they paid for their devotion to duty and country. Heroes they were, like every other British man in the field on this eventful day.

Ney, having now reformed his shattered and defeated squadrons, and Kellerman having joined him, he waited for Napoleon's order to advance to the attack. The French artillery having so far done its part, and done it well, the order came to advance, and make one of Napoleon's "grand coups" to decide the fight, with his splendid cavalry. Ney in front gave the order, "En avant!" to which the response came, "Vive l' Empereur!" from one and all, a roar which was heard even amidst the loud thunder of the artillery, which on the French side presently ceased as their cavalry advanced up the slope to the British position.

Then was seen, when the smoke from the French guns died away, the whole space between La-Haye-Sainte and Hougomont appearing to be one moving mass of glittering armed men and horses, caparisoned in all the panoply of war, with colours flying, pennons waving in the breeze, and cuirass and helmet refulgent in the rays of the declining June sun. On came French chivalry led by Marshal Ney,

and never in his brilliant career did he exhibit in a more striking manner his title of "the bravest of the brave" than in these terrible protracted cavalry attacks and conflicts. He had no less than four horses shot under him, two of his generals were wounded, other two lost their chargers, another was unhorsed and trampled underfoot. The scenes of devoted bravery on both sides were once more re-enacted but the result was always the same. The British squares were "immovable," no man quailed, they repelled the French attacks before, they would repel them again, and man and horse fell in hundreds all round the sides of the invincible British squares Maddened by failure in every attempt they tried again and again to break in. It was useless. In the meantime Uxbridge ordered up all the light cavalry from the left to reinforce his heavy brigades, and seeing the French disordered by the fire from the squares and about to retire, launched at them the whole disposable British cavalry, pushed them over the ridge, down the slope, and chased them into the valley, giving them no opportunity to rally and reform.

(To be continued).

JAMES P. MACMILLAN, PAISLEY.

MR. JAMES P. MACMILLAN was born in the picturesque village of Aberfeldy, in the Breadalbane district of Perthshire. His family at that time was the only one bearing the name of Macmillan in that neighbourhood, which favours the belief that they at an early date migrated from the ancestral territory of the clan in Knapdale, Argyllshire.

Mr. Macmillan is the youngest surviving son of the late Alexander Macmillan, Aberfeldy, an enthusiastic Highlander, and a man widely known and highly respected throughout the Highland portion of the county.

The subject of our sketch received the earlier part of his education in the famous Breadalbane Academy of his native village, a school which can number among her former pupils men who have risen to high positions in the various walks of life, and latterly at the Edinburgh Institution, where he carried off all the highest honours in the Latin, Greek, and French classes. After leaving Edinburgh Mr. Macmillan was apprenticed to one of the leading firms in the East India trade, which at that time had its headquarters in Glasgow. There he received the thorough commercial training which has characterized his subsequent business career.

He now holds a responsible position in the private secretarial department of Messrs Coats of Paisley, members of the world renowned thread manufacturers. He is also one of the founders of a charitable society in the town of his adoption, which has done good work in the amelioration of cases of distress among the deserving poor, since its commencement seven or eight years ago, of which society he is still the energetic secretary, thus carrying into practice the beautiful motto of his clan "Miseris succurrere disco" *i.e.* "I learn to relieve the distressed." Although Mr. Macmillan has been absent for many years from his native place he still takes a keen interest in all matters pertaining to the Highlands and her people. He considers no holiday complete unless a portion of it is spent along with his wife and family amidst the enchanting scenery of Breadalbane. It is men such as he who make the Highlander honoured and respected, not only among his Lowland confrères, but also among the nations of the earth.

Mr. Macmillan is one of a trio of brothers who have all highly distinguished themselves in their respective avocations. We refer to the Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan, the present worthy chief of the clan, better known to the public as the eminent writer and botanist, and also to John Macmillan, Esq., S.S.C., Sheriff Clerk of Chancery, a gentleman occupying an honourable place in legal circles in Edinburgh. The clan at all events need not be ashamed to have on her roll three such gentlemen, and although the old days of inter-tribal warfare have ceased her sons can still be reckoned upon to bring her honour and renown in the more peaceful fields of literature, law, and commerce.

A. MACFARLANE.

DO 'N PHIOBAIRE BHAN 'S D'A LEANNAN.

(E 'dol seachad air an tigh a' seinn port flor-thaitneach, *hornpipe* "Lochleven Castle").

A Mhòrag, A Mhòrag,
Ma phòsas tu mi,
Sguiridh mi de 'n phìob
'S cha bhi m' inntinn fo sprochd!
A Mhòrag, A Mhòrag,
Na 'm pòsadh tu mi,
B' aighearach a bhiomaid
'Cur fuinn air gach port!

O, b' annsa 'bhi còmhl' riut,
O, b' fheàrr na 'bhi 'm righ,
Anns na glacagan mìn
'Tha fo dhìon sgàil nan cnoc;
Sud' dh' fhògradh gach bròn uainn,
Bu shòlasach sinn,
Na h-eòin os ar cinn,
Luinneag bhinn o gach glochd.
A Mhòrag, etc.

'S e 'mhaise 'chuir nàdur
Air t' aoidh-ghnùis gun ghruaim
'An tùs 'rinn mo ghaol 'dhòirt
Air faontradh mar thà:
'S gach uair thiginn dlùth dhuit
Le ciùineas do ghluas'd,
Gheibhinn mais' as-ùr
Ann ad aodann a' snàmh.
A Mhòrag, etc.

'S bho nach beò dhomh as t' eugmhais
'S nach fhaod mi 'bhi leat,
Sguiridh mi bhi gòrach
Ma phòsas tu mi;
Théid gach bròn feadh an t-saoghail
'S gach aon ni bidh ceart;
A Mhòrag, A Mhòr,
Thug mi 'n t-òrans' o 'n phìob.
A Mhòràg, etc.

Tigh-a'-phuirt, Glencoe. IAIN CAMARAN.

JAMES P. MACMILLAN.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

By J. Hamilton Mitchell.

"The paragon of Princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame."

ONE hundred and fifty years ago—in the month of July, 1745—Prince Charles Edward Stuart landed in the wilds of Moidart to assert his claim to the crown of his ancestors. Though a century-and-a-half has thus elapsed since his arrival in the Highlands there is something so exceptionally romantic in the story of his career that it still lends a charm to all true-hearted Scots. More particularly does the striking personality of Charles, the details of his short-lived triumph, his subsequent misfortunes, and the beauty and pathos of the many songs and ballads that have been written of him all tend to keep his memory fresh. The

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

fact that both friend and foe feel an interest in the story of the "Forty Five" which is out of all proportion with the importance of the event, says much for the manner in which the name of the Prince is still cherished. Even the unbiased mind of the historian is roused to enthusiasm when he comes to record the brief but brilliant episode of history which deals with the last attempt of the Stuarts to regain the British Crown. He may assert that the rising of the Prince was rash and injudicious, and ought in the circumstances never to have been attempted; that the leaders of the expedition had not in any case the skill and experience necessary to ensure its success, but he will not escape from that charm of romance and sympathy for misfortune which the story of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" must ever arouse within the human breast. He came to Scotland as he had lived, a young Prince innocent of all the evil deeds

and political errors alleged against his grandfather, the unfortunate James VII.: he came armed with his own good sword and that hereditary right of which no Dutch usurper and no Hanoverian elector could deprive him. To Highland honour and to Scottish loyalty he trusted himself and his fortunes. All good and true men believed in him, though alas! of those whom he reckoned among his most steadfast supporters but a handful lent him active assistance. Yet, even with this handful, his success, while it lasted, was phenominal. As the old ballad puts it:—

"The arm is strong where heart is true,
And loyal hearts are a' that;
Auld love is better aye than new;
Usurpers mauna fa' that."

Character and Appearance.

The eldest son of that unfortunate Prince who was exiled from his native land and his birthright while yet in his cradle, Charles Edward Lewis Casimir Stuart was born at Rome on the 31st December, 1720. His mother was the Princess Marie Clementine Sobieski, grand-daughter of the intrepid King John of Poland. From his father the young Prince inherited all the winning manners and graceful attributes of the Royal Stuarts, and from his mother the gallant and chivalrous bearing of the princely Sobieskies. Under auspicious circumstances he was well fitted to retrieve the fortunes of his family. Even in his early childhood he gave promise of future greatness. There was at once that dignity and suavity in his manner, that singular mixture of kindness and condescension which repelled presumption and encouraged modesty in all whose privilege it was to come in contact with him. His princely demeanour and winning manners attached all classes to his person, and with the Jacobites, both at home and in exile, he enjoyed high popularity. In the words of the poet—

"He came, he spoke, and all around,
As swift as heaven's quick-darted flame,
Shepherds turned warriors at the sound,
And every bosom beat for fame;
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,
And at his side the willing heroes rise."

In complexion Prince Charles more resembled his mother than his father. He was tall and well-formed, his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field sports in Italy and became an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval, and a fair complexion; his eyes light blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. He had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. His mental attainments were by no means inconsiderable, and he conversed fluently in French, Italian, and English; was well read in the best Latin authors, and had studied both ancient and modern history at an early period of his career.

In temperament Charles was enthusiastic, and all the chivalry of his family seemed to be revived in him. While yet a boy he distinguished himself in battle under his uncle, the celebrated Duke of Berwick, with the bullets whistling around him; and the idea of a brilliant effort to regain the throne of his ancestors for long occupied his mind:—

". . . at an age when pleasures charms
Allure the stripling to her arms,
He formed the great design,
To assert his injured father's cause,
Restore his suffering country's laws,
And prove his right divine."

Britain's Continental Wars.

What seemed to be a fitting opportunity at last came. Britain was crippled in a Continental war—a war with France since 1744 and with Spain since 1739, with which she had no concern whatever other than to gratify the selfish desires of the Elector of Hanover, and protect the petty province over which he ruled. Since that monstrous intrigue, popularly known as "the glorious Revolution of 1688," British gold and British lives were of little consequence whenever Holland or Hanover was menaced, and at the time of Charles' embarkation for Scotland both British money and British lives were being freely squandered by the servile English Ministry then in power. It was the time when, in the words of the Jacobite ballad,

"Church, king, and liberty,
Honour and property
All are betrayed:
Foreigners rule the land.
Our blood and wealth command,
Obstruct, with lawless hand,
Justice and trade."

Charles Lands at Eriska.

After many perilous adventures both by land and sea Charles, accompanied not by a foreign force, but by only a mere handful of followers, landed upon the shores of Eriska in the summer of 1745. From thence he proceeded to the mainland, and at once sought an interview with the Chief of the Camerons. When we consider that many of the northern chiefs were hostile

to the Stuart cause, along with the Campbells in the west, there is little wonder that Lochiel was alarmed at the news of the Prince's landing. Mr. Chambers, in his admirable "History of the Rebellion," says that:—"On arriving at Borrodale, Lochiel had a private interview with the Prince, in which the probabilities of the enterprise were anxiously debated. Charles used every argument to excite the loyalty of Lochiel, and the Chief exerted all his eloquence to persuade the Prince to withdraw till a better opportunity. Charles represented the present as the best possible opportunity, seeing that the French general kept the British army completely engaged abroad, while at home there were no troops but one or two newly raised regiments. He expressed his confidence that a small body of Highlanders would be sufficient to gain a victory over all the force that could now be brought against him; and he was equally sure that such advantage was all that was required to make his friends at home declare in his favour, and cause those abroad to send him assistance. All he wanted was that the Highlanders would begin the war. Lochiel still resisted, entreating Charles to be more temperate and consent to remain concealed where he was, till his friends should meet together and concert what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost pitch of impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered that he was determined to put all to the hazard. 'In a few days,' said he, 'with the few friends I have, I will raise the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it or to perish in the attempt! Lochiel—who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend—may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince!' 'No!' said Lochiel, stung by so poignant a reproach, and hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment; 'I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power.' Such was the juncture upon which depended the civil war of 1745; for it is a point agreed, says Mr. Home, who narrates this conversation, that if Lochiel had persisted in his refusal to take arms, no other chief would have joined the standard, and the spark of rebellion must have been instantly extinguished."

(To be continued).

GLASGOW COWAL (Reserves) *versus* AIRDRIE SHINTY CLUB.—These clubs played a friendly match at Airdrie, and after a somewhat stiff contest the Cowal won by 7 goals to the Airdrie's 3. In the evening the visitors were entertained by the Airdrie club, and a few social hours were spent.

STRATHNAVER LAW TWO CENTURIES AGO.

BY THOMAS SINCLAIR, M.A.,

Author of "History of the Clan Gunn," "Caithness Events," &c.

IT is not implied that the following document displays a full picture of Celtic social life. If cateran raids were a frequent feature in all parts of the Highlands, mixed for most part with tribal quarrels which made cattle the spoil of the victors rather than theft of robbers, it is also evident from the contents of this legal paper that law at all times was more or less in action. Nothing grows more on anyone studying the antiquities of Scotland than the fact that the machinery of justice existed to the farthest bounds, however "times of troubles," as the phrase was, may have for periods rendered it ineffective or feeble. Heroics about lairds holding their lands by the sword are mere fable, the smallest parcel of the soil having elaborate writs to establish it as property. So much was it thus, that to those investigating at original sources, an African forest is not more difficult to penetrate than the numerous "instruments" connected with land estates of old; feudal superiorities, and middles, and bases, and bonds, complicating everything to a point that would paralyze a modern lawyer. How the feudal system in some form or other prevailed everywhere, is illustrated by one of its most distinctive customs, that of holding a defined community (in England generally called a hundred) responsible for the crimes of any individual within it. That such should be of force in Strathnaver in the seventeenth century, originally perhaps a Germanic arrangement of the sixth, is an interesting example of the growth and persistence of feudality in the most remote parts of European civilization. Many other similar deductions can be drawn from the document by those somewhat instructed in the past. It is not forgotten that Celtic authorities assert indigenous law of the kind.

The Earl of Breadalbane mentioned was John Campbell of Glenorchy, who craftily secured the lands of Caithness, and who for some time usurped the title of Earl of Caithness, till dispossessed in 1681 by the right heir, George Sinclair. The Campbells of Argyle and Perth, assisted by government troops, had defeated the people of Caithness, 13th July, 1680, at the battle of Altimarlach, on the banks of Wick river; but Glenorchy was prosecuted in parliament, and barely saved his fortune and life. He afterwards had the solace

of Breadalbane title, now marquisate in his descendant. In 1719 the Campbells were compelled by the popular hatred to sell off all their ill-gotten northern lands.

As to externals, the public are indebted to Bailie Charles Bruce, F.S.A., Scot., Mount Hooly House, Wick, for the preservation and gift of what is a real Celtic "monument," in the historic sense of the word. It was to have formed part of a series of MSS. belonging to Caithness proper (diocesal and justiciary Caithness including Sutherland and Strathnavernia); but its interest being essentially Highland, the columns of the *Celtic Monthly* will be its fitting and permanent means of rescue from oblivion. Beautiful Strathnaver seldom affords a written prize to the investigator. The MS. is as follows:—

"At Achness, the 20th May, 1693. The which day in a regality court, held by Major Robert Mackay, and empowered by Sir Alexander Innes of Cockston, bailie of the regality of Spynie, whereof the lands of Lochnaver are part, the said Major Robert sat in judgment anent the libel pursued at the instance of William M'Iver in Rumsdale, booman to the Earl of Breadalbane, against the inhabitants of Lochnaver, to wit, the inhabitants of Chlink, Andhie, Aaltoark, Achness, Corrifurim, Achihull, and Tandskenk. It makes mention that upon one or other of the days of September, 1691, there were stolen from the said prosecutor, off the lands of Sandside, seven cows with calves of the said earl's, Sheboll cows, which cows were stolen and driven to the lands of Lochnaver or some part thereof, where were William Chisholm, fugitive, and his accomplices. The cows were resetted, killed, eaten, or

INVERNAVER, REAY COUNTRY.

possessed by Chisholm and some of the inhabitants. Three of the number were found by the pursuer on a part of grazing of the lands called Inchnacull, in the custody and keeping of Chisholm, as cannot be denied. Therefore the pursuer, with concourse of John Mackay in Syre, procurator-fiscal to the said court, pursues the inhabitants for the criminal part, and also for making payment to him of the liquidation price of the said seven cows, which he estimated the time of their away-taking to 20 merks each. more the sum of £7 Scots as a year's profit which he as booman paid to the said earl's chamberlain for each cow yearly, extending their profit for the last year to £49 Scots, and as much yearly till he be paid; more the sum of 90 merks which the said pursuer spent, in sickness, searching, tracking, and taskelling the cows till then; extending for the whole to the sum of 303 merks 6s. 8d. For all this he ought in lawful equity and reason to have restitution of the said inhabitants, since some of the cows were found on their pasture, and since they harboured, resetted, and conversed with Chisholm after his being declared fugitive, and for several other strong presumptions and probations, as will be proven and made appear by circumstance after the same is debated at length.

"Compeared the pursuer by John Mackay, procurator-fiscal, and craved that the libel must be admitted to probation. Likewise compeared the said inhabitants by Donald Munro in Borgiemore and Alexander Mackenzie in Phelesk, their procurators, who gave in a subscribed list of the inhabitants that were on any of the lands these three years bygone, subscribed by them both, marked individually,

and adhered to by the fiscal, with their names, surnames, and designations, and denied the taking-away, killing, eating, resetting of a part of the cows, or the having of any of them on their pasture, or resetting or conversing with the said fugitive, and all the rest of the libel in every point.

"The fiscal and pursuer offer to prove that Inchnacull, where the thief and goods were, is a part of the grass of Corrifurim, and therefore conform to the libel defenders ought to be liable. To this it was answered by the defenders' procurators that Inchnacull was no part of the grass of Corrifuirm, but was taken off them by the Sutherlands, their masters, this long time ago, and was possessed by their boomen and goods; which was declared truth, and asserted by all the inhabitants.

"The fiscal for proving that part of the libel, 'to be killed, eaten, and resetted,' offered to prove one cow of the number stolen and above-claimed to be resetted by the people of Clibrick and Rhiehalvaik, at least killed on their bounds, and receipted by them. To this it was replied by the defenders' procurators, that it is acknowledged that one of the inhabitants of Clibrick found in the forest, in a place called Corikekach, a dead cow; but that as soon as it was found the people sent for famous witnesses to see it and comprise it. The fiscal ruled that they must condescend on the witnesses and comprisers. This the judge ordained, and for proving the same John M'William vic Kenzie Voir in Skaill, Thomas Mackay in Syre, and Donald M'Leod in Rossall were led, sworn, and admitted. When so, they deponed as follows:—that in Rossall, being three of my Lord Strathnaver's tenants, cited *apud alum*, they were called to that affair; and that as to what was extant of the hide they comprised it to be worth a merk, and that the rest of the cow was useless. It being further interrogated by the fiscal whether it consisted with their knowledge if the cow was knocked on the head or killed, they declared she was not knocked so, and for her being killed any other way, she being but bones and rotten, they could not know whether or not.

(To be concluded).

BETTYHILL AND FARR SANDS, STRATHNAVER.

CLAN GATHERING AT CLUNY CASTLE.

A MOST interesting and successful gathering of the Clan Chattan took place at Cluny Castle on the Queen's birthday. Large parties of clansmen from all parts of the country assembled at Kingussie, where, after partaking of breakfast in the Victoria Hall, under the chairmanship of the genial provost, Mr. Alex. Macpherson, they travelled in brakes to Cluny Castle, the ancient seat of the Macpherson Chiefs. After being each introduced to Cluny, who was suitably attired in the Highland dress, the visitors entered the Castle, where they examined the fine collection of relics and signed an address to the Chief, which was afterwards presented at the luncheon. The extensive grounds were then visited, where Cluny's piper played a selection of spirited tunes, and the whole party were photographed in front of the castle. An adjournment was afterwards made to the large tent which had been specially erected for the occasion, where the Chief entertained his clansmen with true Highland hospitality. The interior was tastefully decorated with Macpherson tartan, stags' heads, and appropriate mottoes. Cluny occupied the chair, and was supported by Albert Cameron Macpherson, of Cluny, Provost Macpherson (clan historian), Bailie Duncan Macpherson, Messrs. C. E. W. Macpherson, Hugh Macpherson, George Macpherson, Phoiness, Edinburgh, Donald Macpherson, Falkirk; ex-Provost Macpherson, Falkirk, etc. The

croupiers were Colonel Macpherson, of Glentruim; Mr. Ian Macpherson-Grant, yr., of Ballindalloch; and Mr. John Macpherson, Chief Constable of Perthshire. The usual loyal and patriotic toasts were proposed and duly honoured, Colonel Macpherson responding for the "Army." Mr. C. E. W. Macpherson (convener), in the name of the clansmen, then presented the chief with the following address: –

"To Cluny Macpherson, Chief of Clan Chattan.

"Honoured Chief,—We greet you well. A few of your clansmen in Edinburgh and Glasgow having lately chanced to meet together, it was happily suggested that it would be an interesting event if the scattered members of the clan resident in the South should, with those of the North and of those immediately resident in our own clan country, assemble together, and in a body visit our chief at his ancestral home. It was felt that a gathering such as this would be no less pleasing to you, our chief, than it would be to us, your clansmen. The proposal was received with great enthusiasm, and the gratifying result is now before you. Since the muster at the gates of Cluny for the march to Culloden there has been no more distinctive gathering of the clan. We come, therefore, in the first place, to tender you our allegiance and loyalty as our chief and the head of our clan—the honoured and distinguished representative of a long line of chiefs, whose uninterrupted succession extends far back into the misty past, and whose honours we share as those of our own blood. We recognise in you and hail you the only true and rightful chief of the old Clan Chattan, whose ancient name we bear, and whose descendants and successors we are. We recognise no parchment right to that chiefship, but the legitimate right of blood alone.

"For upwards of 500 years we have inhabited this wild and beautiful country, a united and happy people, bound and knit by no ordinary ties of kindred to one another, and ruled and guided in truly patriarchal fashion by chiefs of our own blood, whose kindly affection for their kin and clan has never been chilled by the fusion of a single drop of alien blood in their veins. That feeling of kinship and clanship still continues in no ordinary degree a characteristic of our clan—our presence here is a proof of it; and we hope that this gathering will tend still further to intensify that feeling, especially in those severed for generations from the parent country, who, with the loss of the native tongue and the lack of re-unions, are somewhat in danger of losing their identity. And while we thus come in the name of the whole clan, we know how many would fain have joined us in person, did their duties or their residence in too distant parts not prevent them. Especially do we bear in our mind and heart the many clansmen who are resident abroad, not a few of them filling posts of honour and of great usefulness in their several spheres. And linked with this thought is the memory of not a few of our clan, who, both at home and abroad, have shed lustre upon their name and country.

"Honoured Chief, we sincerely congratulate you on the restoration of your health, and trust that the leisure so well earned by long and distinguished service to your Queen and country may be enjoyed by you in great happiness for many years, in your own country and among your own people, emulating and deserving the fame of your loved predecessors now gone to their rest. We would refer with feelings of pride to your long and distinguished military career. Since Culloden our chiefs have always been represented in the British army, and there is probably no clan district in Scotland according to its extent which has contributed a larger proportion of soldiers to all our Highland regiments. The Macphersons have never been unrepresented in these regiments, and their old renown has always followed them. We thank you for the opportunity and privilege you have thus kindly given us for this interesting gathering.

"Some of us, separated for generations from the Macpherson country, see Badenoch and the head of our race for the first time in our lives, others of us have travelled long distances from the sister-kingdom to renew that pleasure, whilst all with one accord, rejoice to meet once more together in the old home of our race, to greet our chief, and to recall and renew all the the old ties which once knit us so closely together.

"We loyally subscribe ourselves,

"Your Faithful Clansmen."

While the address was being read the entire audience remained standing, and many of the passages were received with cheers.

Mr. Neil Cluny Macpherson proposed "The Health of the Chief," which was enthusiastically pledged.

Cluny, on rising to respond, was evidently deeply affected by the heartiness of the reception he received. He referred to the great pleasure which he had in receiving his clansmen at his ancestral home, and to the kind reception which he had received at their hands. He then dwelt upon the noble record of the clan, to the chiefship question, and to his long services in the gallant 93rd Sutherland Highlanders, of which he was Colonel. On resuming his seat he was again and again cheered.

Speeches were also delivered by Colonel Macpherson, of Glentruim, ex-Bailie Macpherson, Messrs. Albert C. Macpherson, Provost Macpherson, Kingussie; Donald C. Macpherson, Manchester; Ian Macpherson-Grant, and Hugh Macpherson, Glasgow.

This exhausted the programme, and the chief having taken formal leave of his guests, the proceedings terminated. The party returned to Kingussie, and the Edinburgh and Glasgow sections left for the South by the evening train.

Members of the Clan Mackay will be glad to learn that the Rev. Dr. J. Aberigh-Mackay, Chieftain of the Mackays of Strathnaver, has returned to Bridge of Allan, greatly benefitted by his lengthened stay in the South of England.

☞ The spirited melody to which "*Mo Dhachaidh*" is sung is given in Rev. Patrick MacDonald's collection of "Vocal Highland Airs," under the title, *Posadh peathar Iain bhàin.*

THE MACKINTOSH

MRS. MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

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MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH.

OF the family of Mackintosh it may be truly said that it has been from time immemorial one of the best known in the Highlands. They have kept their papers well, and while giving due weight to tradition they are enabled from these and from independent sources to give the names and even appearance of all the heads of the house, 28 in number, the present Chief, Alfred Donald Mackintosh, being 28th of Mackintosh, and 23rd Chief and Captain of the Clan Chattan; as also of their wives, and chief incidents in their career.

The oldest history was written about the year 1500 by Farquhar Mackintosh of Mackintosh, for many years a prisoner of state in the Castle of Dunbar. Fifty years later, Munro of Davochcarty wrote another history; a third was written about the end of the 16th century by Mr. Andrew Macphail, sometime minister at Croy.

In 1678 Mackintosh of Kinrara, uncle of the Chief, composed his elegant Latin history bringing it down to his own time, in which he graphically describes many events in which he was himself an actor. About 1750 the well-known historian of the Province of Moray, the Rev. Lachlan Shaw wrote an account of the family, interspersed with many details which came under his personal observation. About 1785 Sir Eneas Mackintosh noted many interesting particulars of the clan, privately published sometime ago by the present chief; and finally Mr. Mackintosh-Shaw published his valuable history of the House of Mackintosh, a work very favourably known for its research and fairness.

Stretching over 400 years, there has been at intervals collected, though only partly published, a vast mass of material regarding the Mackintoshes, clearly establishing their importance in themselves and as leaders of the weighty confederacy of Clan Chattan.

In those times in Scotland, when the central regal authority was weak, and the "King's writ did not run" in all parts of the kingdom, families joined together for defence and offence, electing as their leader the one most qualified to govern.

As surnames became known, and the rule, members of such associations and particularly their children, took the name of the head, and held their lands of him, hence the system of clanship, which of necessity was originally elective.

In the time of the Bruces, there are references to Royal Charters, to Captains of Clans, even the south of Scotland; the Kings taking it upon them by confirmation to complete the organisation and constitution of the body. Practically the position became hereditary so long as the successor was qualified to govern.

Thus to be Captain of a confederation often composed of separate tribes and septs with different surnames, holding it might be of other superiors, was a more honourable and responsible position that that of head or chief of one family, however powerful and numerous it may have been. Lochiel of old was Captain of Clan Cameron, having besides Camerons, Macmillans, Macphees, Kennedys, and others, willing and ready to serve under him. There were also the Captain of Clan Ranald, and most important of all the Captain (Dux of Historians) of Clan Chattan, which was long the leading designation of the Mackintoshes.

Angus Mackintosh, 6th in descent from Duncan, Earl of Fife, married in 1291, Eva, only child of Doull vic Gillie Chattan, and thus heiress of the Clan Chattan, and heretrix of Glenluie and Loch Arkaig in Lochaber, and was hailed as Chief.

Nothing concerning this tribe prior to the above date can be vouched with absolute certainty. Kinrara says the first Gillie Chattan came out of Connaught early in the 13th

century, significantly adding that "though in their infancy (at that period 1291) they (the Clan Chattan) were a much regarded people." After the time of the above Angus Mackintosh, various tribes, septs, and families, other than those of his own and his wife's family, such as Macgillivrays, Macbeans, Macqeens joined, and thus built up and consolidated by successive Chiefs and Captains of the Mackintoshes, was formed the confederacy known in history as the Clan Chattan. ultimately incorporated in 1609 by a Bond of Union still extant.

Until the time of Malcolm Canmore there was no peerage or hereditary nobility, but after his marriage with good Queen Margaret many changes of importance were effected, including among others the creation of seven of the greatest men of the kingdom as Earls, one of whom was Duff, or Macduff, Earl of Fife, whose reputed origin goes back a thousand years. These men were in English called "Thanes," in Gaelic "Morfhear," which word is still in use to denote a peer or baron. Shaw, the second son of Duncan, 5th Earl,

MOY HALL, INVERNESS-SHIRE—SEAT OF MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH.

came to Inverness-shire, and was settled there by King Malcolm, and his descendants were termed Mackintoshes, or "the sons of the Chief," or 'foremost man." It is not unlikely that there were several "Toisheachs," so called in Gaelic, and to distinguish Shaw Mackintosh's descendants they were long known as Macantoishich vic Dhuie. The early Mackintoshes married ladies from the east and south of Scotland, until Farquhar the 5th, when, the family now firmly established in the Highlands, Farquhar married Mora, daughter of Angus Macdonald of the Isles. Thereafter numerous marriages took place twixt the Mackintoshes and the Macdonalds. Probably Gillie Chattan, who is said to have built Tor Castle, and his successors with their followers, original inhabitants of Lochaber, held the lands of Glenluie and Loch Arkaig of the Comyns, Lords of Lochaber. The Comyn lands having been forfeited were afterwards granted to the Macdonalds, and Reginald Macdonald in 1337 gave the first known Charter to William Mackintosh, after the death of his mother Eva,

confirmed by David II. in 1359. William Mackintosh was, like his father, a strong supporter of the Bruces, and acquiring the lands of Moy and others from the Bishop of Moray, by making Moy his chief residence, continued ever since by his successors, severed to some extent that close connection with the distant lands in Lochaber, thereby opening them to the incursions of the Camerons, cramped in the neighbouring Barony of Lochiel.

One of the most prominent of the Mackintosh Chiefs was Malcolm 10th, commonly called Malcolm Beg, who with Maclean fought at Harlaw in 1411. They were the two principal followers of Donald of Harlaw, other than those of his own name. Malcolm was befriended by Donald's son, Alexander, 2nd Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, and his grandson, John, 3rd and last Earl. Malcolm, however, did not support Donald "Balloch," and was not actually present at the Battle of Inverlochy. It is well known that the Royal forces were in great straits for provisions, and were also completely surprised. Malcolm and his people had been sent over the country from Glenelg to Ardnamurchan to collect provender; and one of the Mackintosh historians relates that Malcolm composed some satirical Gaelic verses on hearing of the surprise and defeat of the Royal forces.

The Battle of Inverlochy was fought in 1431, and it is commonly stated that it was in consequence of Mackintosh's support of the Macdonalds on this occasion, that they received the lands of Brae Lochaber. This is, however, quite erroneous, for Mackintosh was amongst the King's supporters, though not actually present as above stated, and the Charter to Brae Lochaber was not granted till 1443, or that to the Bailiary of Lochaber till 1448. Since these dates, the subjects have been and are now possessed by the family.

William Mackintosh, great nephew of Malcolm Beg, at an after date, by marrying Isabella Macniven acquired the fine Barony of Dunachton, in Badenoch; his father, Lachlan Mackintosh, commonly called Lachlan "Badenoch," having in 1478 received from the Earl of Huntly extensive lands in the parish of Laggan, in Badenoch, extending from the Gulbin along the whole of the east shores of Loch Laggan, and to the north-west of the lake as far as Camuskillen.

Duncan Mackintosh, son of Malcolm Beg, who married Florence, daughter of Alexander Macdonald, 2nd Earl of Ross, was so far as existing documents show, the first designated as Captain of Clan Chattan, being described as such in a Bond with Lord Forbes, Premier Baron of Scotland, in 1467, and by King James III. after the forfeiture of the last Earl of Ross.

During the 15th and 16th centuries, amongst the nobility, the Earls of Mar, Atholl, Argyle, Huntly, and Moray, so describe Mackintosh, as do of the gentry, Kilravock, Sleat, Grant, Kintail, Macleod, Foulis, and many others, while of ecclesiastics may be mentioned the Bishop of Moray, and the Archbishop of St. Andrews. Cardinal Legate, the various Charters and Bonds still existing. A sword of honour presented by Charles I. to Sir Lachlan Mackintosh is among the valued treasures at Moy Hall; as also a sword given by Lord Dundee to his cousin, Lachlan Mackintosh of Mackintosh. This sword having subsequently been stolen, was found to be in the possession of a certain soldier of fortune, who gave it back to William Mackintosh, an accomplished swordsman, rather than fight for it. The Chief in Montrose's time having been all his life "valetudinarian," was unable to take the field, but many of the clan gave active assistance to Montrose in at least five of his battles, under L. Mackintosh, "the gude man of Strone."

In 1715 Lachlan Mackintosh, then Chief, came out in great force, and with many of his men was taken prisoner at Preston. Through the great exertions of his wife, Ann Duff of Drummuir, her husband was not brought to trial. He received a deed equivalent to a patent dispensing with all formalities, creating him a Baron under the title of "Lord Mackintosh," signed by the Chevalier St. George, and counter-signed by the Earl, then Duke of Mar, dated at Avignon, in 1717, a document which, though for many years most dangerous to have accepted and retained, has been carefully preserved ever since. In 1745 Eneas Mackintosh, then Chief, having accepted a commission in the Highland (Hanoverian) regiment raised a few years before, from a sense of honour did not consider it right to join Prince Charles. His wife, Ann Farquharson of Invercauld, commonly called "Colonel Anne," was, however, equal to the occasion, and her name stands prominent in the affectionate regard of all the clan to this day. In absence of the Chief, the Clan Chattan were led at Falkirk and Culloden by Alexander, Chieftain of the Macgillivrays, an important tribe of the confederation. All the officers of the regiment were killed with the exception of three, including no less than five Macgillivrays. As reported at the time, "the brunt of the battle fell on Clan Chattan." The next Chief, Eneas, afterwards Sir Eneas Mackintosh, served with distinction in the 71st Highlanders in America and elsewhere, and was for some time prisoner in France.

During Sir Eneas' long reign he redeemed all wadsets and burdens on the estate, and made great improvements thereon, transmitting the estates unencumbered to Alexander his heir male, by deed of entail.

Four Chiefs after Sir Eneas bring us to the present Mackintosh, whose elder lamented and accomplished brother died in December, 1875.

Alfred Donald, the present Mackintosh, who early showed inclinations for a military career, was born at Moy Hall in 1851, and educated at Brighton, and Cheltenham College, passing to Sandhurst in 1869 as a gentleman cadet; and, becoming senior under-officer of "B" company, was presented with a sword-of-honour on his leaving to join the 71st Highland Light Infantry, in which his predecessor, Sir Eneas Mackintosh, had served when it was "Fraser's Highlanders," or the old 71st.

Mackintosh joined his regiment 27th August, 1870, at Gibraltar, then commanded by Colonel John J. Macdonell, a cadet of Glengarry, was appointed acting Adjutant in 1875 and gazetted as Adjutant in 1876. Mackintosh afterwards joined the Inverness-shire Militia as Captain, and is now Honorary Lieutenant-Colonel and second in command of that regiment presently called the 2nd Battalion Cameron Highlanders. He interests himself in county and parochial work, is Depute Governor of the Caledonian Bank, Vice-Convener of the Inverness-shire County Council, Chairman of the Moy and Dalarossie Parish Council, and President of the Northern Counties Constitutional Association. He has been a great traveller, and is much given to sport. The shootings connected with his residence are the finest and most productive in Scotland, as shown by the fact that in 1893, 615 brace of grouse were shot by a party of nine guns in one day, and nearly 1400 brace in three-and-a-half successive days. He has himself in a single drive killed 82 grouse. The practice of "driving" is the ancient one, and that practised by Mackintosh is becoming the rule. It is the most difficult and calls forth the highest skill in "venerie."

In April, 1880, Mackintosh married Harriet Diana Arabella Richards, sole daughter and heiress of Edward Priest Richards, of Plas Newydd, County Glamorgan, and had two children—Violet Charlotte, born in 1881, died 1883; Angus Alexander, born 6th August, 1885, a very smart promising boy, who though only ten years old is already "a hunting man," rides straight to hounds, and frequently in at the death. He speaks Gaelic fluently, and like many of those before him is, if he be spared, destined to be a soldier.

Mrs. Mackintosh, whose portrait is also given, is a lady of great spirit and worth, whose principal residence is at Cottrell, near Cardiff. She is very fond of country pursuits, is a capital horsewoman, hunting regularly, and an excellent whip. She is a devoted churchwoman, subscribes largely to all churches on the estate, and grants sites for churches and chapels. Mrs. Mackintosh is also a keen politician, and Grand Dame of the Cardiff Habitation of the Primrose League. She takes the greatest personal interest in her property, which is greatly extending in wealth and population, as may be seen by the fact that in 1880, while the population of the Parish of Roath was only 1500, it now amounts to over 16,000. Other places belonging to her may be mentioned such as at Pontypridd, Whitchurch Llancaich, Merthyr, including the great Cyfarthfa Iron and Coal Works, leased to Messrs. Crawshay. One interesting point should not be overlooked, viz:—that the house of old Plas Newydd, with extensive gardens, bowling alley, gymnasiums, and every requisite for a club, has been turned into "The Mackintosh Institute." It is limited to those resident on the estate, is unsectarian and non-politicial, is largely taken advantage of, and an immense boon. Mackintosh and Mrs. Mackintosh spend the year between Moy Hall, Inverness-shire; Cottrell, near Cardiff, in Wales; and their house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, W.

The house of Moy Hall, is as may be gathered from the illustration, an imposing one, and a suitable residence for a Highland Chief of the first rank. It was begun by the late Mackintosh and finished by the present. It contains many objects of interest, and particularly the bonnet of Prince Charles, which he wore when he came to stay with Lady Anne, and which happened to be left behind, consequent on the hurry and confusion attendant on the scare of Lord Loudoun's threatened attack, which ended so disastrously; also the sword of Viscount Dundee; a sword given by Pope Leo to Lachlan Mackintosh; two double handed claymores used at the Battle of Perth, 1396.

The arms of the farmily are:—"Quarterly, 1st, or, a lion rampant gules, armed and langued azure, the paternal bearing as descendant of Macduff, Earl of Fife; 2nd, argent, a dexter hand couped fess-ways, grasping a man's heart pole-ways, gules, for a notable action for the king and country; 3rd, azure, a boar's head couped, or, for Gordon of Lochinvar; 4th, a lymphad, her oars in saltier sable, for marrying the heiress of Clan Chattan, which shield of arms is adorned with helmet and mantling, gules doubled, argent, and on a wreath of this tinctures is set for crest a cat

ANGUS ALEXANDER MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH.

salient proper. For supporters two cats of the same, with the motto—'Touch not the cat bot a glove.'"

It is almost unnecessary to add that the Chief is well versed in his family history, and exceedingly popular with his tenants. The predecessors of one of them now at Dalcross have been on the estate for upwards of four hundred years, and those of another in Badenoch since the year 1550.

Mackintosh is a Highlander to the backbone, an active useful countryman, and as clannish as any member of Clan Chattan could wish.

Aix les Bains. C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

ORAN DO CHOMUNN CHLANN DOMHNUILL.

Thoir tasgaidh bhuam 'us beannachadh
A dh' ionnsuidh uasail cheannasach
A' Chomuinn bhuadhar, fhearalach,
Dha 'n uile dhual 'bhi smearalach,
A réir mar' ghluais an seanairean—
'S e 'tha mi 'luaidh na maithibh
'Tha mu Chomunn glan Chlann Dòmhnuill.
'S e tha mi, etc.

Mo ghaol na laoich eireachdail,
'Tha 'cumail beò gu beadarrach
Gach gnàths 'us dòigh nach beag oirnn
A bh' aig na seòid o'n d' leigeadh oirnn
An cleòca glòir nach teirig dhuinn—
Clann Dòmhnuill mhòr neo-eagalach,
Co 'm fineadh 'bheireadh toir dhuibh?
Clann Dòmhnuill, etc.

'S cha 'n aobhar tàir' na maslaidh dhuibh
Aon sùil na dhà air ais a thoirt,
'S an tìom a rì'sd a bheachdachadh
'S an robh 'ur sinns'readh gaisgeanta,
Na 'n reultaibh 'soillseachd eachdaireachd,
'S gach latha riamh—mar thachras dhoibh,—
'N céum toisich ac' 'us còir air.
'S gach latha, etc.

Maraon a sgìursadh Lochluinnich,
Na 'sgapadh Ghoill 's da 'n closnachadh,
Air muir 's air tìr co 'choisneadh iad?
An gearradh chinn 'us chlogaidean
Cha b' ann gun bhrigh dhoibh 'm brosnachadh,
'Nuair dh' éireadh colg 'us cros dorra
Bu ghoirt do luchd 'am fòirneart.
'Nuair dh' éireadh, etc.

'S ann 'chi mi rì'sd 'am bruadar iad—
Na flaithaibh fiùghant', cruadalach,
Gu sròlach, pìobach, nuallanach,
Gu gunneach, claidheach cruaidh-làmhach,
Gu tart'rach, sgairteil, luath-cheumach,—
A dol 's an òrdugh uamhasach
A choisneadh buaidh 's gach còmhraig.
A dol 's an, etc.

Mac Dhòmhnuill mòr nan Eileannan,
Us Mac-ic-Eilean sheasadh e;
Gleanna-Comhann cha cheileadh e;
'S a Cheapuich cha bhiodh deireadh oirr';
'S Gleann-Garradh dlù, 's cha theicheadh e;
'Us iomadh fion-fhuil eile
Nach biodh leibideach 's a' chòmhlan.
'Us iomaeh fion-fhuil, etc.

'N uair 'thogta suas aig Armadull
A' bhratach rìoghail, anabharrach,—
Long, leòmhann, craobh, 's làimh-dhearg oirre,
'S am bradan slimneach, tarraghealach
Crann-tara 'b fraoch na'n garbh-bheanna',
Do nàmhad bu neo-earbsach
'Thighinn a dh' fhaotuinn cearb na sgeòd oirr.'
Do nàmhad, etc.

Mar mhuir a' beumadh chladaichean,
Mar thuil a' leum le creaganan,
Mar uisge speur 'us dealanach,
Mar ghaoth a reubadh dharagan
Siol Chuinn fo éirigh dealasach,
Gu dearbh do 'n dream ri 'n reachadh iad
Bhiodh cuirp 'us claiginn leòinte.
Gu dhearbh do 'n, etc.

Sàr shliochd na 'n righrean uasal
A bha 'n Alb' 's 'an Eirionn uaireigin,
'S da rìreadh cha bu shuarrach iad;
Bha iomadh là 's gu'm b' uaibhreach iad,
Air fonn 's air sàl mar 'ghluaiseadh iad,
'Us lean an àill' 's an dualchuis ud
Gach àl a ghluais 'o Dhòmhnull.
'Us lean an, etc.

'S cha b' ann aon uair ach iomadh uair
Bu cheisd do chàch an cuireadh iad
An Alb' an crùn 's a h-uile ni
An taobh 'm bu mhiann leo 'm buileachadh;
Cha mhòr nach d' rinn na curaidh sid;
'Us chuala sinn gu 'm buineadh dhoibh
Dheth tuilleadh 'us leth còrach.
'Us chuala sinn, etc.

'S mar deacha leo Cath Gharioch
Cha mho a chaill n'a 'm b' aithne dhoibh
Mar sheas a chùis 's a' chamhanaich ;
Cha mhòr a bh' aig na Gallaibh dheth
Ach oidhche chianail, chaithriseach ;
'S ge d' chum iad làr gu maduinn ann
Cha b' ann a tharuinn còmhraig.
'S ge d' chum, etc.

Ach 's iomadh linn a chunnaic iad
'O sid gu stàtail, urramach,—
Clann Dòmhnuill a bha cumhachdach,
Ro làidir, dàna, curanta ;
Ach thàinig là 'us chuireadh iad,
Maraon 's na Gàidheil uileadh,
Gun doibh feum 'an tuilleadh seòdachd.
Maraon 's na, etc.

'Us gheabhar fhathasd 'an uachdar iad,
'S gach uile ceairn 's an gluais fear dhiu' ;
Tha seòrsa nàduir fuaighte riu,
Gur dòcha leo 'bhi 'buannachadh
Na luidhe 'n ìosal suarrachais,
Tha àrdan agus uails' annta
Is lòchrain buaidh dhoibh 'n còmhnuidh.
Tha àrdan agus, etc.

Inbhirnis. MAC DHOMHNUILL.

THE LAND AYONT BEN LEDI.

Frae the heichts abune my dwellin'—
Viewin' fertile fields o' grain,
Waesome thochts come ower me stealin',
Fillin' a' my breast wi' pain.

A' the meads an' haughs sae level,
Canna match the rugged land
Where the ragin' tempests revel
Through the corries grim an' grand.

Where the mountain brown an' broken
Rises ower the moorland tarn,
An' the Gaelic speech is spoken
In the land where I was born.

Where they dance the Reel o' Tulloch
An' the gleesome Highland Fling.
In their kilt an' *sporan molach*
Till the roof an' rafters ring.

Oh, my heart grows cauld and bitter
When I hear the pipers play,
For their music sounded sweeter
In Glenorchy an' Glenstrae.

Tho' the Lowland chiels are cheery,
An' the Lowland dames are braw,
Still my restless soul grows weary,
An' I fain would steal awa'

To the land ayont Ben Ledi,
Where the purple heather grows,
Where the maids robust an' ruddy
Lilt among the broomy knowes.

How I lang to see the biggin'
Wi' it's hamely ingleside,
Cosy aye frae floor to riggin',
Fu' o' mirth whate'er betide.

Splendid land o' song and story !
Land o' never-dying fame !
While thy cliffs are high an' hoary,
I will ever praise thy name.

Polmont. ALEXANDER STEWART.

HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY.

(A LEGEND FROM THE GAELIC).

BY "FIONN."

THE virtue of hospitality as practised by the ancient Gael included the personal safety of his guest so long as he remained under his charge. This is amply set forth in the Gaelic proverb—*Bheirinn cuid oidhche dha ged a bhiodh ceann fir fo 'achlais*,—I would give him a night's quarter though he had a man's head under his arm. The following legend may be taken as an illustration of the truth of this proverb.

Once upon a time, when the clan whose name is "nameless by day" was in full power, the chief of the Glenstrae branch of the clan lived in fitting style in the country of the MacGregors. Alas ! that they must now confess—

"Glenstrae and Glenalpine no longer are ours."

One day the scion of this family went with a small retinue to hunt. During the day they forgathered with a young man of the name of Lamond belonging to Nether Cowal, who with one servant, was going to Inverlochy. At this time the Lamonds were supreme in Cowal. Lamond and the hunters proceeded to a roadside inn where they dined, and evidently enjoyed themselves. Towards dusk the Highland blood got warm, with the result that Lamond and young MacGregor quarelled. Dirks were drawn, and MacGregor fell, mortally wounded. Seeing this Lamond at once took to his heels, pursued by the MacGregors, but escaped in the darkness of the night. About dawn of day, weary of wandering, he made his way to what turned out to be the ancestral home of the MacGregors of Glenstrae. The chief was standing in the doorway as the fugitive approached. Lamond sought his protection, informing him that he was pursued by those who sought his life. "Whoever thou art," replied MacGregor, "with me thou art safe." There was hardly time to take Lamond within, when the pursuers surrounded the house, enquiring if they had seen a stranger enter the house. "Yes," replied MacGregor, "what is your business with him?" He was informed that in an encounter this stranger had killed MacGregor's son, and they demanded the chief to deliver up the murderer. MacGregor's lady and daughters heard this tale

CAPTAIN HECTOR MACNEAL.

of woe, and they were loud in their entreaties that young Lamond should be handed over to the angry clansmen. This MacGregor sternly refused to do, adding that any one who laid his hand on Lamond did so at his peril, for said he, "a MacGregor has promised him his protection, and as I live, he shall be safe while he remains under my roof." Shortly after, Lamond having received suitable refreshment, was asked by the chief to follow him, and with a dozen of trusty clansmen fully armed, MacGregor accompanied Lamond to Inveraray and taking boat from there, landed him safely on the shores of Cowal. When parting with him Glenstrae said—"Lamond, my lad, you are now safe in your own country, I cannot and dare not protect thee further; avoid my clansmen. God forgive thee and bless thee." This happened about 1638, shortly before the passing of those cruel enactments against the MacGregors, which made them fugitives and wanderers in their native land. Glenstrae's estate was forfeited, and he himself was hotly pursued. He sought and received protection at the house of Lamond, whom he befriended. Here MacGregor and his family were for a long time suitably entertained; every kindness and consideration was shown them, Lamond being pleased that it was in his power to make some small amends for the unfortunate accident which had proved fatal to young MacGregor.

The MacGregors were prosecuted in a manner utterly unworthy of the civilization of the times, being pursued by blood hounds, called in Gaelic "*Coin-dubha Chlann Griogair*," but despite all that was done they still flourish, ever proud of their ancient motto—'*S rioghail mo dhream*. It may be interesting to note that the last two of the *Coin-dubha* were shot, one at Crianlarich, and the other opposite Edinample.

CAPTAIN HECTOR MACNEAL, OF UGADALE, KINTYRE.

OF the present representatives of our old Scottish families no one more deservedly enjoys high popularity among his fellow-countrymen, or is more universally respected, than the gallant Laird of Ugadale. He comes of a good old stock, his ancestor being Ferracher Mackay of Arnakill and Ugadale, who came into possession of these lands for services rendered to Robert the Bruce while the Scottish monarch was a fugitive in Kintyre, after his defeat at Methven Wood. The famous Ugadale Brooch, a photo-reproduction of which is here given, was presented by the King to Mackay on that occasion, and on Bruce's restoration to the Scottish throne the two estates, hitherto Crown lands, were also made over to him on condition that he and his heirs would entertain their Sovereign whenever he visited Kintyre.

Through the marriage in the seventeenth century of the heiress of Donald Mackay of Arnakill and Ugadale with the younger son of Macneal of Tirfergus and Lossit, the estates passed into that family, whose lineal descendant is the gallant gentleman who forms the subject of the present sketch.

Born in 1822. Captain Hector Macneal of Ugadale and Lossit, when quite a young man, joined the 79th (Queen's Own) Cameron Highlanders, and served in the army for a considerable number of years. Since his retirement from military service he has resided chiefly at Lossit Park, Machrihanish. A most popular and generous landlord, the genial Captain takes a keen interest in all matters affecting the welfare of his tenantry, and County affairs generally. He is a Deputy-Lieutenant and Justice of the Peace for Argyllshire; and since the institution of School Boards he has represented the Landward Parish, fulfilling the duties of Chairman with much success.

He also represents South Kintyre in the County Council, and holds the office of Chairman of the District Committee of that body.

In 1862, Captain Macneal married Constance Glencairn, eldest daughter of Colonel Campbell of Skipness, a noble lady whose kindness and condescension have won for her the esteem and good wishes of all classes of the community. Their family consists of four sons, three of whom survive, and one daughter. Hector, the eldest son, is a Captain in the 92nd Gordon Highlanders.

In politics Captain Macneal is a staunch Conservative, and his far-reaching influence and high personal popularity have done much to promote the spread of Unionist principles throughout South Kintyre.

The gallant Captain has always been a keen sportsman, and no one enjoys a day on the moors better than he does. He took an active part in the formation of the now famous Golf Club of Machrihanish, and built a large and commodious hotel for the convenience of visitors to the district. He has also done much within recent years by way of granting feus for buildings in that favourite end of Kintyre. In short, the Laird of Ugadale is a typical Highland landlord; he has a kind word for everybody, and is as easily approached by the poorest labourer on his estates as by the most prosperous and influential farmer. Among all classes his genial presence is always welcome, and that he has many years of health and happiness yet before him is, we are sure, the wish of all who know his sterling qualities, and enjoy his acquaintance.

THE UGADALE BRUCE-MACKAY BROOCH.

With regard to the Ugadale Brooch, alluded to above, this interesting relic is made of silver. The central stone is a fine Arran diamond surrounded with pebbles, also set in silver. On its inner part the letters F. McK., the initials of the first Laird of Ugadale and Arnakill,* have been rudely cut out. The present illustration gives an excellent idea of the form and beauty of the brooch. Her Majesty the Queen, on seeing it, became so fascinated with it that she desired a copy to retain. Two copies of the brooch were accordingly made, one of which is in the possession of Her Majesty, while the other lies on exhibition in the Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh.

J. Hamilton Mitchell.

Edinburgh.
(Late of Campbeltown, Kintyre.)

* For traditions regarding the Mackays of Ugadale see *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. I., page 46, and Vol. II., page 5.

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

SUAICHEANTAS NA H-ALBA—THE BADGE OF SCOTLAND.

THE reader, we fear, is now tired of old musical items, which though in themselves interesting—and to some very much so—if given too often are apt to become monotonous. It is with pleasure, therefore, we put before him something of a different cast from what has recently been published here. It is a song by Evan Mac Coll, the aged bard, now in Canada, evidence of whose extraordinary vitality has more than once appeared in our pages. The music is a new composition by Pipe-Major John Mackay, Paisley, and admirably suits the sentiment of the song. It makes an excellent bagpipe march. The translation is by the undersigned and gives our non-Gaelic readers, in singable words, an idea of the thoughts contained in the original. It is not often we meet with a song in Gaelic embodying, as this one does, the broad national Scottish sentiment which embraces Highland and Lowland patriotism.

C. M. P.

KEY B♭ *In marching time.*

CHORUS.

: s$_l$.l$_l$ | d : d.m | r : d.l$_l$ | s$_l$: s$_l$.l$_l$ | s$_l$: d.r | m : r.d | d : s.m | r : r.m | r

'S e Foghnan na h-Alba lus ainmeil nan buadh, Lus grinn nan dos calgach thug dearbh air bhi cruaidh ;
O, the Thistle o' Scotland was famous of auld, Wi' its toorie sae snod and its bristles sae bauld ;

: s$_l$.l$_l$ | d : d.m | r : d.l$_l$ | s$_l$: s$_l$.l$_l$ | s$_l$: d.r | m.s : m.s | s$_l$: m.r | d : d.r | d ‖

Sean-suaicheantas mòrail tir bhòidhich mo luaidh—'S tric dh' fhadaich a dheagh-chliù tein'-eibhinn 'nam ghruaidh.
'Tis the badge o' my country—it's aye dear to me—And the thocht o' them baith brings the licht to my e'e.

VERSE.

: d.r | m : m.s | m : r.d | l$_l$: l$_l$.d | s$_l$: d.r | m : r.d | s : d.m | r : r.m | r

Lus deas nam meur cròcach nach leònar le stoirm—Ged 's ionnan teachd cèarr air 's laoch dàna fo arm,
Its strength and its beauty the storm never harms ; It stan's on its guard like a warrior in arms ;

: s$_l$.l$_l$ | d.r : m.s | m : r.d | l$_l$.d : l$_l$.d | s$_l$: d.r | m.s : m.s | s$_l$: m.r | d : d.r | d : ‖

'S leis clòimh tha cho maoth-gheal ri faoileig na tràigh, 'S barr-ghucan cho ciùin-ghorm ri sùilean mo ghràidh.
Yet its down is as soft as the gull's on the sea, And its tassle as bricht as my Jeanie's blue e'e.

Mo dhùthaich, cha 'n ioghnadh mór chliù air thigh'nn uait,
'S a liuthad buaidh-làraich 's deagh-ghnàth tha ris fuaight ;
An cian is le Albainn luchd-seanachais no bàrd
Bidh meas air a dhealbh anns gach gorm-bhonaid àird.

O, my country, what wonder yer fame's gane afar ;
For yer sons ha'e been great baith in peace and in war.
While the sang and the tale live, they'll aye win respect,
The lads 'neath the bonnets wi' thistles bedeckt.

Sluagh borb, le droch rùn da, 's tric bhrùchd air a nuas—
'S tric bhrùchd, ach, gun taing dhoibh, a cheann chum e suas ;
'N uair shaoil iad bhi buadhach, 's ann fhuair iad fàth bròin :
Feuch! a' cinn thar an uaighean an cluaran gun leòn.

Langsyne the invaders cam owre to our shore,
And fiercely our thistle they scutched and they tore ;
When they maist thocht it deid, 'twas then it up bore,
And it bloomed on their graves quite as strang as before.

Mo bheannachd gu bràth air ! cia 'n Gaidheal no 'n Gall
Nach seasadh gu bàs e, 'ga theàrnadh o chall !
Co, iosal no uasal, bheir cluas do mo dhàn,
Nach òladh leam "buaidh leis" o chuachana làn !

My blessing be yours ! Is there Scotsman ava
Wad stan' bye and see ony harm on ye fa'?
Is there gentle or semple wha lives in our land,
Wad refuse to drink health to the thistle sae grand

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

AUGUST, 1895.

CONTENTS.

MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH (with plates), - - - - - 201
OBAN DO CHOMUNN CHLANN DOMHNUILL (poem), - - - 205
THE LAND AYONT BEN LEDI (poem), - - - - - - 206
HIGHLAND HOSPITALITY (illustrated), - - - - - - 206
CAPTAIN HECTOR MACNEAL, OF UGADALE, KINTYRE (wih plate), 207
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—SUAICHEANTAS NA H-ALBA—
THE BADGE OF SCOTLAND, - - - - - - - 209
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - 210
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE (illustrated), - - - - - - 211
REVIEW—THE CARVED STONES OF ISLAY, - - - - - 213
EX-PROVOST CAMERON, POLLOKSHAWS (with plate), - - 214
TO THE RIVER GARRY (poem), - - - - - - - 214
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part XII. (illus.), - 215
THE LORDS OF LOCHABER (illustrated), - - - - - - 218

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH our next issue the present volume will be completed. As we are anxious to make up our list of subscribers for volume IV., we shall feel greatly obliged if our readers will kindly forward their annual subscriptions (4/- post free) at once, to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WE will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of Mr. D. J. K. Macdonald (of Sanda, Kintyre), Salisbury; Ex-Provost Macpherson, of Grangemouth; Mr. Thomas Mackay, Greenock, and Mr. Charles H. Sutherland, Montreal, with biographical sketches. A portrait and sketch of Mr. Robert Macleod, Inverness (a Sutherlander), who was successful in winning the first prize and medal for Gaelic solo singing at the Mòd at Oban last year. A very interesting article will also appear on the clan relics at Moy Hall, which will be illustrated with fine photo-reproductions of the relics, taken specially by Mr. D. Whyte, Inverness, for the *Celtic Monthly*, through the kindness and courtesy of Mackintosh of Mackintosh. Provost Macpherson, Kingussie, will also contribute an illustrated article on the clan, and a series of amusing "Snap Shots" taken at the recent match between the Edinburgh Sutherland, and Glasgow Cowal shinty clubs, will appear. In addition to these, instalments will be given of the series of valuable historical articles which are at present appearing in our pages, as well as other interesting contributions in prose and verse.

"THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA." We are now busy printing the appendix to this most valuable work, which will be issued to subscribers shortly. Many of our readers will be glad to learn that in the appendix will appear a very interesting chapter on the famous Coll Keitach (Macdonald), giving some curious traditions regarding him, and his imprisonment and execution, collected in Argyllshire, most of which have, we believe, not hitherto been published. Another article deals with the famous Islay Gaelic charter of 1408, and the Mackays of Islay, Kintyre, and Antrim. Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh's latest work promises to be a very valuable addition to our Highland literature. Only a few copies are now unsubscribed for, and those wishing to secure one should apply at once to the Editor of the *Celtic Monthly*, at above address.

CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As the present volume is about completed, and as we will only be able to supply a few complete bound copies, two of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us at once, to prevent disappointment. The volume, which is handsomely illustrated with nearly 150 pictures of Highland scenery, clan relics, etc., and containing 40 special plate portaits, will make a valuable and appropriate present to send to friends at a distance, or abroad. The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to the Editor.

VOLUMES I. AND II.—We are now able to offer two bound copies of the scarce Volume I., which can be had at 12/6 each; copies of the volume for 1894 (January to December) can be had, 10/-, post free—address, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

THE CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.—The usual summer meeting of council of the Clan Gregor Society was held in MacGregor's Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, which was well attended by directors from the Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Perth districts. Mr. Atholl MacGregor, Dunkeld, the president, occupied the chair, and among others present were:—The Rev. Dr. Charles MacGregor; Miss Murray MacGregor, Dunkeld; Bailie MacGregor, Perth; &c. The ordinary business falling to be attended to was transacted, several members having been added to the roll. From statements made by the officials, the society appears in a very healthy condition, and the directors were able to vote £35 as charity to deserving members of the clan.

A VERY interesting collection of Gaelic songs and poems, by Mr. Alastair Macdonald, Inverness (MacDhomhnuill), is now in the press, and will be published shortly.

EASTER SUNDAY ON SCHEHALLION.

APRIL, 1895.

We climbed Schehallion's lofty brow
Whaur whaups and grouse are courtin' now,
The sun shone bright from cloudless skies,
And all around were butterflies.
The grand old mountains of Glencoe
Were thickly covered o'er with snow:—
The loch was calm and still below,
And peaceful too, the Tummel's flow;—
The peesweet screamed with joyous pride
Whilst darting o'er his lovely bride,
The white hares 'mang the heather ran;
From crag and peak flew ptarmigan.
The burnies bickered doon the brae,
And we were loath to come away;
But time was up, so we'd a dram
To help us back the road we cam'. D. R.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

By J. Hamilton Mitchell.

(*Continued from page* 197).

Glenfinnan.

WHAT followed is familiar to every reader of Scottish history. On the 19th August the Royal Standard was unfurled to the breezes of Glenfinnan, in presence of twelve hundred brave and enthusiastic Highlanders, by the aged Duke of Athole, who read the commission of regency, and proclaimed James VIII. of Scotland and III. of England. To the Highlanders of Scotland Charles Edward had now entrusted himself and his fortunes; now the song was:—

"Rouse, rouse ye kilted warriors!
Rouse, ye heroes of the North!
Rouse and join your chieftain's banners,
'Tis your Prince that leads you forth!

Now your Prince has reared his banner;
Now triumphant is our cause,
Now the Scottish lion rallies;
Let us strike for Prince and laws."

The March upon Edinburgh.

As it is not the purpose of the present paper to give a detailed account of the Prince's

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD ENTERING EDINBURGH AFTER THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS.

movements in the land of his fathers, but rather to review their main characteristics, interspersed with suitable extracts from the songs and ballads of the period, we pass over the minor preliminaries of the insurrection, and now find the Highland army, under its intrepid young leader, cleverly eluding the force sent north to oppose it under Sir John Cope, and directing its march southwards towards Edinburgh. In this march the young Prince by his gallant bearing completely won the affection of the rough mountaineers, who for the most part constituted his little force. He showed himself in every respect a typical Highland leader and a born general. Every day he marched on foot at the head of his men, with his target on his shoulder and broadsword by his side; every river they had to ford he was the first who plunged in; he bivouacked with them in the open field, and slept on the ground in his plaid—habits which made him their idol, and called back to memory the days when their ancestors had, in the same cause, marched forth to victory under Montrose and Dundee. In compliment to the Highlanders the Prince had also donned the Highland garb, or, in the words of the song:—

"The dress that our Prince Charlie had
Was bonnet blue and tartan plaid;
And O he was a handsome lad!
Few could compare wi' Charlie."

At Holyrood.

On reaching Edinburgh, Charles established his court at Holyrood, and as he approached the ancient palace of his ancestors a pathetic scene was witnessed. A vast crowd which had assembled in the King's Park set up a loud shout of acclamation, and many were so deeply impressed with the scene that they knelt down and wept. History for the time seemed to be repeating itself, and once more within the precincts of that venerable building where—

> ". . Stuarts once in glory reign'd,
> And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd,"

the people of Edinburgh beheld the descendant and lawful heir of the kings under whose rule Scotland had fought all her battles, and won all her glory. Little wonder is it that the Jacobites were in ecstasies. The great and eventful day to which they had so long looked forward had at last come—the day when, in the words of the ballad:—

> "Freedom and peace shall return to our shore,
> And Britons be ruled by a Stuart once more."

The prophecies of 1715 were now fulfilled—

> "The auld Stuarts back again,
> The auld Stuarts back again,
> Let howlet Whigs do what they can,
> We'll ha'e the Stuarts back again."

The Jacobite Proclamation.

At Duddingston the Prince daily reviewed his troops in order to prepare for the ensuing conflict; and while at Holyrood he also issued his celebrated proclamation to the nation. In this famous document the motives and intended policy of Charles are clearly set forth; and if his history and character be carefully read and fairly noted, there can, I think, be but little doubt that had he succeeded he would have been true to his word.

The manifesto first alludes to the ludicrous pictures drawn by the Presbyterian clergy and the British press of the probable state of affairs under a third Stuart dynasty. "Do not the pulpits and congregations of the clergy," it runs, "as well as your weekly papers, ring with the dreadful threats of popery, slavery, tyranny, and arbitrary power, which are now ready to be imposed upon you by the formidable powers of France and Spain? Is not my royal father represented as a blood-thirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all who will not immediately embrace an odious religion?" It seems almost incredible that ideas so far-fetched, and so devoid of reasonable foundation, as are here referred to, were actually entertained by a shrewd and intelligent people. The Stuarts during their occupancy of the throne were guilty of many foolish actions, but they never went the length of justifying the fears manifested at the time of Prince Charles Edward's arrival in Scotland. Moreover, the times were then changed, and with regard to Charles, the circumstances entirely altered. He came to Britain not for the purpose of showering "destruction—for he could not have done so even had he willed—on all who would not immediately embrace an odious religion," but in order to assert his ancestral rights, and, in name of his father, "to grant whatever a free Parliament shall propose for the happiness of the people." During the period between 1688 and 1745 the interests of the nation, under its foreign domination, had been grossly neglected, and robbed of its wealth, its resources, and its best blood, it had sunk into a lamentable state of misery and depression. In the document now before us this is duly noticed. "Our family," says Charles, "has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years, everybody knows. Has the nation during that period of time been the more happy and flourishing for it? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family, upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful prince, retained a due sense of so great a trust and favour? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a crown than in my royal forefathers? Have their ears been open to the cries of the people? Have they or do they consider only the interests of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debt? If I am answered in the affirmative why has their Government been so often railed at in all your public assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out in vain for redress against the abuse of Parliaments, upon account of their long duration, the multitude of placemen, which occasions their venality, the introduction of penal laws. and, in general, against the miserable situation of the kingdom at home and abroad? All these, and many more inconveniences must now be removed, unless the people of Great Britain be already so far corrupted that they will not accept of freedom when offered to them, seeing the King, on his restoration, will refuse nothing that a free Parliament can ask for the security of the religion, laws, and liberty of the people."

The effects of this proclamation were hardly less marked than the force and truth of its contentions. It was the means of drawing over many waverers to the Jacobite side. The promised reforms were perhaps never so much

required as then, and the Union with England of 1707, though it eventually proved a blessing for both countries, was then looked upon with much disfavour. Moreover, the Hanoverian rule had never been so popular in the east as in the west of Scotland,—the home of the wild Western Whigs of the Covenanting period—and the advent of Charles did much to revive in the memory of the citizens of Edinburgh the time when his ancestors held their court at Holyrood, and Scotland was an independent country with a Parliament of its own. From this cause alone he found among his adherents many who would otherwise have actively opposed him.

(To be continued).

REVIEW.

THE CARVED STONES OF ISLAY, BY ROBERT C. GRAHAM, F.S.A., SCOT., OF SKIPNESS. GLASGOW: JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS.—"Green Grassy Islay" has had a great deal of attention bestowed upon it in recent years. Its Folklore, Ossianic Remains and Place-Names have been ably investigated by its learned sons, Dr. Woodrow, the late J. F. Campbell and Hector Maclean; its history and ancient records form the subject of Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh's valuable work, "The Last Macdonalds of Isla," now in the press; and we have just finished a perusal of a truly delightful and handsome volume on its Antiquities, by Mr. R. C. Graham of Skipness. It is a large book, but we found it so absorbing that we had read every page before we laid it down. Mr. Graham's name is always a guarantee of work well done, and we fear that future investigators of the carved stones of Islay will find little in the island that has not been already described and illustrated in this exhaustive volume.

To make the nature of the work better understood by the reader, the author gives a most interesting chapter on the early history of Islay, treating of the time of St. Columba, when so many chapels were planted all over the Western Isles and the Mainland; then passing on to the wild times of the Viking invasions, when the Norsemen colonised or pillaged according to their mood. The clan period followed, and for several centuries Islay was the scene of many exciting events. Its Lords dared even to declare themselves equal to, and independent of, the Scottish King. It was during this eventful time that the greatest number of these beautiful sculptured stones, of which illustrations of over 100 are reproduced in the work, were carved in Islay.

Later on the power of the Macdonalds was broken, the island passed into other hands, and its greatness had departed for ever. The historical notes add immensely to the interest attached to these ancient tombstones, and when it is possible to identify any particular stone as marking the last resting place of one who had left his mark on the pages of Highland history, we feel that we have something before us that links us with the clan feuds and scenes of the days of old, which form the theme of many a story and ballad. It is a pity, however, that so little is known in regard to the stones, or the mighty dead whose last resting places they mark. There is hardly a monument but bears a carving of the old Highland two-handed sword, or the effigy of a warrior clad in armour. Of these, few bear inscriptions, and their identity is lost.

The Parishes of Kilarrow, Kilchoman, and Kildalton, are each dealt with, and in them Mr. Graham found no less than 107 carved stones, which he has described and illustrated in the volume. These consist of large crosses, showing the finest examples of Celtic carving,—such as in that of Kildalton,—to small fragments of grand tombstones which have suffered at the hands of the village Vandals, or by other means. The greatest number of the fine reproductions are made from casts or photographs, which doubtless accounts for the distinctness with which even the finest examples of tracery and foliage are given. A map of Islay is also supplied, showing the sites of the sculptured stones. There are thirty two full page plates of these carvings in the book, and some of them may be truly described as ranking among the finest examples of Celtic art in the Highlands. It is not long since we heard a remark made at a Highland meeting in Glasgow that the Highlanders were always deficient in the artistic taste, and we took occasion on the spot to comment upon this view somewhat severely. If a vindication of Highlanders in this connection were required (and we recommend it to Mr. Andrew Lang), Mr. Graham has given to the world in this handsome volume an emphatic proof that the artistic feeling in Highlanders was developed and cultivated to a degree unsurpassed at the period in any other part of the country. In these few lines we feel that we have only given a very inadequate description of the most interesting and handsomely got up volume now before us, but we trust that we have sufficiently excited the interest of those of our readers who are interested in the subject, to purchase a copy of "The Carved Stones of Islay" for themselves. It is a work that should find a place in every Highlander's library.

The Publishers, Messrs. Maclehose, have done themselves credit by the splendid style in which they have produced this work. The paper, printing, plates, and binding, are all excellent, and worthy of their reputation.

MACILLDUY.—Neill MacIllduy, mentioned in Gregory's "Highlands and Islands" as a follower of M'Lean of Duart, was the head or chieftain of a sept, or branch, of the M'Leans, called "Clann Ghille Dhuibh," just as we find most great clans divided into septs having different patronymics; for instance, in the Fraser clan, Lovat, the chief, is "Mac Shimi," whereas Fraser of Kilbockie, a direct descendant of the Lovat family, is "Mac Uisdein" (Hugh's son). The name MacIllduy is very common in the south-west of Perthshire, but they are quite of a different race, as they are M'Gregors who assumed the name of "Mac Ghille Dhuibh" when the name of M'Gregor was proscribed. They of course wore the M'Gregor tartan and arms The same is true of clann Mhic-Ghille Bhàin of Perthshire.

FEARNA.

EX-PROVOST CAMERON, POLLOKSHAWS.

CONTINUING our series of sketches of notable men of the Cameron Clan we have great pleasure in giving this month a portrait of Mr. Nicol Cameron, a gentleman whose name has been associated with Glasgow and its thriving suburb, Pollokshaws, for the long period of half a century. Mr. Cameron was born in Glasgow in 1829. His grand-parents came to the south early in the century from Lochaber, Gaelic being their only language. When four years of age he was taken to Pollokshaws, and there he has since remained. For the last forty-six years Mr. Cameron has taken a most active part in the affairs of his town. He was for fifteen years connected with the Town Council, acting as Treasurer for eight years, and for five held the office of Chief Magistrate. Three years ago Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, Lord Lieutenant of Renfrewshire, placed his name on the Commission. He has also taken a warm interest in the Public Library, and for many years has held the honorary post of Treasurer. In 1873 he was elected a member of the first School Board for Eastwood Parish, a position he still worthily holds. For forty-six years he has been a member of the Craft, and at present time is R.W.M. of Lodge 153. Mr. Cameron's sturdy liberalism is well known, and for twenty-three years he was President of the Eastwood Liberal Association. He is fond of curling, bowling, angling, etc., and even now while well up in the sixties he is to be found on the golfing course. He has been a strong supporter of the temperance party all his life-time.

In the year 1859, when France threatened to invade our shores, Mr. Cameron joined the Volunteer Corps, and was for many years an active member of that body. Then, it need hardly be mentioned, every volunteer had to equip himself at his own expense. It may be added that Mr. Cameron is senior partner of the long established firm of N. & J. W. Cameron, House Factors and Auctioneers.

Since the formation of the Clan Cameron Society he has acted as Treasurer for the Western Branch, and at the last Annual Meeting of the Clan he was elected, most unanimously, one of the Chieftains, an honour which was offered two years ago, but then declined. There are few clansmen who take as deep an interest in the affairs of the Society as Mr. Cameron does, and much of its success has resulted from his exertions. EDITOR.

TO THE RIVER GARRY.

Come from the mountains then rushing and free,
Purple and golden and foaming and white,
Fierce in thy anger and loud in thy glee,
Murmur and thunder and dance in the light.

Speed from thy hidden course flowing and strong,
Under the birches where sunshine is shed,
In the bright pools as thou dancest along
Catch the deep blue of the sky overhead.

Then when the moon o'er the mountain is white;
Soft winds have kissed the sweet sleeping flowers,
Low be thy voice in the hush of the night,
Low and unceasing through long, silent hours.

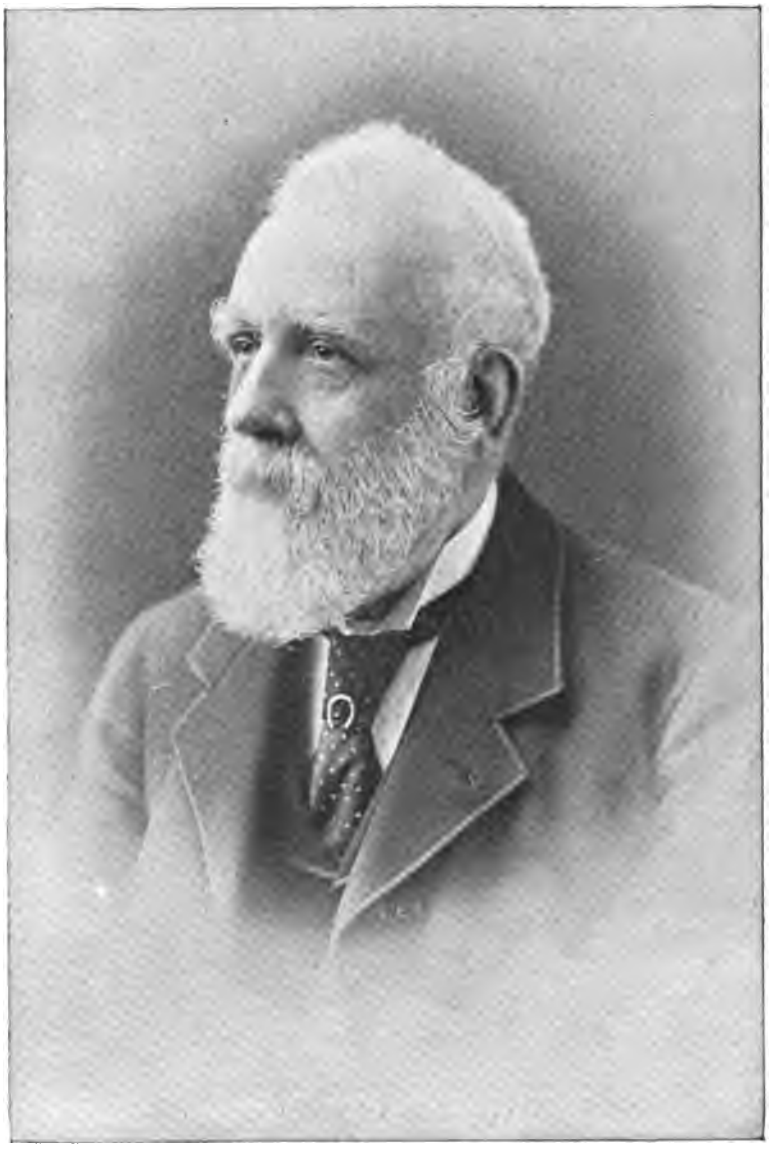
Pass where Glengarry's proud chieftains are laid,
They that were fierce and unfettered like thee,
Now silent in dust with their glory decayed,
While thou art unchanging, eternally free.

We are the autumn leaves swept on thy stream,
We are the shadows that over thee play,
Through days and nights thou wilt laughingly gleam,
When time's dark river has borne us away.

AMICE MACDONELL.

PROSCRIPTION OF THE HIGHLAND DRESS.—The thirteenth of August is a red letter day with the Celts. On the first day of August, 1747, O.S., which corresponds with the 13th New Style, an Act was passed preventing the Highlanders from wearing the national dress. This most unjust Act runs as follows:—"That from and after the first day of August, One thousand seven hundred and forty-seven, no Man or Boy, within that part of Great Britain called Scotland, other than such as shall be employed as Officers and Soldiers in His Majesty's Forces, shall, on any pretext whatsoever, wear or put on the clothes commonly called Highland clothes (that is to say) the Plaid, Philabeg, or little Kilt, Trowse, Shoulder Belts, or any part, whatsoever, of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland Garb; and that no tartan or party-coloured plaid or stuff shall be used for Great Coats or Upper Coats; and if any such person shall presume after the said First Day of August to wear or put on the aforesaid garments or any part of them, every such person so offending being convicted thereof by the oath of one or more credible witness or witnesses before any Court of Justiciary or any one or more Justices of the Peace for the shire or stewartry, or Judge Ordinary of the place where such offence shall be commited, shall suffer imprisonment without bail during the space of six months and no longer, and being convicted of a second offence before the Court of Justiciary, or at the Circuits, shall be liable to be transported to any of His Majesty's plantations beyond the seas, there to remain for the space of seven years."

THE following is a list of the number of men which the officers, according to their rank, in the old 78th Highlanders, had to find before they received their commissions. A lieutenant-colonel, 100 men; a major, 90; a captain, 50; a lieutenant, 25; and an ensign 25. Of the 850 men who composed the regiment in 1804, 200 belonged to the island of Lewis alone.



NICOL CAMERON, J. P.

PART XII.—(*Continued from page* 193).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

NAPOLEON viewed this scene with anger and dismay. He blamed Ney for the failure of this magnificently grand attack, from which he expected so much, and Soult who was at his side rejoined, "Yes, Sire, he has destroyed the cavalry, and compromised us as he did at Wagram." Unworthy remark! unworthy of a brother marshal!

These repeated attacks made frightful havoc in the British ranks and greatly exhausted the physical energies of the survivors, and the destructive effects of the enemy's powerful batteries were most damaging. Well might Wellington say to the officers and men round him, "hard pounding this, gentlemen." The round-shot and shell ploughed great gaps in both lines of squares, and even in the reserves farther in the rear. The terrible spectacle that presented itself throughout the position was such that none but the British soldier could sustain with patience and without flinching. Wellington, standing watching the scene, a shell struck into the ground near him; with his wonted composure he reined in "Copenhagen" to see its effects, and when it burst, he trotted composedly away to watch the enemy from another point.

The gallant General Foy, who was an eye-witness of these charges, in writing of the battle, thus notices the matchless conduct of the British squares, "We could see these sons of Albion, formed in square battalions on the plain between the wood of Hougomont and Mount St. Jean, and to effect this compact formation, they had doubled and re-doubled their ranks several times. Death was before them and in their ranks, disgrace in their rear! In this terrible situation, neither the bullets of the artillery of the Guard, nor the victorious cavalry of France could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the majestic movement which its battalions commenced before sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington that he had achieved the most decisive victory of the age." This is the language of the gallant Foy, who was all day long with Ney in his attacks.

The curtain now drops upon the third scene of the Waterloo drama, and rises upon the fourth at 4-20 p.m.

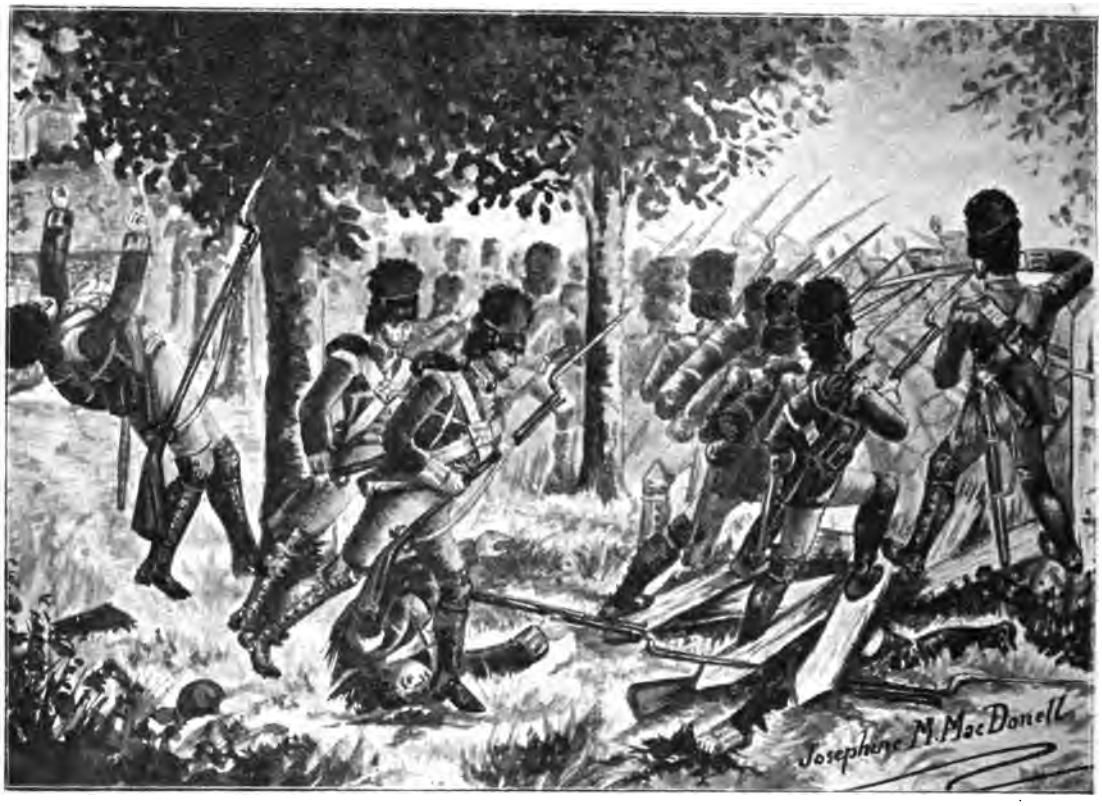
In the meantime Hougomont was constantly assailed, rushes were made by the French all round it to effect an entrance, but no sooner did some of the enemy succeed in getting in than they were expelled, killed, or taken prisoners.

The attacks upon the position of La Haye Sainte, as we have seen, had so far succeeded that the enemy obtained possession of the farm buildings, still the fighting round them was continued very bravely by the German legion, and nothing more gallant occurred in the battle than the protracted defence of this position by Major Baring and his brave Germans. The Prince of Orange, to resist the advance of the French from La Haye Sainte, brought forward two battalions of

Ompteda's German legion, and here he committed the same blunder as he did at Quatre Bras, when he ordered the brave 69th to deploy in presence of cavalry, which at once attacked, and before the devoted regiment could form square the horsemen were in their midst and swept them off the field. On bringing up these two battalions the Prince ordered Ompteda to deploy and begin the attack. The gallant General pointed out the danger, but the Prince insisted, and the deployment began. The French cuirassiers saw their opportunity. They instantly advanced, and the right battalion before square could be formed, was attacked and cut down to a man.

Encouraged by this success, Napoleon determined to make another vigorous attack upon the centre of the British position. All his previous efforts had failed. His own position was now becoming critical. The Prussians were near to him on his right, and it was essential that the British should be beaten before the arrival of the Prussians, pushed on by the redoubtable Blucher, otherwise all might be lost.

He therefore sent orders to Ney to renew the



THE SCOTS GUARDS DEFENDING HOUGOMONT.

attack upon the entire British line. Ney sent his aide-de camp to Napoleon for reinforcements. To this request he very peevishly replied, "Where do you suppose I can get them? would you have me make them?" The gallant Ney, nowise disconcerted at this angry reply, proceeded to collect the shattered remnants of the regiments and brigades which had been engaged during the day, and prepared for another grand attack upon the position of his indomitable opponent.

Wellington, judging from the enemy's preparations where the intended attack was to be made, ordered Lord Hill to bring up to his assistance Adams' brigade of light infantry, and Du Plat's infantry brigade of the German legion. Immediately a vigorous fire of artillery opened from the enemy's position under cover of which the hostile squadrons, and columns of infantry, preceded by a cloud of skirmishers, advanced. Reille's division made a furious assault upon Hougomont and strove to repeat the feat achieved at La Haye Sainte, but the Coldstreams lining the hedge, withstood the furious onslaught, and the Scots Guards in the orchard held their ground, after being

repeatedly driven back by superior numbers.

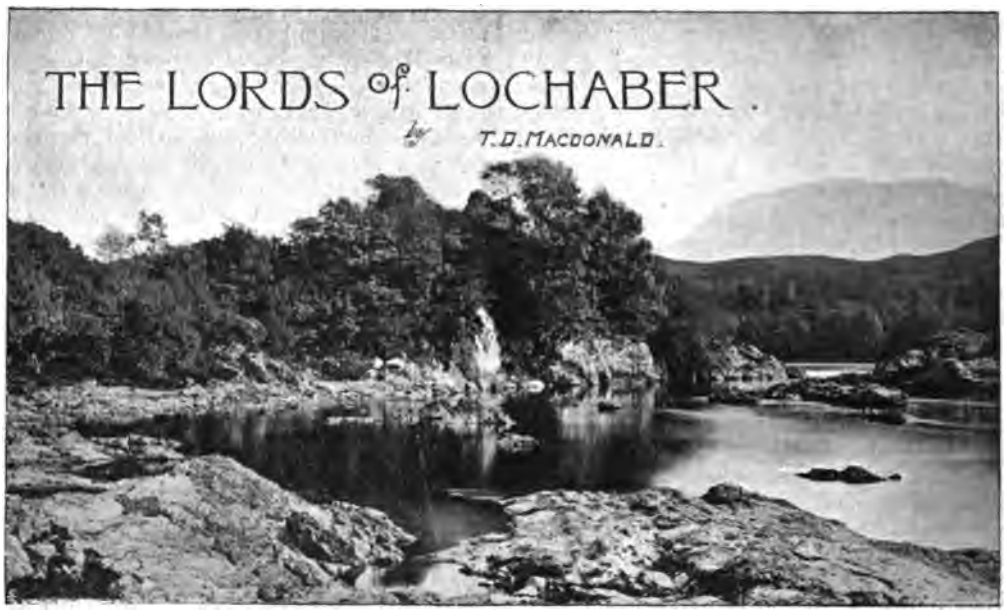
Ney pushed on past Hougomont, mounted the crest of the British position, and fought his way into the centre of the British lines. Napoleon was jubilant, and said he would "sleep that night in Brussels." Eventually Ney was driven back with great loss. Not in the least discouraged, he reformed his troops under cover of the fire from the French batteries, and returned to the charge, repeated his fierce and furious assaults, to be again hurled back. Still a gleam of hope remained to Napoleon, as Donzelot's troops moving diagonally from La Haye Sainte, carried for a time everything before them, and nearly penetrated through Wellington's lines. The Dutch-Belgians gave way, and the situation was for a brief space very critical. Many of the British officers were killed and disabled. Sir Alexander Gordon, one of Wellington's aides-de-camp, was here killed while rallying a regiment of Brunswickers, another aide, Colonel Canning, was wounded, as was also the Prince of Orange. Wellington was at hand; he came immediately to the point of danger, and with the help of some other officers rallied the Brunswickers, the Hanoverians, and the German legion, and led them at the double to the charge, while Lambert's brigade of Cole's division attacking the enemy's flank, Donzelot's troops were driven back, and hurled down the slope. The British position was still safe.

This scene of the drama lasted upwards of two hours. It was terrific. The British lines had now been exposed for six hours to an incessant and concentrated fire from 200 pieces of 12 pounder guns, whole battalions had dwindled to mere handfuls of men, the cavalry brigades, except Vivian's and Vandeleur's, were reduced to less than the ordinary strength of regiments. The heavy brigades of Somerset and Ponsonby could scarcely muster two squadrons. The reverse slope of the British ridge was covered with those who had been destroyed by the shot and shell of the enemy, the plateau where stood the squares, was heaped with the slain of both armies, the crest of the position was strewn with piles of men and horses killed by the British artillery and musketry fire, while the exterior slope and valley intervening between the two positions were studded with heaps of men, horses, and gun carriages.

It was now seven o'clock, and the curtain fell on the fourth act of the battle proper, as against Wellington alone. It was the most critical scene of the day. During its enactment the struggle was unparalleled for the fierceness of attacks and the resolute and intrepid resistance made. Several British Generals and the Prince of Orange repeatedly threw themselves into the steady squares. Wellington himself was here, there, and everywhere, exposed to danger. Wherever fighting was most severe, there he was, encouraging his officers and men to stand their ground to the last man. When he saw the 95th to be very hard pressed, it was, "Stand fast, 95th! we must not be beaten, what would they say of us at home!" and the cheery reply invariably was, "Ay! ay! Sir, never fear, we'll do it!" and the brave fellows did do it. Wellington had by this time lost all his aides-de-camp, and for the rest of the battle he was obliged to convey his orders to his Generals as best he might. He was himself, as has been said, everywhere.

(To be continued).

MONUMENTS ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.



TOR CASTLE—AN ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MACDONELLS OF KEPPOCH.

PART V.—ANGUS, SECOND CHIEF—STORMING OF BRODICK CASTLE—MACDONALD'S COUNCIL AT ARDTORNISH—STORMING OF INVERNESS CASTLE—EARL AND COUNTESS OF ATHOLL TAKEN PRISONERS—DONALD, ANGUS' SON, THIRD CHIEF—CAMPAIGNS IN BADENOCH AND CROMARTY—MAKES HIS PEACE WITH JAMES IV.—&C.

(*Continued from page* 185).

IN view of the uncertainty as to whether it was this chief or his predecessor who led the clan at the Battle of Inverlochy, in 1431, notwithstanding the family tradition that it was, and the strong probability that the tradition is right, as explained in the previous chapter, we will here assume that his career was started immediately afterwards. It may, however, be safely granted that even if he did not lead the clan at Inverlochy, he must have taken an active part in that decisive engagement. There were, at any rate, no lack of stirring events during his chieftainship.

When the Lord of the Isles espoused the cause of the fugitive Earl of Douglas, in 1454,* and despatched his kinsman, Donald Balloch, of Isla, with a force of 5,000 fighting men, and a powerful fleet of 500 galleys, to lay waste the south-western coast of Scotland, Keppoch and his followers formed part of the expedition. He particularly distinguished himself at the storming of the Castle of Brodick, which was razed to the ground, and at the attack on Rothesay on this occasion.† He was also one of the council of MacDonald leaders who met in Ardtornish Castle on the 19th October, 1461, to consider the negotiations which were then proceeding between the Island Lord and Edward IV. of England. It was agreed at this meeting to send ambassadors to England to treat with King Edward, with the result that a treaty was concluded which assumed as its basis "nothing less than the entire conquest of Scotland."‡ This singular treaty is dated "London, 18th February, 1462."§ When, in pursuance of the terms of the treaty, John, Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, raised the standard of revolt in the north, he, as was the custom in all the mainland expeditions of the island lords, made Lochaber (the home of the Keppoch clan) his head-quarters. From here, Angus of Keppoch, with all his followers, accompanied the Lord of the Isles on his venturesome campaign. They marched upon Inverness, stormed the castle, and took possession of the town. The castle of Urquhart and the castle of Ruthven in Badenoch, also fell a prey to MacDonald's host. Here again was seen the chief weakness of the Lords of the Isles. They knew not when to stop, not even when to rest. Elated by his victories, Mac-

* Keltie's History.
† Auchenleck Chronicle, and Act of Parliament, Vol. II. p. 190.
‡ Keltie's History. § Rutuli Scotiæ, Vol. II., p. 407.

Donald proclaimed himself King of the Hebrides; wasted the country from Inverness to Atholl; stormed the castle of Blair; dragged the Earl and Countess of Atholl from the Chapel of St. Bridget, where they had taken refuge, and carried them off to Isla as prisoners; denounced the authority of the King, and commanded that all the taxes should be paid to him.**

At the Battle of the Bloody Bay, in 1480, Angus of Keppoch is not mentioned as having taken part, but the family tradition says he was there.†† Notwithstanding, however, the turbulent time in which he lived, Angus is accredited with "having a mind for improvements" on his estate.*. The author of the "Comhachag" says that he was not inferior to his father, Alasdair Carrach; that his seat was at Fersit; and that he erected a mill on an adjoining stream—Alt-Laire. He says:—

"Chuinnic mi Aonghais 'na dheighidh,
'S cha be sin 'roghainn 'bu taire;
'S ann 's an Fheairt a bha 'thuinidh,
'S rinn e muilionn air Alt-Laire."

He was married to a daughter of the Chief of the MacPhees, of Glen Pean, a clan of some

SPEAN BRIDGE, BRAES OF LOCHABER.

importance at that time. He had issue:—

1st—Donald, who succeeded him. 2nd—Alexander, who afterwards succeeded as fifth chief. 3rd—Marriot, who married Allan Cameron MacDhomhnuill Duibh, of Lochiel, who figured at Inverlochy. Her son Ewen MacAllan Mhic Dhomhnuill Duibh, was Captain of Clan Cameron in 1495.

Donald, third Chief of Keppoch, succeeded his father in 1491. He accompanied Alexander of Lochalsh when he laid waste the district of Badenoch, stormed the Royal Castle of Inverness, and plundered the lands of Alexander Urquhart, Sheriff of Cromarty. According to the "Kilravock papers," the spoil on this occasion amounted to "600 cows and oxen, each worth 13s. 4d.; 80 horses, each worth

** Keltie's History.

†† I am indebted for this bit of tradition, as I am for a considerable quantity of interesting information, chiefly with regard to the genealogies of the family, and the writings of the family bards, to Miss J. M. MacDonell, a daughter of the last Keppoch who resided in the home of his fathers, and a great-great-grand-daughter of Alexander of Culloden.—T. D. M. [We are ourselves indebted to this talented lady for many of the excellent illustrations which appear in our pages.—Ed.]

*. Mackenzie.

26s. 8d.; 1,000 sheep, each worth 2s.; 200 swine, each worth 3s.; with plenishing to the value of £300; also 500 bolls of vitual and £300 of the mails of the sheriff's lands." Fortunately perhaps for himself, and certainly fortunately for the safety of the booty, Keppoch was, at this stage of the campaign, sent back to Lochaber with the spoils of war. He thus escaped sharing in the disastrous defeat which Alexander of Lochalsh met with at Blar-na-Pairc; although, on the other hand, this defeat has been attributed to the impolitic action of Alexander in breaking up his forces into so many divisions, with the hope of thereby extending his plundering operations simultaneously in different directions.

This campaign of Alexander resulted in the final forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles in 1493, and thus was broken the one legal tie by which Keppoch held his lands, and his title to the Lordship of Lochaber. Hence-forward he was to hold them by the right of the sword alone.

In 1495 Donald of Keppoch was one of the

FERSIT AND LOCH TREIG, BRAES OF LOCHABER.

chiefs who made his peace with James IV. at Mingarry Castle, Ardnamurchan ‡‡ The chiefs who formerly submitted on this occasion were, according to Gregory, "John Huchonson. or Hughson, of Sleat; Donald Angusson, of Keppoch; Allan MacRuairi, of Moydart, Chief of the Clan Ranald; Hector MacLean, of Duart; Ewen Allanson, of Lochiel, Captain of the Clan Cameron; and Gilleonan MacNeill, of Barra."

In the following year, 1496, "MacLean of Duart; MacIan of Ardnamurchan; Allan MacRory of Moydart; Ewen Allanson of Lochiel; and Donald Mac Angusson of Keppoch became pledges and security by ye extension of yair hands to Archibald, Earl of Argyle, in name and on behalf of the King's Highness, that each of them should be harmless and scaithless of others, without fraud or guile under pain of a penalty of 300 pounds for each of the said persons."§§

‡‡ Reg. of Great Seal, 1485, XIII., p. 150, 179, 188, 203, 300.

§§ Acts of the Lords of Council, VII., fo. 39.

(To be continued).

D. J. K. MACDONALD.

THE CELTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE FOR HIGHLANDERS.

Edited by JOHN MACKAY, Kingston.

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D. J. K. MACDONALD, OF SANDA.

THE island of Sanda, the name of which probably means "sound island," derived from the Norse, lies to the south-east of the promontary of Kintyre. It is known locally by the name of Eilean Abhainn, which probably means "river island" or Eilean Amhainn, from the resemblance of the sound which separates the island from the mainland of Kintyre, to a river.

In olden times, islands were favourite places of habitation with religious communities, on account of the twofold advantage of seclusion and security. On Sanda stood a small chapel sacred to St. Ninian. Friar Edmund M'Cana, in a MS. of date cir. 1600, refers to the monuments which existed here marking the place of sepulture of the fourteen sons of a holy man Sencharius, and tells how on one occasion the invasion of its sanctity was punished.

The family of Sanda traces its origin to John, 1st Lord of the Isles. One of his sons, Iain Mor, was succeeded by Donald Balloch and Iain Cathanach. From Alexander, the oldest son of Iain Cathanach, by his sons James, Sorley, and Coll, sprang respectively the Macdonalds of Dunyveg or Islay, the Earls of Antrim, and the Macdonalds of Colonsay, the most distinguished member of which was Sir Alexander Macdonald, the Lieutenant of Montrose. Angus Ileach, a younger son of the above mentioned Iain Cathanach, was the founder of the family of Sanda. In 1619 Archibald Og MacConnell, styled also Angus Elochsoun of Macrereache, was served heir to his grandfather the said Angus Ileach. Archibald Og was still the head of the family in 1640. He has been described as "a gallant and experienced officer, who had served under Montrose." The last stand for the cause with which the name of this famous general is associated may be said to have been made at Dunaverty in Kintyre. A crisis was then reached in the history of the house of Sanda which all but brought about its extinction. In 1647, a garrison of three hundred men was placed by Sir Alexander Macdonald in the Castle of Dunaverty under the command of Archibald Macdonald of Sanda and his son Alexander or Alastair Og. A force under General Leslie and the Marquis of Argyle thereupon marched upon it. The castle held out gallantly for some time, but at length the pipes by which it was supplied with water were discovered and cut, and its defenders obliged to surrender. What has been described as "a disgraceful, bloody, and indiscriminate massacre" then ensued. The garrison was put to the sword, literally to a man. One incident, standing almost alone, redeems the tragedy of Dunaverty from being one of relentless savagery. Immediately before the fatal moment came, a woman snatched up a little child, wrapped him in an Argyle tartan plaid and fled stealthily from the doomed castle with the infant clasped to her heart. It was Flora MacCambridge, and her young charge was the child of Alastair Og of Sanda. The perilous flight of the devoted nurse was stopped by an officer of the Clan Campbell (Dougal Campbell of Craignish), who, however, contented himself by saying "this is the plaid of a Campbell, but the boy has the eye of a Macdonald." A cave on the desolate, precipitous shore of the Mull sheltered the nurse and the sole survivor of the Macdonalds until the enemy had departed. Thus the stout line of a powerful family had been for ever severed but for a single frail strand—the life of an infant in extremity of peril.

Ronald Macdonald, the hero of this romantic story, married dame Anne Stewart, sister of the first Marquis of Bute. Douglas John Kinnear Macdonald, the subject of this sketch, is the seventh in lineal descent from him.

Mr. Macdonald was born in 1839, and was educated at Marlborough College, and Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1860. He succeeded his father, the Rev. Douglas Macdonald, Vicar of West Alvington, County Devon, in 1865, and married in 1866 Jane Martha MacNeill, daughter of the late John Alexander Mackay of Blackcastle, Midlothian, and of Penelope M'Millan MacNeill of Carskey, Argyllshire. There survive three children, Douglas Kinnear Macdonald, born 1867; John Ronald, born 1869; and Elsie Hay, born 1872. Mr. Macdonald, a worthy descendant of a distinguished family, is Registrar of the Diocese of Salisbury and Chapter Clerk, and was Captain Commandant of the Argyll and Bute Artillery at Campbeltown from 1877 to 1882.

Killean, Kintyre. (Rev.) Donald J. Macdonald

THE SHIP ROCK AND LIGHTHOUSE, ISLAND OF SANDA.

THE RUSH ON COOMASSIE.

(Am Freiceadan Dubh.)

Where Ordashu beheld the fray,
Check for a space the British sway.—
At last the order long delayed,
Came for the Forty Second's aid.
And they had passed the deadly fire,
Dared hidden foes and peril dire;
Had made the jungle echoes ring,
And back the pealing war-notes fling;
Inspiring as the salt sea spray
Felt on a hot and toilsome day.
Where smoke betrayed the foes retreat,
Poured in a volley's blinding sheet,
The "Freiceadan dubh" of the hackle red,
By Clan Chattan's gallant chieftain led,*
Sore wounded, limp, thro' jungle thick,
His only aid a birchwood stick.
And in their ranks the Camerons stood,
In equal glory shed their blood.
Thro' Egginassie, Amoaful,
Had fought their way with courage cool.
Forward! tho' wounded and in pain,
Forward! tho' blood poured down like rain,
The glorious roll of heroes swell,
Where men at every footstep fell.

Ever in front when battles' lour,
Ever in danger's darkest hour,
Where the strongest hand has failed
And the bravest spirit quailed,
The Highland lads their powers reveal,
In daring charge and shock of steel.
There brave MacLeod surveyed his men,
Sadly reduced in numbers then,
Three hundred and forty on that day
Stood up in proud and calm array:
The eagle eye, undaunted brow,
Shewed them as ever, ready now.
As steel to flint strikes sparks of fire,
Trust in each other both inspire;
Fit leader of the "Freiceadan dubh,"
Those stately ranks both tried and true;
Drawn up in ranks of double file
Waiting their leaders word the while.
Concise and brief the orders made,
Scarce raised as if on home parade.
No added words or waste of breath
For men who follow till the death.
"Companies firing in volleys, advance!
Forward my lads! now is your chance."

Out from the village street they went,
Gaily, as men on pleasure bent,
"Company A, fire to the right!
Rear rank to the left!" the colonel said.
Into the depth of the forest shade,
Into the gloom of the chasm made,
Into the ambush of deadly night,
In, 'midst a dashing glare of light,
Quick in response a volley burst,
With deadly aim the foemen curst.
High o'er the din the pipers blew,
The hardy Scots marched two by two,
No halt, no pause, the swinging pace
Lost not one atom's form of grace.

The keen eyes sparkle, a lusty cheer
Struck ambuscades with deadly fear.
What men were those, whose volleys flew
From right to left, then lost to view?
Nor gave one backward glance, disdain
Forbidding thought of passing pain.
Tho' death and darkness round them clung,
Shoulder to shoulder on they swung.

In front where dusky forms appear,
Down went the steel like levelled spear,
Behind the Ashantees were left,
As forest trees by lightening cleft.
The ripping sound of sniders rung,
Deeped bayed the artillery gun gave tongue.
But, 'twas the Highland spirit gave
The lead, audacious, calm, and brave.

"Lads, we enter Coomassie to-night!"
The colonel said, for he read aright
The conquering eye and the answering smile
Of his trusted lads thro' the dark defile.
Discordant sounds soon rent the air,
The horns blew loud in last despair,
Useless resistance, coward plight
Foretold the victory won that night.
One bravely reckless, eager Celt,†
Went bounding forward, all unfelt
A target for a hundred guns,
Keen on the scent as hound he runs,
The first the city walls to sight,
With shout of unrestrained delight.

The shades of night lay moist and dull,
Flushed with success the soldiers thrill,

THE 42ND ROYAL HIGHLANDERS (BLACK WATCH).

Villages ta'en, triumphant passed,
Till there Coomassie lay at last!
Yet silent as the sleeping dead
They found the beaten foe had fled.
A few stood by in dumb dismay
Before the serried ranks array;
Drawn up in line, with thundering round
Of cheers that made the air resound.
Brave remnant of that glorious few
Whose dead like leaves the forest shew.
Hard had they fought, hard had they bled,
Nor grudged their brave and glorious dead.
Harvest of gold, harvest of death,
Rushing out with the last best breath!
Bearing the heat of the battle's brunt,
Ever in danger, ever in front.
Fit heroes they, of the snow-wreathed clime,
Whose deeds had made the hour sublime!
"Freiceadan dubh" forward's the word,
When ranks give way with hope deferred:
Weak, wavering, turn in wild dismay
Where shot and shell destructive play.
Forward! the lads of the plumed array,
There Britain's hope, there Britain's stay.
Up and at them, there's work to be done,
Up and at them, the victory won!
As in days of old with broadsword and targe,
Hurrah! the wild shock of a Highland charge!
"Freiceadan dubh," an gualainn a cheile.‡

* Major D. Macpherson of Cluny. † Thomas Adams.
‡ "Black Watch," shoulder to shoulder!

ALICE C. MACDONELL,
Of Keppoch.

London.

PART XIII.—(*Continued from page* 217).

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.—QUATRE BRAS, WATERLOO.

WHILE the terrible scene of the fourth act of the Waterloo drama was being enacted, however confident Wellington may have been in the endurance and bravery of his gallant troops, he must have anxiously looked for the speedy arrival of the Prussians on his left to relieve him of the tremendous pressure brought to bear upon him by the fierce and repeated attacks of Napoleon, all of which he had hitherto successfully repelled. But there is a limit to physical endurance. He had heard for some hours guns firing at a distance, as if signalling the approach of Bulow's division of Blucher's army, but their progress was slow. They were seen on the heights of St. Lambert by Bonaparte at 2-30 p.m., but the detachments sent by him to oppose them arrested their progress to some extent, yet these were gradually pushed back, as brigade after brigade of Bulow's division emerged from the defiles, crossed the quagmires of the valley of the Lasne, and came into line on the higher ground. The French fiercely fighting, and falling back, were time after time reinforced by Napoleon with fresh troops of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, from his right and from his reserves. Still the Prussians advanced, and the French retired fighting at every step, till at 4-30 p.m. Bulow was enabled to forward by his right a brigade of infantry with some guns to take possession of the Bois de Paris on the extreme right flank of the French, and annoy it by artillery fire, while with his centre and left brigades he pushed the enemy before him towards Planchenoit. The fighting was close and severe.

At length Blucher, towards 6 p.m., worked his way through the passes and defiles beyond St. Lambert, and crossed the Lasne with the van of his main army, and as soon as each brigade arrived on hard ground he sent it forward in support of Bulow. The roads from Wavre were very bad. The rain that fell so heavily during the whole of the night of the 17th June. had soddened the country to such a degree that gun carriages, and ammunition and commissariat waggons stuck in the soft soil and sunk to the axles. Blucher urged everything forward. The grand old marshal animated his Prussians to give every necessary aid to get guns and waggons onwards, weary and fatigued as they must have been after fighting at Ligny on the 16th for seven long hours, retreating to Wavre all night and next day, and after a few hours' repose, under arms again, and off to Waterloo to aid Wellington in giving the "coup-de-grace" to their arch-enemy Napoleon, the despoiler of their country.

When his men spoke of fatigue, and grumbled at the assistance they were called upon to render in getting the artillery forward, the old marshal, paternally cheered them, "come now, my children, give a hand, we must get these guns and waggons forward! You would not have me break my word to Wellington. We are going forward to join him to crush Bonaparte before the sun sets, and win a glorious victory!" The brave fellows would cheer, and with redoubled energy and vigour put their shoulders to the wheels whenever they stuck, and onwards they joyously went, till they issued from the defiles and passes,

crossed the valley of the Lasne on to high ground, from which they could see and hear the Battle of Waterloo before them three miles to the westward.

Blucher left General Thielman with a division at Wavre to keep Grouchy in check, and prevent him from marching to Napoleon's assistance at Waterloo. On arriving at St. Lambert Blucher received a despatch from his lieutenant from Wavre stating that he had been attacked by Grouchy with superior forces and obliged to retreat. Nothing daunted by this bad news, Old Marshal "Vorwarts," after reading the despatch and giving a reply to its bearer for Thielman, said to the officers round him "Let us be off to Waterloo, it is there the campaign will be ended, and not at Wavre· Thielman will take care of himself; he knows what to do." He now directed Zeithen's division to march in two brigades by the road to Ohain, push forward to Ter-la-Haye, and fall into line there with Wellington's left, while he himself with the other divisions marched forward by the road to Planchenoit, to fall upon Bonaparte's right and right rear. At 7-30 he was up with Bulow, struggling for the possession of Planchenoit. Previous to Blucher's arrival Bulow attacked this strongly held position of the French, and after very severe fighting drove them out. After receiving some reinforcements the French succeeded in expelling the Prussians. Nowise

WELLINGTON RE-VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

daunted, the Prussians attacked it again with success. Upon this Napoleon sent up two regiments of the Guard, who retook the place and for a time held it till Blucher came up.

It was now 7 p.m., and the curtain was rising on the fifth and final act of the great Waterloo drama. Napoleon judged from the serious impression the Prussians were making on the right, that it was time to deliver his usual grand stroke which had so often been successful on many previous occasions, and that now was the time, before Blucher should arrive with more Prussians. The long summer day began to wane. He determined to throw the Imperial Guard, which had not fired a shot during the day, and still remained intact, upon the British right, while another attack in combination was made upon the centre.

Wellington's keen glance apprehended what Napoleon intended. He saw the impending storm and endeavoured to meet it. He was aware of Zeithen's approach with his division on his left. He immediately sent for Vivian's and Vandeleur's cavalry from that quarter to strengthen his centre, and to take post in front of the shattered brigades of his heavy cavalry, and brought up five battalions of Brunswickers to strengthen the part of the position weakened by the loss of La Haye Sainte, while at the same time he sent orders to Lord Hill to close up on the right.

Suddenly the enemy from round La Haye

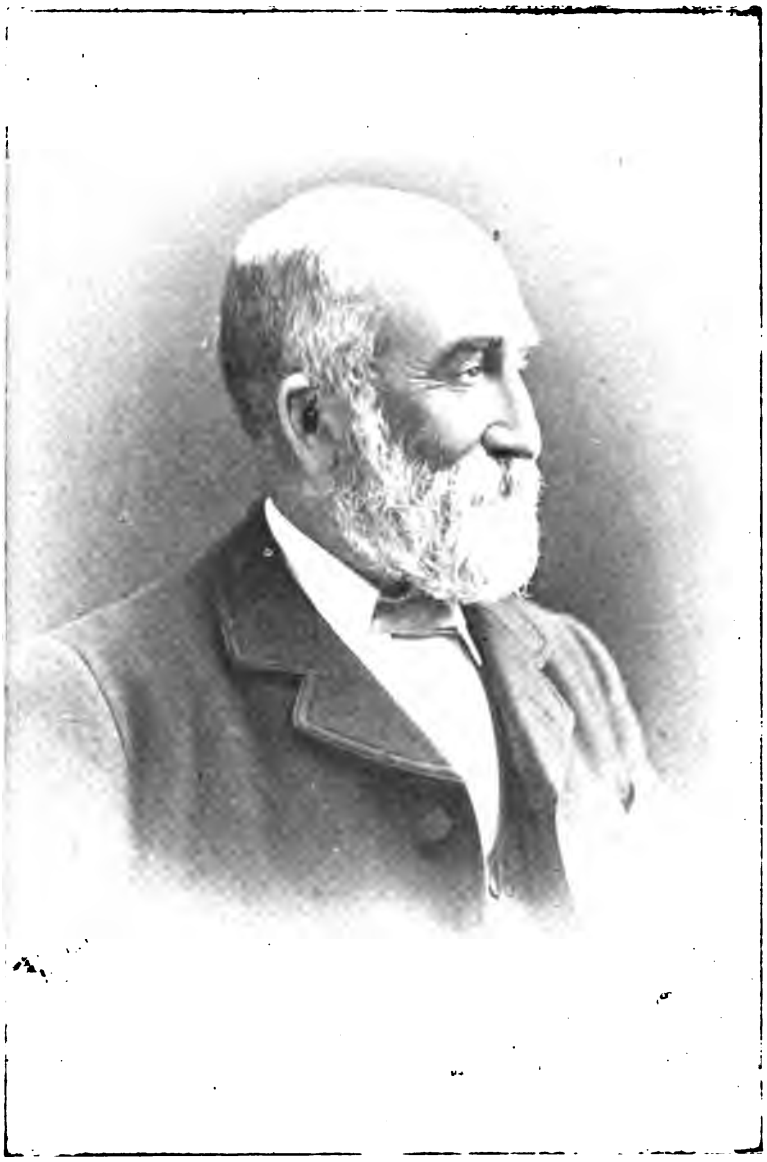
Sainte advanced in Eschelon, Dongelot's division leading the assault, and a division of the middle Guard following in succession, under a heavy fire of artillery, up to the British centre position. The French troops ascended the slope preceded by a cloud of skirmishers. They were met by the German Legion, some Hanoverian troops, and Nassau men in column, and the 95th, 4th, and other British regiments in line, and the remains of the 3rd, 4th, and 5th divisions, now decimated into skeletons. These divisions had lost their superior officers earlier in the day—Alten, Halkett, Kempt, and Picton. The Nassaumen soon evinced some hesitation as the dense column of the enemy advanced, and began to fall back till they were checked by the Scots Greys. The Brunswickers also retired till stopped by the 10th Hussars. Encouraged by the close line of horsemen in the rear, they again stood their ground and began to fire. The British guns placed here were so disabled that they were unable to keep up anything like an effective fire. In consequence the French columns packed in, their flanks covered with innumerable skirmishers, and opened so heavy a fire on the 27th Inniskillens that, in a few minutes, half its numbers fell, while their guns opened with grape with such effect upon the Hanoverians at a distance of one hundred yards, that

ADVANCE OF THE FRENCH IMPERIAL GUARD AT WATERLOO.

the whole brigade was nearly annihilated. The Prince of Orange seeing the danger advanced with two Nassau battalions. He was wounded in the shoulder, and the Nassaumen overwhelmed by the severity of the fire, recoiled in disorder.

The situation here thus became very critical, but Wellington was not far away. He saw the danger and immediately moved up five Brunswick battalions from his right rear; they too were assailed by so fierce a fire from the head of the French columns that they fell back. Wellington, seeing this, hastened to the spot, and by the electrifying influence of his presence succeeded in rallying the Germans, Nassuers, and Brunswickers. They advanced in a compact body, and opened so heavy a fire upon the French that their advance was checked. By the united efforts of these battalions, and the flanking fire of Lambert's brigade, combined with that of the remnants of the "fighting fifth division," amongst whom were the Royal Scots and the Highland regiments, this front and flank attack succeeded. The French after a fierce struggle were forced back upon La Haye Sainte, and the British line advanced to the ground previously occupied on the crest of the ridge.

(To be continued).



HUGH MACPHERSON.

EX-PROVOST MACPHERSON, GRANGEMOUTH.

ONE of the most kindly and genial of men is the Ex-Provost of Grangemouth, Hugh Macpherson, Justice of the Peace and County Councillor for Stirlingshire. Of him it may truly be said that he is a man whom the public have delighted to honour, of which we have ample testimony in his election to so many public offices.

The subject of our notice was born at Polmont, but as his name indicates his ancestors hailed from "the grand old country of the Clan Chattan," having settled as farmers in Stirlingshire after the '45.

He is as proud of his name, of his clan, and of the romantic country of his forefathers as any clansmen born beneath the shadow of Craigdhu, or by the smooth flowing waters of the Spey. It is almost unnecessary to add that he was present with his son and two daughters at the memorable, and now historic, Clan Gathering at Cluny Castle, the seat of the Chief of Clan Chattan, in the old country of the Macphersons, on the 23rd May last.

Mr. Macpherson commenced his commercial career with a Falkirk firm of timber merchants, with whom he remained for fourteen years, down to 1866, when he, along with Mr. M'Laren, started at Grangemouth a similar business which has gradually developed to such an extent that it is now one of the most important and flourishing of its kind in Scotland. For the past quarter of a century it may without exaggeration be said, that the prosperity of the thriving port of Grangemouth has been largely due to the energy of the Ex-Provost, that indeed the history of the one is in reality that of the other. Returned in 1875 to the Town Council, his colleagues testified their high appreciation of his capacity and public spirit by electing him Provost for no less than five terms of three years each, in succession. He was also for fifteen years a member of the School Board, during six of which he acted as chairman. His tact, experience, intimate and discriminating knowledge of local affairs fitted him in a high degree for these offices, which he filled with credit and distinction, and his unwearying labours left their mark on every department of public life. Under the Provost's regime the extent and character of the improvements inaugurated for the benefits of the inhabitants of Grangemouth cannot be over-estimated. In a sketch like this only a few of these can be instanced—such as the erection of the Municipal Buildings, Christian Institute, Hospital (Public Park), Free Public Library and Reading Room (Mrs. Andrew Carnegie handsomely contributing half the cost of the latter building), etc., all the results of his able advocacy. Mr. Macpherson has been a life long zealous temperance reformer, and is a Vice-President of the Scottish Temperance League and also of the Scottish Permissive Bill Association. The worthy Provost, while an ardent Free Churchman, is no sectarian, and every movement for the moral and spiritual welfare of all classes of the community has in him an active supporter. He grudges neither time, effort, nor means in the promotion of such laudable objects. When an elder in the Grangemouth Free Church, he generously presented a valuable site for the new church. On taking up his residence in Falkirk in 1891 he resigned his public offices, and the community expressed their appreciation of his many public services by presenting him with a life-size portrait of himself, Mrs. Macpherson at the same time receiving a richly wrought silver service, both bearing suitable inscriptions. This notice would be incomplete without reference to his amiable lady, who nobly co-operates with him in all beneficent work. Her quiet and unassuming but earnest zeal on behalf of her less fortunate neighbours is well known, but it is only when enjoying the hospitalities of their delightful residence at Arnothill that her genuine goodness and kindness of heart can be adequately realised.

It will no doubt be interesting to your many readers, as well as to his own clan, to know that to the subject of our sketch, and to another worthy clansman now so well known under the *nom-de-plume* of "Craigdhu," belongs the credit of initiating the magnificent demonstration in honour of the Chief at Cluny Castle, on the 23rd May, to which reference has been already made.

D. M.

"JOHANNIS, LTD."—There are two kinds of aerated waters—artificial and natural—and as manufacturers of an absolutely pure water, charged with Carbonic Acid Gas from their own springs, "Johannis, Ltd." have long enjoyed a reputation which is world-wide. This water is pleasant and soothing to the palate, and will even retain its freshness for several days after being uncorked. It is used by the Queen and the Royal Family, and at the House of Commons, on steamers and in the leading hotels. When mixed with wines and spirits, or fruit syrups, it makes a most delicious beverage. To those of our readers who have not yet tried it, we would say "do so at once."

THE TRUE ORIGIN OF LORD CLYDE.

LORD CLYDE.

A VERY interesting correspondence has occurred of late concerning the real descent of Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, which, at the request of members of the Clan Gregor, we are happy to reproduce for the information of our readers to whom any facts about this typical Highland hero must be of more than ordinary interest. We may state that the letter in the *Bombay Gazette*, signed Clan-Alpine, is from the pen of Surgeon-Major MacGregor of London, late of India, a gallant clansman, who was the means of bringing the facts to light both at home and in India.—EDITOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "BOMBAY GAZETTE."

SIR,—On reading in your *Overland Summary* this morning your review of Mr. Archibald Forbes's "Life of Lord Clyde," it occurred to me that it would be interesting to many of your readers to know what only the other day came accidently to my own knowledge with regard to the real blood that thrilled through the veins of that brave Highland soldier.

The facts of the case are briefly these:—While visiting the Highlands last winter, I put up at a certain hotel, and happened one fine frosty day to be looking at a lithograph on the walls of a certain room. This lithograph was none else than a representation of the meeting of Outram, Havelock, and the so-called Sir Colin Campbell after the Relief of Lucknow. While I was still looking at the picture the proprietor of the hotel came into the room and said, "Do you know Sir, that Sir Colin Campbell was really a MacGregor?" "No, I don't," I replied, "I know that his name was not Campbell, but I never heard that his name was MacGregor; and I always thought that his real name was MacLiver."

The hotel-keeper then told me on the authority of one of the best informed and most reliable genealogists in the whole of Bonnie Scotland, whom he had heard tell the story to others, while gazing at that very same picture in front of us. This authority is Mr. John Murdoch, a retired revenue officer, who spent many years in the island of Islay, from which Lord Clyde really sprang, and well-known for his unrivalled knowledge of the past history of the Highland clans. Mr. Murdoch was then living in Glasgow, and as I happened to be there shortly afterwards, I took the opportunity of calling on him from mere curiosity. He told me that what I heard was quite true, that he had already written an article on the subject, which he intended to publish shortly. It would appear from the context of that article, that Mr. Murdoch wrote it after reading the *Life of Lord Clyde* already mentioned, and here is the article to speak for itself.

It is only fair for me to say that I have seen Mr. Murdoch only twice in all my life, that to the best of my knowledge he is quite disinterested in MacLiver, Colquhoun, Campbell, or MacGregor, and that the only inducement which could possibly prompt him to make the following statement, is his sheer love of truth, in adding one romance more to a clan that was already second to none, in romantic history.

Indeed I was personally not a little amused by the strange coincidence, that I received the enclosed article from some anonymous friend so late last night that it was the last thing I read before closing my eyes in sleep, and that the first article that met my eyes this morning was your excellent review of Mr. Archibald Forbes's *Life of Lord Clyde*. So then, you see, Sir, that the so-called Sir Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde, was in reality neither a Campbell, nor yet a MacLiver, for the far more ancient Clan of MacGregor claims him for her own.

London, May 3. CLAN-ALPINE.

LORD CLYDE TO CLAN GREGOR.

(BY JOHN MURDOCH.)

In a Valuation Roll for Argyllshire for 1751 we have the Island of Islay as held by eleven Campbells and one Murray. Of these, four were proprietors and the rest "wadsetters." And now, *à propos* of the famous War Correspondent's "Life of Lord Clyde," let us assign his proper place to the hero among the worthies of a hundred and forty years ago. Indeed, it would be interesting to trace all the twelve backward and forward—what may be done some time hence—but at present we confine our attention to those connected directly with our subject. And it is not unworthy of remark that we trace him closely up to four of the wadsetters and one of the proprietors.

Colin Campbell, Ardnahow, was brother to Donald of Kileanalain, to Hugh of Small, and to Alexander of Tirrangain, and he was married to a

daughter of Campbell, proprietor of Sunderland. The good historian and bard, Mr. George Campbell, Kinabus, long since dead, remembered, as he told the writer in 1851, the two sons of Colin of Ardnahow, John and Colin, and their sister Annie. Colin went to the American War with his relative of Balinaby, and was killed there. John, from one stage to another, rose to be governor of Portsmouth. The fair Annie of Ardnahow was an object of kindly admiration, but *minus* the pride and ambition characteristic of her race; and after some passages with a harper who had been employed to teach her music, she became the wedded wife of John MacLiver, a joiner from Tigh-a-mhuilinn, on the west side of Loch Guineart, in the district of Kilnave. She afterwards relieved her proud friends of her presence by removing with her humble husband to Glasgow, where, on the 28th October, 1792, Colin, their son, was born. There was a daughter also, who took care of her father during part of his very old age.

There are two versions of how Colin MacLiver came to be known to the world by his mother's name. One is that "Colin Campbell" was inserted in his commission at the War Office, on the assumption that being a nephew of John Campbell he was of the same name; and that the appointment was deemed too valuable by the family to be jeopardized by any alteration in the passport to success in the world. The other version was that young Colin went to his uncle to see what he would do for him, and on being asked his name he said: "Colin Campbell MacLiver." On this the Governor said: "If you drop that third name I will make a man of you; if you do not, you can undertake the making of yourself:" and the lad chose to allow his uncle to do what he could towards making a man of him. The after-historian of young MacLiver shows that whatever his uncle may have done, he himself had the hardest part of his own career to cut out; and that if he had not had a good deal more of the making power within him, he could not have surmounted the obstacles which nepotism and jealousy in high quarters threw in the way of his advancement. As Mr. Forbes relates, he proved himself brave and zealous in the discharge of his duties, and he was one in heart and soul with those whom he led to honour and victory; and he and his "Highland Bonnets" are warmly seated in the memory of the nation. He enjoyed the personal favour of his Sovereign, and the second city of the Kingdom has assigned him a place among the great and able men whose genius and enterprise have made "Glasgow flourish."

Colin was a good son and a good brother, as well as a patriot and a brave soldier; and as soon as he was able to make his father comfortable, John MacLiver was placed in the family of Kileanalain, in the old place, and kept with them afterwards when they removed to Bunessan, in the Ross of Mull, where latterly he had the additional care of his daughter, Miss MacLiver, since dead. Nor did the successful General and Peer forget his poorer relations, the MacLivers and their descendants; and numbers of them had valuable legacies left them when he died. When his sister died, further legacies reached the Islay friends, and some went to others who had meantime emigrated to Canada.

The MacLivers are not very numerous in Islay, and they are hardly at all elsewhere. There is a family in Bristol, but they are known to be of the *Tigh-a-mhuilinn* stock; and the candidate for the representation of Glasgow in Parliament some years ago was closely related to Lord Clyde. The name, as stated by the late Neil MacTaggart, a neighbour of the sept, near *Ceann-Traigh-Ghruineart*, is traced to the time when the royal Clan Gregor was under proscription, and its members fugitives on the face of the earth, and MacLiver is one of the many names under which they took shelter from their enemies Two of the clan were wandering in Islay, and on Saturday night they found shelter in the house of Neil's great-grandfather at Leurabus. One of the wayfarers carried a musical instrument which was called *cruit* in Gaelic—a sort of rudimentary harp; and the other carried stones for sharpening and polishing edged tools.

When taking their departure on the Monday after enjoying the hospitality of the good farmer, the travellers thought it right to trust their secret to their host, and let him know what to call them. The man with the sharpening stones said *is liomhair mise*, which has been Anglicized into "Leever." The name stuck to his descendants in the island, and what is also remarkable, they struck root on the shores of Loch Gruineart. He of the harp said *is cruiteir mise*, and his son came to be called *Mac a' Chruiteir*. A confirmation of this account—which came from a very good historian—is furnished by the fact that in Islay there were two distinct lines of MacGregors, one known as *Clann Ghriogair* in Gaelic, and the other as *Clann a' Chruiteir*, while both were the same in English. It is possible that this distinction has ceased to be observed among so many strangers, and after so wide a dispersion of the native people.

My recollection of the MacLivers is that they were, as a rule, quick witted, bright minded, and more ingenious, perhaps, than many of their neighbours. If things were looked into as they might, it would perhaps be found that the qualities which raised Colin MacLiver to a position of trust and of honour are as likely to have come from Tigh-a-Mhuilinn as from Ardnahow or from Sutherland. The Campbells, with the Inveraray family at their head, claim a share of the honour which shone around the head of Lord Clyde; but it will be seen that he was really one of the many men distinguished in every country and in every rank, who in every generation have proved by their talents and their genius that there is in them still a "royalty" of effectual power of achievement—above and beyond anything coming from a king—which has ever enabled them to reflect the highest credit on their clan; which the Campbells, Colquhouns, and other time-servers did their worst to extirpate. Their case reminds one of the house of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, who should never want a man to stand before the Lord, and they have contributed more even than an average share of great and worthy men to the higher service of the nation and the race. Clans and Government conspired against this clan: but it is the doomed clan that "holds the fort;" and it is an encouraging fact, and worthy of being placed alongside of the others, that at the present moment the premier Highland county of Inverness is represented by a member of the royal race, Donald MacGregor, M.D., M.P.—*Oban Express.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Communications, on literary and business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, Mr. JOHN MACKAY, 9 Blythswood Drive, Burnbank, Glasgow.

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THE CELTIC MONTHLY.

SEPTEMBER, 1895.

CONTENTS.

D. J. K. MACDONALD, OF SANDA (wih plate), - - - - 221
THE RUSH ON COOMASSIE, poem (illustrated), - - - - 222
THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE AT WATERLOO, Part XII. (illus.), - 224
EX-PROVOST MACPHERSON, GRANGEMOUTH (with plate), - 227
LETTERS—THE TRUE ORIGIN OF LORD CLYDE (with portrait), 228
TO OUR READERS, - - - - - - - - - - - 230
THE LORDS OF LOCHABER (illustrated), - - - - - - 231
C. H. SUTHERLAND, MONTREAL (with plate), - - - - - 234
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE (illustrated), - - - - - - 234
OUR MUSICAL PAGE—A SONG OF THE SHEILING—CRODH CHAILEIN—COLIN'S CATTLE, - - - - - - - - 237
MO RUN GEAL OG (poem), - - - - - - - - - 240
ORAN GAOIL (Gaelic poem), - - - - - - - - - 240

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

WITH this issue the present Vol. will be completed. As we are anxious to make up our list of subscribers for Volume IV., we shall feel greatly obliged if our readers will kindly forward their annual subscription (4/ post free) at once, to the Editor, Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

THE EDITOR ON HOLIDAY.

WE have just returned to the busy city after spending a delightful holiday in the north Highlands. At Inverness we were joined by that most enthusiastic of Highlanders, Surgeon-Major John MacGregor, of India, who has now returned to the old country for good, and is taking a hearty interest in Celtic matters. Here also we had the great pleasure of meeting a clansman, Captain John Mackay of Brisbane, who has stamped the name of his clan prominently on the map of Queensland. It was he who, in the earlier days of the colony, led the expedition into the interior of that great island, and it was in honour of this intrepid and daring explorer that Mackay River and Mackay-Town received their names. He was born at Inverness, but his father was a native of Lord Reay's country. Captain Mackay is a worthy and distinguished representative of his famous clan. While at Inverness we had the great privilege, through the courtesy of Mackintosh of Mackintosh, of inspecting the splendid collection of Clan and Jacobite relics preserved at Moy Hall. Each article has its own interesting story, and we are pleased to state that the Chief promised to supply us with a series of photographs of these historical relics for reproduction in the *Celtic*—a kindness which our readers, as well as ourselves, will appreciate very highly. From Inverness we travelled to the Mackay country in the north of Sutherland, where we spent a delightful holiday, admiring the wild grandeur of the Reay Forest, the picturesque beauty of Durness and Tongue, the rich meadow-lands of that fairest of valleys "Bonnie Strathnaver," so dear to every Mackay, where many generations of our own ancestors sleep, the great white sandy bay of Strathy, and the quaint old village of Reay, so full of memories of the warlike days of old. At Thurso we parted with the gallant Major, who proceeded to Shetland, and for all we know he may now be gratifying his travelling propensities among the geysers of Iceland! He is a delightful companion, and the best hope we can express for anyone travelling in these parts is that he may fall in with this most worthy member of the Clan Gregor.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

WITH the October number we begin our fourth volume. We will present our readers with life-like plate portraits of General Sir J. A. Ewart, whose name has been identified for so many years with our Highland regiments—as commanding officer of the 93rd, 92nd, and 79th Highlanders. Also Messrs. Donald Macpherson, Postmaster of Falkirk; A. H. F. Cameron, Worcester (four generations of this distinguished family will be represented on the plate); and Dr. F. A. Macpherson, Liverpool; with biographical sketches. In addition to these the usual variety of interesting illustrated contributions will appear.

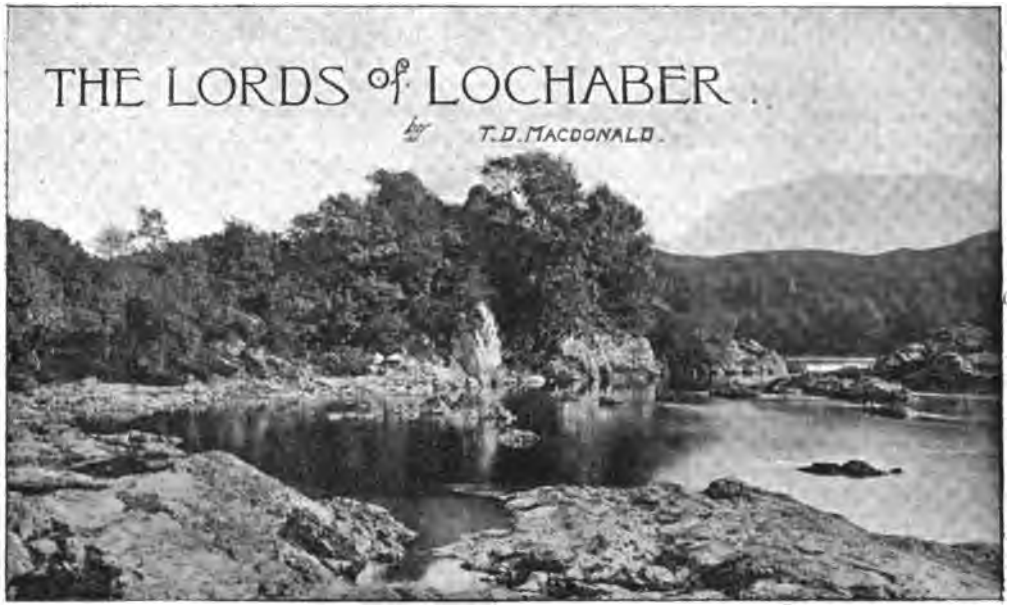
CELTIC MONTHLY, VOLUME III.—As the present Volume is now completed, and as we will only be able to supply a few complete bound copies, two of the monthly parts being already out of print, those who wish copies might kindly communicate with us at once, to prevent disappointment The price is 10/-, post free, and orders should be sent at once to the Editor.

VOLUMES I. AND II.—We are now able to offer two bound copies of scarce Volume I., which can be had at 15/- each; copies of the volumes for 1894 (January to December) can be had, 10/-, post free—address, John Mackay, Editor, *Celtic Monthly*, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

"THE LAST MACDONALDS OF ISLA."—This valuable historical work is now in the binder's hands, and will be in the possession of subscribers in the course of a week or two. The entire issue is already nearly all taken up, and the price of the few copies left will be considerably increased after publication. Copies can still be had at 10/-, on application to Mr. John Mackay, 9 Blythswood Drive, Glasgow.

OBITUARY.—It is with sincere regret that we have to intimate the death of two notable Highlanders, both of whom took a warm personal interest in the success of the *Celtic Monthly*. We refer to Alderman Thomas Bantock, of Wolverhampton, a native of Golspie, Sutherland, whose love for his native county, and whose benefactions to Sutherland Institutions, were large and generous. A portrait and sketch of Mr. Bantock will be found in our issue for October, 1894—Vol. III., No. 1. Mr. R. J. Macleod, Secretary to the Joint Committees of Lewis, Stornoway, has also passed away, and his death will be regretted by a large circle of friends.

THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE CLAN MACLEAN takes place in the Waterloo Rooms, on 18th October—Sir Fitzroy D. Maclean, Bart., Chief, in the chair. An address will also be delivered by Mr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, who is maternally a Maclean.



TOR CASTLE—AN ANCIENT SEAT OF THE MACDONELLS OF KEPPOCH.

PART VI.—DONALD OF KEPPOCH KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF LEACHADA—IAIN ALUINN, 1496-98—HIS DEPOSITION—DOMHNULL RUADH BEAG—CLANN-MHIC-GHILLE-MHANNTAICH—SLIOCHD GHOIRIDH—SLIOCHD A BHRATHAIR BU SHINE—IAIN LOM.

(*Continued from page* 220).

IN the same year as that in which the events just narrated took place, the Clan MacLaren, from Balquhidder, made a foray into Keppoch's country, carrying away with them some booty. This was an insult and an injury that the war-like Keppoch would not brook. Having summoned his clansmen in force, he was proceeding to have his revenge on the MacLarens, when the latter, knowing well that unassisted they were no match for the Lochaber men, sent to their kinsman and ally, Dugald Stewart of Appin, to come to their assistance, a request that Stewart hastened to comply with. Keppoch met the combined clans of Stewart and MacLaren at a place called Leachada, on the side of Ben Doran, in Glenorchy. A bloody fight ensued, in which both Keppoch and Stewart fell by each other's swords, after a desperate hand-to-hand fight. But although they lost their chief, the Lochaber clansmen had the best of the conflict, and put their opponents to flight, leaving many of their men on the field of battle. A bowman of Keppoch's, who was known as Domhnull Ruadh Beag, seeing the body of his chief lying side by side with that of Stewart of Appin, and observing that the latter was longer by a head than the former, is said to have remarked that such would not be the case in the future, and giving effect to his words he severed Stewart's head from his body. This battle was fought in 1496.

The subsequent fate of this Domhnull Ruadh Beag, as will be shown in the next chapter, had an important bearing on the family history of the Keppochs.

Donald Angusson, III. of Keppoch, was married to a sister of Lochiel, the latter, as has been already shown, being married to Donald's sister. He was succeeded by his son, Iain Aluinn.

Iain Aluinn,—*i.e.*, in *Eng. N. lit.*, "beautiful John," succeeded his father in 1496, but his rule was of short duration. A certain retainer of the clan, called Domhnull Ruadh Beag, said to be of the Clann-mhic-Ghille-Mhanntaich, a numerous tribe, who claimed their descent from Donald, who occupied Fersit before Alasdair Carrach's time,—part of whose descendants are said to be still about the Braes of Lochaber—was one of the most notorious of the many notorious freebooters for which Lochaber was famous. But those were the days when the freebooter's calling was looked upon as a virtue, so long as it was not practised at the expense of one's own kith and kin, and that one's word of honour was not broken in its accomplishment. This daring freebooter

was the source of constant trouble to Mackintosh, Captain of the Clan Chattan, who, at that time, was the nominal superior of the lands of Keppoch. On the strength of this title, a title that no Chief of Keppoch, except Iain Aluinn, would acknowledge, Mackintosh demanded that Domhnull Ruadh Beag should be delivered up to him for punishment. The request was granted on condition, as the Gaelic puts it, "*that his blood should not be spilled.*"* Mackintosh, in order to adhere to the letter of the conditions upon which the captive was surrendered, and at the same time give effect to his own wishes, caused the Keppoch freebooter to be hanged to a tree, at a place near Clach-na-diolta, Torgulben, a townland at the end of Loch Laggan, on the march between Lochaber and Badenoch. This act was certainly a breach of faith on the part of Mackintosh, but the manner in which it was effected proved Iain Aluinn's incapacity to uphold the dignity of the clan in such turbulent times. The enraged clan rose against him as one man, and deposed him from the chiefship. But although unanimous in deposing Iain Aluinn, there was a division in the election of a successor. Alexander,† second son of Angus, the second chief, and uncle of the deposed head of the clan, was the heir male presumptive, and was supported in his claim by all the descen-

IAIN ALUINN DEPOSED BY THE KEPPOCH CLAN.

dants of Alasdair Carrach, progenitor of the family. But the kinsmen of Domhnull Ruadh Beag, the Clann-Mhic-Ghille Mhanntaich, sent to Uist for Goiridh, a descendant of Godfrey, first Lord of Uist and Garmoran, and second son of "Iain nan Eilein,"‡ by his first wife, Ami-nic-Ruari. But Alexander was ultimately chosen.

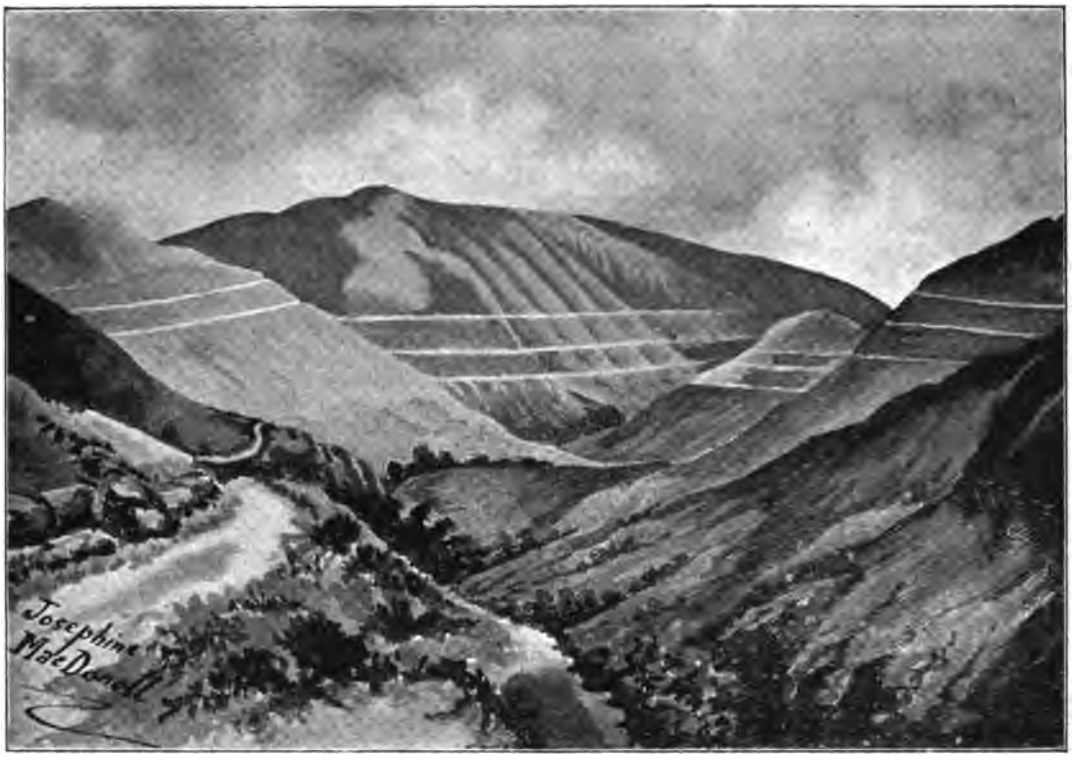
Here we have two facts bearing on a prominent feature of the clan as distinguished from the feudal system. First, there is the mystery that besets the descendants of the eldest representative of John of Isla. True, his eldest son by the first marriage, John, who, as was already explained in these chapters, has been confounded with his half-brother, Iain Mor an Tanaistar, left an only son Angus, who died before attaining maturity. But why the descendants of Godfrey, John of Isla's next eldest son—and several mentions are made of descendants of his—why they should all sink

* Mackenzie.

† Mackenzie says that it was Donald Glas, a son of this Alexander, who replaced Iain Aluinn. But the family tradition has it otherwise. Mackenzie himself owns that the elected chief on this occasion was advanced in years. Donald Glas was chief from 1497 until 1540 and could not, therefore, be advanced in years at the date in question.

‡ John of the Isles.

into oblivion; why none of them had ever attained to the status of chieftain is a mystery that has hitherto remained unexplained. Even the assertion, and that is not authoritatively made, that they were not a legitimate issue, will scarcely account for their sudden disappearance from all historical records; for others, who would be under a similar ban, became, and their descendants still are the recognised chiefs of their clan; and such a ban was never a bar to their becoming at least chieftains, and the founders of cadet families of their respective clans. Yet Ranald, the third son, and his descendants, the Clan Ranald and Glengarry MacDonalds, are, and always have been, the recognised representatives of the issue of John of Isla's first marriage. In the second place, returning to Iain Aluinn, here we have the legitimate chief deposed by the unanimous wish of the clan. More than that, this chief left legitimate descendants, but neither he nor they ever afterwards laid claim, or sought to be restored to their position as the legitimate heads of the clan—legitimate only if the hereditary principle of the feudal succession were also a fundamental part of the clan system, as is held by some. But these cases of the descendants of Godfrey and Iain



PARALLEL ROADS OF GLENROY, BRAES OF LOCHABER.

Aluinn are only two of many that go to prove that in the choice of the clan, and not the mere accident of birth, lay the ruling power of the chief, and also his right to act upon that power. Iain Aluinn, the deposed chief, removed to an out-of-the-way place called Urchair, which his descendants continued to occupy until the end of the last century, when they settled in various parts of the Braes of Lochaber. They were always known as "Sliochd a' bhrathair bu shine," *i.e.* "the descendants of the eldest brother." They have also been called "Sliochd Dhomhnuill," from Donald, Iain Aluinn's son. Of this tribe was Iain Lom, the famous Keppoch bard,§ who was in himself an example of that loyalty to the elect of the clan as a whole, as opposed to the feudal claim to the right on the strength of being the first-born. Further reference will be made to Iain Lom later on.

As already stated, Iain Aluinn was succeeded by his uncle, Alexander, second son of Angus, second Chief of Keppoch.

§ See *Celtic Monthly*, Vol. II., page 190.

(To be continued).

C. H. SUTHERLAND, MONTREAL.

WE have already given portraits of representatives of most of the leading clans, but no Sutherland has yet appeared in our "Gallery." It now affords us much pleasure to give a portrait of a very notable member of this ancient clan, who was not only born in Sutherland, but whose ancestors on both sides, for several generations, were of the clan name. It may then be accepted that the subject of this sketch is a "real Sutherland," as he is also an intensely patriotic Highlander.

Mr. Sutherland was born near Brora, and received his education at the local schools. In 1854, at the invitation of his uncle, Mr. James Sutherland of Montreal, who had a large railway car factory at Toronto, he went out to Canada, and entered into his uncle's service to learn the business, with the prospect of ultimately succeeding to the property. Unfortunately three years later the factory was burnt down, and not being insured his relative lost £10,000. Now thrown upon his own resources, Mr. Sutherland determined to complete his course as a mechanical engineer, after which, in 1865, he entered the drawing office of the Great Western Railway of Canada, at Hamilton, Ont., and two years later was appointed chief draughtsman. When this line was amalgamated with the Grand Trunk Railway the office was removed to Montreal, where Mr. Sutherland still remains.

During all these years he did not forget his native land, and his mother tongue. While in Hamilton he originated, in 1874, the Caledonian Society, which at its inauguration had a membership of six hundred, and acted as Secretary until he removed to Montreal. When in 1876 the late Professor Blackie appealed to Highlanders abroad for funds to found the Celtic Chair, he found in our countryman one of his most enthusiastic supporters. Through his efforts a large sum was collected, and the Professor acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. Sutherland in his report to the Edinburgh University, and presented him with his portait. The military instinct is strong in all Sutherlandmen, and naturally, in 1858, our friend joined the Highland company of the 1st or Prince of Wales Rifles at Montreal; and was also a member of the Caledonian Society of that city.

In 1870 Mr. Sutherland married a daughter of the Rev. A. F. Kemp, LL.D., of Ottawa, and has three sons and one daughter.

It may be interesting to mention that his grandfather was in the gallant Reay Fencibles, and his grand-uncle in the county regiment, the 93rd of glorious renown. Another of his relatives was the James Sutherland, who represented the clan in the Queen's Book (see *Celtic Monthly*, vol. II., page 195).

It may be truly said of this patriotic Sutherlander that he has acted up to the spirit of the Gaelic proverb, "*Lean gu dluth ri cliu do shinnsir.*

EDITOR.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

By J. Hamilton Mitchell.

(*Continued from page* 212).

Battle of Prestonpans.

THE first pitched battle of the insurrection took place at Prestonpans on the 21st September, 1745. Charles, who had slept on the open field during the night, led the Highlanders in person, and before charging addressed them in words worthy of any general: "Follow me, gentlemen," said he, "and by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people." The battle began in the dusk of the morning when the Highlanders, suddenly crossing a marsh that lay between, made a dash at the English lines under Sir John Cope (who with his forces had just previously returned from the north by sea, and landed at Dunbar), and put them to complete rout. The fray altogether lasted only a few minutes, and the cowardice of the Elector's troops, and the speedy flight of their general was made the subject of one of the most humorous of the Jacobite songs, which tells of how:—

"It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John marched into Preston town;
He says, 'My lads, come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.'

But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,
Wi' swords and guns, and rungs, and gauds,
O Johnnie he took wing in the morning."

The victory caused the greatest enthusiasm among the Prince's adherents. It secured for a season at least undisputed possession of Scotland, and his popularity daily increased as his qualities became known. The youth, gallantry, and grace and beauty of his person, coupled with his affable and winning mode of address brought many to his standard; and among the fair sex, all of whom were devotedly attached to him, his presence evoked the greatest enthusiasm.

C. H. SUTHERLAND.

After the battle Charles and his victorious Highlanders made their triumphant entry into Edinburgh, and again he took up his residence at Holyrood. This incident is described in one of the best known of our Jacobite songs:—

"As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

They've left their bonny Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.

Oh, there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

Invasion of England.

The next move of the Chevalier was his march into England, and in regard to this both his character and policy have been often, and, in my opinion, unjustly condemned. Some writers accuse him of indolency and inaptitude in not following up his victory at Prestonpans by an immediate invasion of England. But these people quite overlook the fact that the circumstances were such as to render this absolutely impossible to a general of even greater skill than Charles. Though his exchequer was considerably replenished by his

BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS AND DEATH OF COLONEL GARDNER.
[*From Painting by Sir William Allan, P.R.S.A.*]

recent success it was yet at a low ebb, and it took sometime also to realise the levies that had been made on the various Scottish towns. Besides this, his forces had been considerably diminished by many of the Highlanders retiring home after the battle to deposit their booty with their relatives, and though these were not deserters yet their temporary absence did much to prevent the Prince following up the advantage he had already gained.

It was not till the end of October—six weeks after the Battle of Prestonpans—that Charles found himself in a position to undertake the march into England, and even then it was against the express wishes of many of the Highland chiefs who, in their ignorance of the situation, considered the conquest of Scotland to be in the meantime a sufficient accomplishment.

Into the details of this celebrated march—a march and subsequent retreat unparalleled in British history for superior generalship and military skill—we shall not at present enter. It is a matter of general history, and celebrated in one of Lady Nairn's best known songs:—

"The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound,

Dumfounder'd, the English saw—they saw—
Dumfounder'd, they heard the blaw, the blaw;
Dumfounder'd, they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a, an' a'."

While pressing forward, the Prince was in the highest of spirits, firmly believing that his hitherto good fortune would still cling to him. Every river which had to be crossed he was the first to ford it, and though the English Jacobites did not rise in his favour as he had anticipated, yet his success in the capture of Carlisle added another item to his list of achievements, and did much for a time to maintain his hopes. Misfortune, however, was now beginning to overtake him. Three large armies were closing round him, and to the more timorous of his supporters it appeared hopeless to wage war against such tremendous odds. At a council of war held at Derby it was therefore finally decided upon to proceed no further, and then the

Retreat to Scotland

began. From this point with the single exception of a barren and unprofitable success at Falkirk, the story of Charles becomes one of misery and misfortune. Within one week's march of London, and in the very centre of England, there is little wonder that—to use his own words—he wished to be "twenty feet underground" rather than return to Scotland. Never since the days of the Saxon kings had a hostile force been allowed to penetrate so far into England, and now the unfortunate Prince saw himself compelled, through dissension in his army, to relinquish all the advantage he had already gained! Had he been permitted to push on to London in all probability he would have entered Whitehall in triumph, and brought about a second Restoration. As it was, the Welsh Jacobites were on their way to join him; a French force under Lord John Drummond had landed at Montrose on his behalf; and the French Government had fitted out an expedition of 10,000 men under Charles' brother, the Duke of York, to land in the south of England. What was perhaps of still more importance, the Elector of Hanover had ordered his yachts, in which were stored his most valuable effects, to remain at Tower stairs, in readiness to sail at a moment's warning. Unquestionably the retreat to Scotland was the vital mistake of the insurrection—the mistake which lost the crown to King James while almost within his grasp. It was also the means of sending many into the opposite camp who were only waiting a favourable opportunity to declare in his favour.

Battle of Falkirk.

On the 20th December the Jacobite army reached the Border on their homeward march, and, after a dangerous passage across the winter swollen Esk, reached their native land. In order to form a junction with his adherents in the north, Prince Charles marched by way of Glasgow and then to Stirling. Meantime General Hawley, an illegitimate son of the Hanoverian Elector, was following closely in pursuit, and on the 17th January, 1746, amid a blinding shower of sleet and rain the Battle of Falkirk was fought. In vain did the English dragoons try to drive back the Highlanders. The heroes of Dettingen and Tournay, though they had resisted the fiercest onslaughts of their Continental foes, were forced to yield to the superior gallantry of the sturdy mountaineers. General Hawley who, before the battle, had taken a special delight in showering unlimited abuse on Cope for his defeat at Prestonpans, and derided the Highlanders by stigmatising them as "rabble," was forced to fall back on Edinburgh, giving vent to his spleen on the way thither by burning to ruins the ancient royal palace of Linlithgow.

For a time the drooping spirits of the little force of Charles Edward were raised by the result of Falkirk. The defeat of Hawley also, did not fail to receive due attention from the Jacobite bards who made him the butt of their satire:—

"Up and rin awa', Hawley,
Up and rin awa', Hawley,
The Philabegs are coming doun
To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley.

I ha'e but just ae word to say,
And ye maun hear it a', Hawley,
We came to charge wi' sword and targe,
And nae to hunt ava', Hawley.

When we come doon aboon the toun,
And saw nae foes at a', Hawley,
We couldna, sooth! believe the truth
That ye have left us a', Hawley."

Following the ray of sunshine at Falkirk, dark clouds soon began to crowd round the fortunes of the luckless Chevalier. With his customary daring he wished to at once push forward to Edinburgh, and follow up his victory by a second seizure of the Capital, but in this he was again frustrated by the Highland chiefs, who urgently advised him to retire to their northern fortresses where none would seek to dispute their supremacy. In this, however, they were soon undeceived. Already the Duke of Cumberland was following closely on their heels, and day by day danger and disaster became more imminent.

(To be continued).

OUR MUSICAL PAGE.

A SONG OF THE SHEILING—ORODH CHAILEIN.

THE *Creach* which originated this favourite song of Highland dairymaids was carried away from the lands of Cashlie, near the head of Glenlyon, by the Macdonells of Keppoch, sometime between the close of the wars of Montrose and 1655, in which year Campbell of Glenlyon, whose name became afterwards unfavourably known in connection with the Massacre of Glencoe, attained his majority.

Colin was a younger brother of Captain Campbell, and at the time of the *Creach* the two youths were under the guardianship of their uncle John, the *Iain* mentioned in the song, afterwards laird of Duneaves and known as the Tutor on account of his having charge of the education of the lads. A part of Cashlie was left in liferent to Colin by his grandfather, Duncan Campbell, the grandson of *Donnachadh Ruadh na Féileachd.*

Duncan, who attained to a good old age, survived by several years his eldest son, Archibald, the father of the two youths, and at his death confided them to the care of his second son, *Iain*. There had been a long standing feud between the Macdonells and the Glenlyon family since the time of "*Cailein Gorach*" (Daft Colin), the son of *Donnachadh Ruadh*," during whose time those taking part in an attempted *creach* met with summary justice at the hands of that clever but very eccentric chieftain. Colin's minority proved a favourable opportunity for revenge to the Keppoch men, who came down with force upon the defenceless sheiling of Cashlie, and took away every hoof of cattle from its green meadows, and even carried off the two dairymaids who were in charge of the milch kine. While on the march the eldest maid contrived somehow to break the legs of one or two of the young calves, thus delaying the progress of the raiders, and allowing time for their pursuers to overtake them. Probably it was while resting for a short time amid the rich pastures of Glenmeran, one of the passes that lead off from the head of Glenlyon, that this musical Highland maid first expressed her feelings in the touching strains of the song; it is said that she was singing it when the Glenlyon men came upon the scene. A desperate struggle now took place between the warriors of Glenlyon and Keppoch, in which the former were at last successful. In the fight the young dairymaid, a girl named Macnee, was unfortunately slain, but the authoress of the song whose name has not come down to us, accompanied the rescuing party back to the neighbourhood of Meggernie Castle; a further stay at Cashlie being deemed unsafe At the spot where the young girl was slain a cairn was raised to her memory still known as "*Carn Nic Cridhe*," or Macnee's cairn.

In allusion to this sad incident, and the derelict calves, the following verses occur:—

Ged dh' itheadh na fithich
Nic Cridhe 's na laoigh,
Gu 'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bain' air an raon.

Though the ravens should eat up
The calves and Macnee,
Crodh-Chailein would give me
Their milk on the lea.

The *Creach* which gave rise to the song is often confounded with the earlier one in Daft Colin's time, which has a story of its own.

The following is the set of the melody usually sung in Glenlyon, as given by the late Lieut.-Colonel Charles Stewart, *Tigh 'n dàin*, in his "Killin Collection of Gaelic Songs."

KEY E♭ *Moderato.*

:r ,m	s : s : l	r : r	:r ,m	s : s : l	r' : —		
Crodh	Chail-ein mo	chridhe,	Crodh	Iain mo	ghaoil;		
:d' .	l : d' : m ,r	d : r	:s ,m	s : l : m	r : —		
Crodh	ciar-dubh, breac,	ballach,	Air	dhath na	circ - fhraoich.		

I am aware that there is another set of the melody associated with Lochaber.

Glenlyon. A. STEWART.

CRODH CHAILEIN—COLIN'S CATTLE.

THE version of this popular sheiling song now submitted is associated with Lochaber—and the well-known "Lochaber no more" is probably an elaboration of the same air. The following translation and note from Mrs. Grant of Laggan's "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands" may interest your readers. The translation accomodates itself to the set of the melody now given.

CRODH CHAILEIN.

My Colin, lov'd Colin, my Colin, my dear,
Who wont the wild mountains to trace without fear;
Oh, where are thy flocks, that so swiftly rebound,
And fly o'er the heath, without touching the ground.

So dappled, so varied, so beauteous their hue,
So agile, so graceful, so charming to view;
O'er all the wild forest, there's nought can compeer
With the light bounding flocks of my Colin, my dear.

My Colin, dear Colin, my Colin, my love,
Oh, where are the herds that so loftily move?
With branches so stately their proud heads are crown'd;
With their motion, so rapid, the woods all resound.

Where the birch trees hang weeping o'er fountains so clear,
At noon-day they're sleeping round Colin my dear;
Oh, Colin, sweet Colin, my Colin, my joy,
Must these flocks and those herds all thy moments employ?

To yon water-falls dashing I tune my sad strain,
And gather those violets for Colin in vain;
At sunset he said he should meet with me here,
Then where can he linger, my Colin, my dear?

Oh, Colin, my darling, my pleasure, my pride,
While the flocks of rich shepherds are grazing so wide,
Regardless I view them, unheeded the swains,
Whose herds scatter'd round me, adorn the green plains.

Their offers I hear, and their plenty I see;
But what are their wealth and their offers to me?
While the light bounding roes, and the wild mountain-deer,
Are the cattle of Colin, my hunter, my deer!

"The verses of *Crodh Chailein* have lived from the days when agriculture was in its infancy, and continue still to soothe every fold, and lull every cradle in these wild regions. A literal translation I do not pretend to give; but I will venture to appeal to every judge of Gaelic and of poetry, whether I have not rendered the *spirit* of this curious fragment of antiquity. The changes which time and culture have effected on manners, are best traced in popular songs; more particularly the Gaelic fragments in which the transitions from the life of a hunter to that of a herdsman, and from that to the more laborious and stationary pursuits of agriculture, are strongly marked. Anciently, the hunter was admired as a person of manly courage, who, in the pursuit of a livelihood, exerted the virtues of patience and fortitude, and followed nature into her most sublime retirements. Herdsmen were then counted the sons of little men,—sordid, inferior beings who preferred ease and safety to noble daring and boundless variety—and were considered to be as much below the hunter as the cattle they tended were inferior in grace and agility to the deer which the others pursued. Interest, however, reversed such opinions. In process of time, the maidens boasted of the numerous herds of their lovers and viewed the huntsman as a poor, wandering adventurer. About this time the song here translated seems to have been composed. The enamoured nymph, willing to think Colin as rich as others, talks in an obscure and figurative manner of the cattle of Colin *(Crodh Chailein)*, and pursues the metaphor through many playful allusions to the deer, roes, fawns, etc., and their manner of sporting and feeding in a style too minute for translation. In the end, however, it appears that the boasted cattle of Colin were no other than those wild commoners of nature, and his sole profession that of hunting. I have endeavoured to preserve the tender simplicity of the original, and to render almost literally the fond repetition of endearing epithets. The love songs of those days were the breathings of real passion. Nobody thought of that most absurd of all things—a fictitious love song.

> "'It is silly sooth
> And dallies with the innocence of love.
> Like the old age.'"

It may be interesting to note that this song gave its name to a distinguished Literary Club in Edinburgh. This club met at a tavern in the Anchor Close, kept by one Daniel Douglas, who knew Gaelic and whose favourite song was "*Crodh-Chailein.*" He was called upon to sing this song at the close of every jovial evening. Robert Burns, when in Edinburgh, was a regular attendant at this Club, and he refers to it more than once in his songs. Daniel Douglas, who made "*Crodh-Chailein*" classic, died on 1st January, 1788. The following set of the words and melody is from the *Celtic Lyre.*

FIONN.

CRODH CHAILEIN—COLIN'S CATTLE.

KEY E. *Moderato, with expression.*

:	d .r	|	m	:	m	:	s	| m .r	:	d	:	d .r	| m	:	s	:	d'	| l	:	—	:
	Crodh		Chailein		mo			chridh	-	e,		Crodh	Chailein		mo			ghaoil ;			
	Cro		Challain		would			gie		me		Sae	cannie		and			free			
:	s .f	|	m	:	s	:	m	| r	:	m	:	d' .l	| s	:	m	:	r	| d	:	—	‖
	Gu'n		tugadh		crodh			Chailein				Dhomh	bainn'	air	an			fhraoch.			
	Their		milk on		the			hill	-	tap		When	nane's	bye	tae			see.			
:	s .l	|	d'	:	d'	:	r'	| d'	:	l	:	s .l	| d'	:	r'	:	d' .l	| d'	:	—	:
	Crodh		Chailein		mo			chridhe,				Crodh	Chailein		mo			ghaoil ;			
	Cro		Challain		are			bonnie,				Cro	Challain		are			braw ;			
:	d .r	|	m	:	r	:	d	| r	:	m	:	d' .l	| s	:	m	:	r	| d	:	—	‖
	Crodh		ciar	-	dubh,		breac,		ballach,			Air	dhath	na		circ		fhraoich.			
	Like the		wing		o'		the		muir-hen,			Brown	spotted			an'		a'.			

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bainne gu leòir,
Air mullach a' mhunaidh,
Gun duine 'nar còir.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil ;
Crodh lìonadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

Their milk they will gi'e me
Sae cannie and free,
A' our lane on the hill-tap
Whaur nane's bye tae see.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are dear ;
Sae gran at the milkin'!
Siccan calves as they rear!

Gu'n tugadh crodh Chailein
Dhomh bainn' air an raon,
Gun chuman gun bhuarach,
Gun luaircean, gun laogh.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil,
Gu h-eutrom 'san eadradh
A' beadradh ri 'n laoigh.

Cro-Challain wad gi'e me,
Wherever they browse,
Their milk without fetter,
Among the green knowes.
Cro-Challain sae cannie,
In the heat o' the day,
They lie 'mang the heather
While their calves round them play.

Gu bheil sac air mo chridhe,
'S tric snidh air mo ghruaidh,
Agus smuairean air m' aigne
Chum an cadal so bhuam.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil ;
Crodh ciar-dubh, breac, ballach
Air dhath na circ-fhraoich.

There's a load on my bosom ;
There's a tear in my ee ;
I am wae and forfochten ;
There's nae sleepin' for me.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain are braw ;
Like the wing o' the muir-hen,
Brown spotted an' a'.

Cha chaidil, cha chaidil,
Cha chaidil mi uair,
Cha chaidil mi idir,
Gus an till na bheil uam.
Crodh Chailein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailein mo ghaoil ;
Crodh lìonadh nan gogan,
Crodh togail nan laogh.

Nae sleepin', nae sleepin'
Nae sleepin' for me ;
Till they come that I'm seekin',
I maun ne'er close an ee.
Cro-Challain are bonnie,
Cro-Challain sae dear,
They aye fill the milk-pail—
What braw calves they rear!

MO RUN GEAL OG.

BY the wayside near Mauld, Strathglass, stands a rough stone slab with the following inscription:—

W C.
1746.
"Mo Run Geal Og."

This slab was erected by the late Mr. Alexander Fraser, Mauld—a gentleman well versed in the history and traditions of the district, and withal a Gaelic poet whose songs, bearing the stamp of genius, may still be heard sung in farm house and cottage on the banks of the Glass—to commemorate an incident of the "'45."

The incident, as I heard it years ago, I give in the following lines:—

"Hark! I hear the pibroch, William,
'Tis the 'Gathering' of the clan:
Up, and with your chief and clansman
To Culloden like a man.
It beseems you ill to linger,
Or the coward's part to play,
When the loyal and the dauntless
Are preparing for the fray;
When from distant rugged Affric,
And Mulardich high and cold,
Kerrow, Comar, and green Cannich,
Come your kinsmen strong and bold;
While from yonder smoke-stained rafter
Hangs a claymore keen and sure,
That your loyal father yielded
On the field of Sheriffmuir.
Here's a breakfast that befits you,
'Tis the craven hearted's fare:
Stronger food is for the dauntless
That in conflict foemen dare:
That from out the storm of battle,
Flashing steel, and darting fire,
Return victors, or like heroes
On the battlefield expire."
Thus his spouse with Spartan spirit
Spoke to William, as she laid
On the board a dish of gruel
Fited for an invalid.

William felt the sting, but neither
Answered her by look nor word,
But in silence rose and buckled
On his father's trusty sword.
And he hastened down the valley
With a step both swift and sure,
Till he overtook his clansmen
Marching to Culloden Moor.

'Tis not mine to tell the story
Of Culloden's fatal day:
Of the clansmen that were scattered
Or that perished in the fray:
But when on the belching cannon
Rushed Prince Charlie's kilted van,
William was amongst the foremost
Of the dauntless Chisholm clan.

There, beside his gallant chieftain,
Striking fiercely, striking well,
'Mid the clash of sword and musket
Like a hero fought, and fell.
When the tidings of the battle
Up the winding Glass were borne,
Few in sheiling, cot, or castle
But had cause that day to mourn,
But amongst them none more keenly
Felt the sharp and cruel blow,
Than the wife who drove her husband
By her taunts to meet the foe.
With remorse her heart was stricken,
As the lightening strikes the oak,
And from out its depths of anguish
Welled the song "Mo run geal og."

Sweet and touching in its pathos
Is that sorrow-laden song,
That depicts the form and features
Of the gentle and the strong:
Of the hero, and the husband
She shall never see again
Till the trenches of Culloden
Open, and give up their slain.

Brookman's Park, Herts — ANGUS MACKINTOSH.

ORAN GAOIL.

A Shìne dhonn nam buaidhean òirdheirc,
'S cuimhne leam, 's cha-n ann bho 'n dé,
Aun am maduinn chiùin ar n-òige
Sinn 'bhi 'falbh an fheòir leinn féin,
Cuach 'us smeorach 'gabhail òrain,
'Dusgadh spòrs 'n ar cléith d' a réir,
Ach dh' fhalbh iad sud na làithean àillidh,
'S chaoidh cha phill iad ruim gu m' fheum.
'Us a nis bho 'n rinn thu m' fhàgail
Théid mi null thar sàl leam féin
Dh' fheuch am faigh mi sith bho 'm mhì-ghean,
'S mi air mhì-chéill as do dhéigh.

Ach, ged rinn thu mise fhàgail,
Guidheam slàinte dhuit gach ré,
Guidheam sonas buan 'n ad fhàrdaich,
Guidheam càirdeas làn cho d' chéil',
Thagh thu cridhe an iarraidh chòmhnaird,
Tha thu pòsd' ri aigne reidh,
Ged 's ann dòmhs' bha rath neo-shealbhach,
'Ghoid air falbh bhuam d' aoidh 's do spéis.
'Us a nis bho 'n rinn thu m' fhágail
Théid mi null thar sàl leam féin
Dh' fheuch am faigh mi sith bho m' mhì-ghean,
'S mi air mhì-chéill as do dhéigh.

Nis, na 'n togainn orm gu sùrdail
Theirinn taobh a chnuic ud thall,
'S chìthinn maise ghlan Nic Dhonnachaidh,
'S gheibhinn pùsd i rium air ball,
Ach 's ann mhionnaich mi le bòid duit
Nach biodh òigh seach thu 's mi rèidh,
Seach Sìne dhonn a' ghleannain àillidh
Far an d' fhàs suas blàth na sgèimh.
'Us a nis bho 'n rinn thu m' fhàgail
Théid mi null thar sàl leam féin
Dh' fheuch am faigh mi sith bho m' mhì-ghean,
'S mi air mhì-chéill as do dhéigh.

E. M.

END OF VOLUME III.

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